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THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE

(NEW YORK)

By C. Grant La Farge

A QUESTION perhaps more often asked than any other about the Cathedral of St. John the Divine is, "What is its style?" And a very natural corollary, this question being answered by any definition, is the succeeding one of *why*—that is, why this, and not some other; or yet again, why can it not all be referred to some precise moment of the historic past, or better still, some one existing monument. For the average individual, at least the average American, with all his love of untrammelled freedom, and his hankering after originality, seems, for some inscrutable reason, to be quite satisfied as to the excellence of any great building—I had almost said any work of art—if he can be assured that it is just like one or another European original.

These questions, important and entertaining though they are, cannot be discussed here; we may barely touch upon them inferentially, as it were, in the course of a descriptive account, and in the giving of reasons for the salient features of the present design. But we may say that within the boundaries of the Gothic, or its recognizable precursors, will be found those major types of ecclesiastical structure that most wholly satisfy us as the concrete embodiment of the spiritual beauties and mysteries of the Christian faith, and that also are most nearly possible of execution with the means at our command.

It is trite to say that tradition must be followed, that precedent must guide; without this we shall not avoid anarchy and confusion; the rules of grammar and the basic principles of art are no hindrance to freedom of thought or expression. But between respect for the past and an understanding of the lesson of its great example on the one hand, and on the other the servile, thoughtless imitation, the making of dull, lifeless archæological copies of the works of long-dead hands, lies, not the *Camin Real*, but a path, strait and narrow at times, yet clear to those that have eyes to see and hearts to follow, and it leads to the solution of the problem. Every new building is a new problem and every successful work of art a problem solved; the solution will be found through the comprehension of underlying principles and their application to the end in the spirit of our own time, and just in so far as this is the case will the work have merit, and beauty, and originality—be, in short, a work of art.

In the planning of a metropolitan cathedral certain fixed needs may be assumed if it is to meet the requirements of the present day. Briefly these are:

1. Largest possible unobstructed space for congregational worship near the sanctuary, and hence naturally in the crossing.
2. Suitable choir and dignified sanctuary.
3. Space for memorial monuments.
4. Nave of such dimensions as to give dignity of approach and space for additional seating.
5. Accessories: Vestries, baptistery, chapels, etc.

Besides these, which are principally considerations of plan, is the broader question of the general type, the way in which that plan is to be expressed in the whole edifice.

In the present case we are dealing with a building of first-class dimensions and importance in every way. It is to have a length of 520 feet (almost exactly the length of Canterbury), which is exceeded only by the

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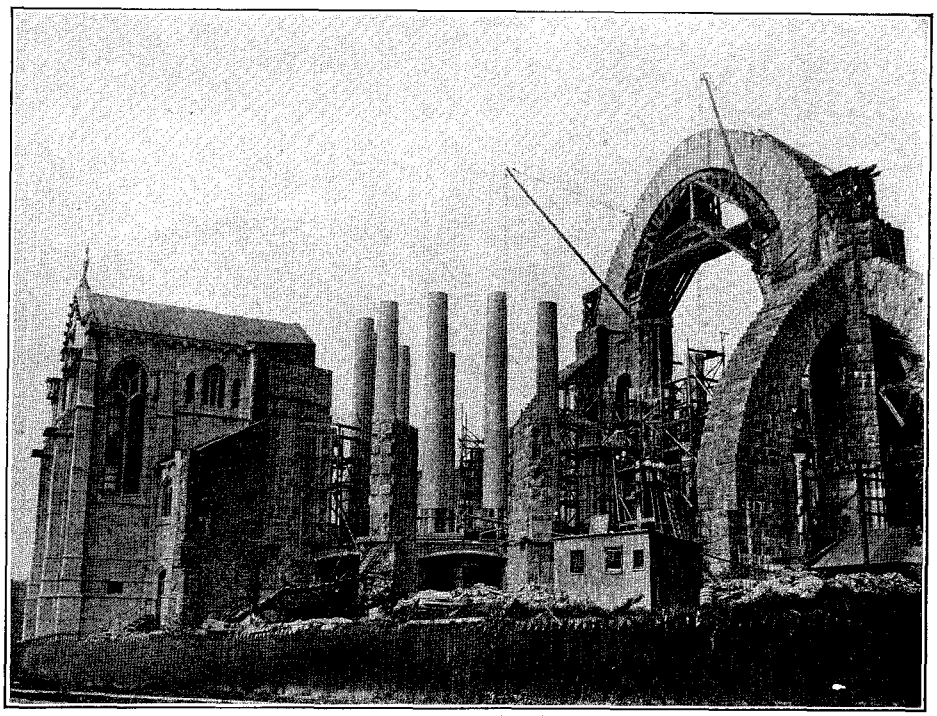

The cathedral, showing chapel, columns of apse, and eastern great arch.

longest; these are chiefly the very long, but not very high English cathedrals. Its area will be about 100,000 square feet,* making it fourth in size among the cathedrals of the world. Mere size, of course, is not everything; but with unusual size come great difficulties as well as great opportunities, and here also there comes a clear demand. This obviously is that both in structure and design the monumental quality must prevail. As to structure, this quality can be insured only by the use of imperishable materials in visibly massive construction. Any such device as the modern steel frame, commercial and of unknown duration, is instantly to be dismissed; so, too, the indiscriminate use of the hasty and half-understood concrete, treacherous, but dear to the engineer. A building of masonry, with true vaulting, is the only possible thing. Many charming types, suitable for smaller churches, are here unavailable; to give one instance only, the whole exquisite series of open timber roofs of the Middle Ages.

* Since writing this my attention has been called to the proposed area of the new Liverpool Cathedral, 100,191 square feet. It is not at all improbable that in the development of those portions of our cathedral not yet under construction variation in the dimensions now proposed may become desirable.

Monumental design, as indicated above, is not a product of mere size; the surest resource of the architect is *scale*, which is relative size, but the larger the absolute size, the greater the range of relative dimensions, and hence the possibility, as well as the necessity, for resultant scale.

The plan of St. John's (page 394) shows a porch with western towers, a broad nave of two wide and two narrow bays, with narrow side-aisles, the width from centre to centre of the aisle columns being sixty feet. The crossing is an open square of ninety-six feet clear, taking in the whole width of nave and aisles, and thus affording the maximum area for the massing of a large congregation. Apsidal, or round-ended transepts, give fitting and ample space for memorial monuments. The baptistery is in its traditional place. Chapels and vestries are grouped along the sides. The choir is 115 feet in length, exclusive of ambulatory, of the same width as the nave and terminated at the east end by an apse of the *chevet* form. Here eight huge granite columns stand in a semicircle and carry the high vault above. Around the choir is an ambulatory, corresponding with the side-aisles of the nave.

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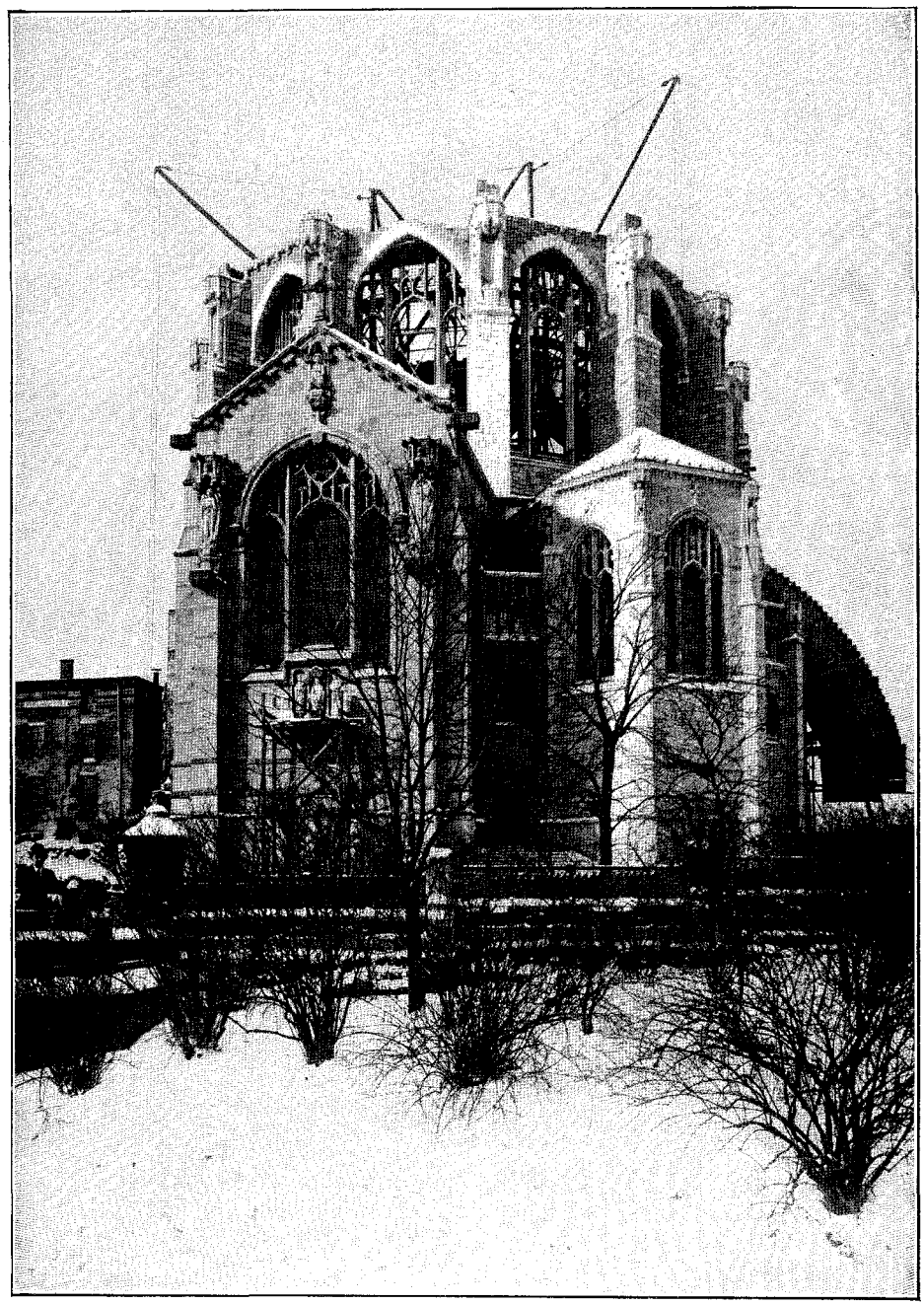

The cathedral at the present time.

Surrounding the east end is a ring of seven chapels, called the Chapels of the Tongues, in wise recognition of the diversity of races composing our nation. Entrances are at the centre and both sides of the west end and under each of the four flanking towers at the corners of the crossing.

In comparison with the general disposition of this plan, let us examine that of Rheims Cathedral (page 401), which can be fairly

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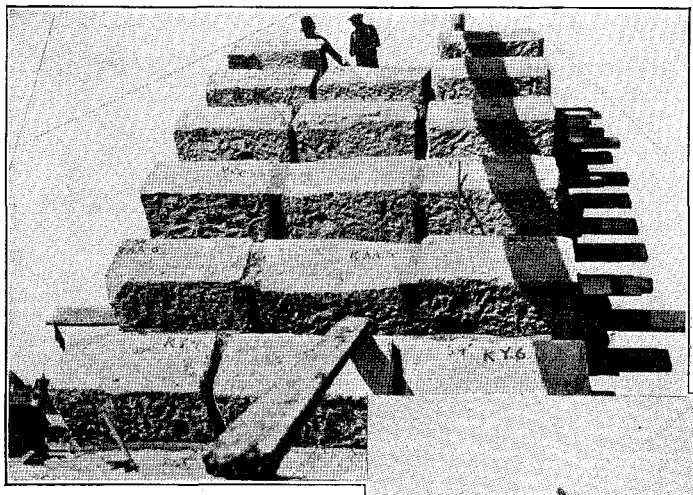
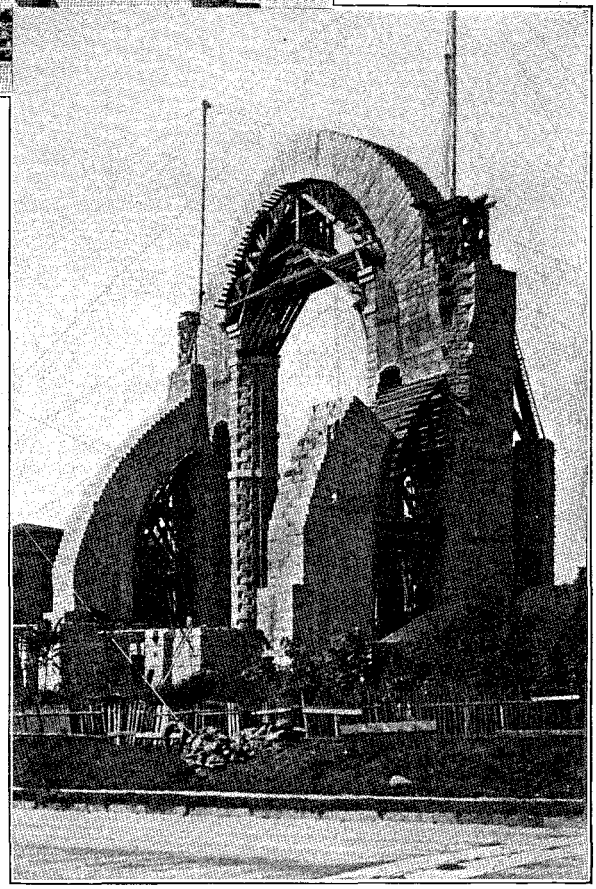


At work on the arch.

taken as a representative of the Gothic type, as also it is one of the noblest. The nave is forty-seven feet wide in the clear, about the normal width of the period. The crossing is of the same dimensions as the span between the columns of the nave. Without any failure to appreciate the supreme beauty of this great example, we surely cannot feel that this long, narrow nave, these encumbering rows of columns and piers, this lack of any great open space for congregational seating, meet our present-day needs. It would be interesting to review the manner of use of the mediæval church, and its successive developments, did space permit. But we might well find ourselves wondering if, as more provision was made for the assembling of the laity and when at last the singers' choir was moved eastward beyond the crossing, no Gothic builder felt the need to enlarge the space where the congregation would naturally crowd. And indeed one of them did.

In 1322 the central tower of Ely fell, and in its rebuilding Alan of Walsingham produced what Mrs. Van Rensselaer calls "the freshest and finest architectural idea that ever took shape on English soil." The plan of Ely (page 401) was originally of the usual type, the crossing limited in area by the width between the nave columns, and still further restricted by the necessity of making the four angle-piers heavier to support the tower. Alan cleared these away, building eight angle-piers instead of four. Eight arches spring between these piers, the wider four opening into the nave, choir, and transepts, the narrower four diagonally into the aisles. He thus constructed an octagon of sixty-five by seventy feet, taking in the whole



Eastern great arch and buttresses.

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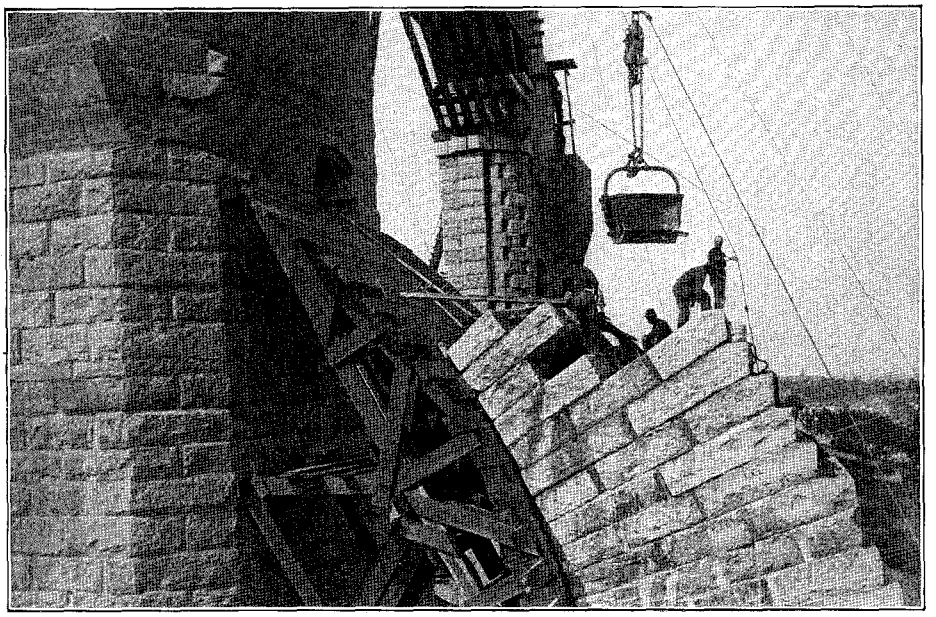
width of nave and aisles and enlarging the central space to more than three times its former area. The illustration (page 397) shows the appearance of the famous and beautiful Octagon of Ely. The vaulting and lantern above are unfortunately of wood, not stone, but there is good reason to believe that stone was intended, though we do not know why, whether through poverty or timidity, this obviously temporary expedient was adopted.

The idea of Alan's plan was not infrequently used in churches of other and later styles, as at S. Maria delle Grazie in Milan; St. Peter's, Rome; St. Paul's, London. At an earlier period it is suggested by various smaller churches, as in Santa Fosca at Torcello and San Lorenzo at Milan; it is seen in the cathedrals of Florence and Siena; while St. Sophia and its derivatives give the first importance to this feature. It would seem as though the artistic Byzantine Greeks were far too clever not to see the advantage of marking a change of function by a change of plan, affording an opportunity as well as giving a reason for sufficient variety of *motif* to express the purpose of the chief components of the design, inside as well as on the exterior.

Ely, however, is the only Gothic example in a church of the cathedral type. That it did not find imitators during the remainder of the Gothic period is probably explained by Fergusson, who says: "This octagon is in reality the only true Gothic dome in existence; and the wonder is, that being once suggested, any cathedral was ever afterward erected without it. Its dimensions ought not to have alarmed those who had access to the domes of the Byzantines or Italians. Its beauty ought to have struck them as it does us. Perhaps the true explanation lies in the fact that it was invented late in the style. New cathedrals or great churches were very rarely commenced after the death of Edward III; and when they were, it was by masons, not by educated gentlemen, that they were designed." If any criticism is to be made upon the plan itself, it is that the diagonal openings into the aisles are awkward, and that it does not yet give the whole of the available area, as would a square.



At work on the buttress.

Our own plan uses the whole square, its size being of course determined by the combined width of nave and aisles. While it is desirable that this space should be as large as possible, the nave span is already much wider than the normal Gothic nave and the whole width comparable with that

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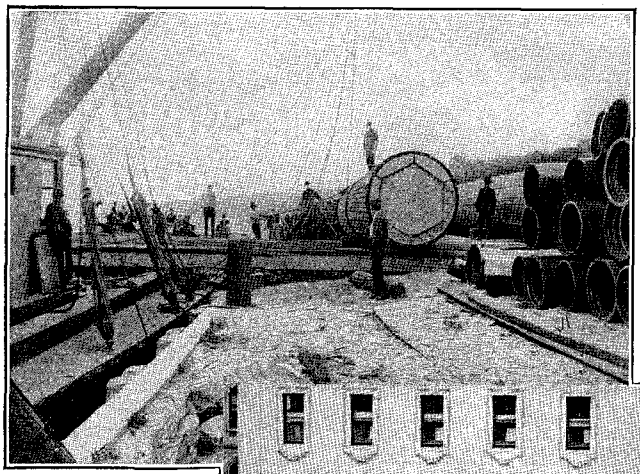
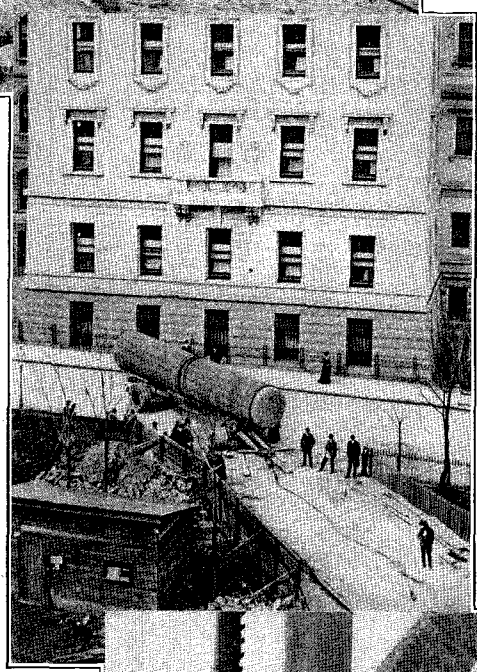


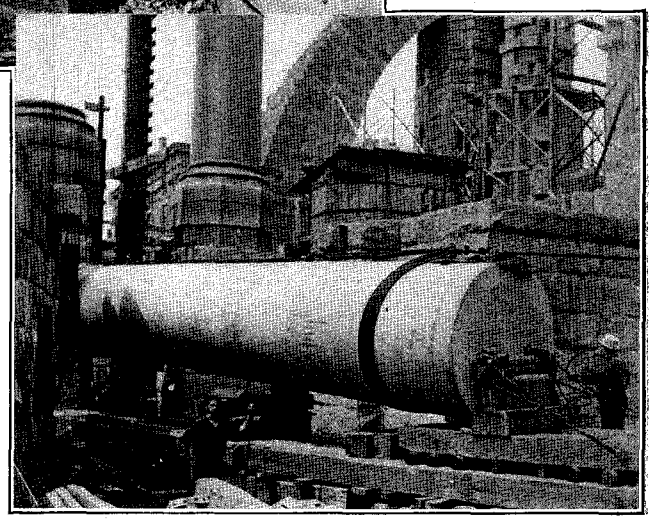
Landing a section of one of the columns.

of the greater French cathedrals. With a further widening of the nave, the maintaining of a proper proportion of the width to the height and length would run us into excessive total dimensions.

It will be seen, then, that through this central idea of a great crossing we strike, as it were, the keynote of the present design, and for this there is more than one reason. The practical utility of the space has been spoken of, but not the manner of its enclosing. The small constricted lantern of the English churches, opening out of the junction of low and narrow vaults, despite its height, is ineffective, and it is in its escape from this that lies one of the great merits of the Ely Octagon. The unbroken ranges of lofty vaults in the French cathedrals are indeed splendid, and their builders felt no need of piercing them by any lanterns. But if we consider the masterpieces of a later day we must surely discover the tremendous impressiveness of high vaults opening again into still higher spaces, and we may well ask whether, if Alan of Walsingham's crossing had come during the great cathedral building time, and especially if it had come in France, we should not have had some glorious examples of vast lanterns pouring their floods of light from far above down into the central area, between the dimmer illumination of the nave



A section of one of the columns in front of St. Luke's Hospital.



Ready to hoist into place.

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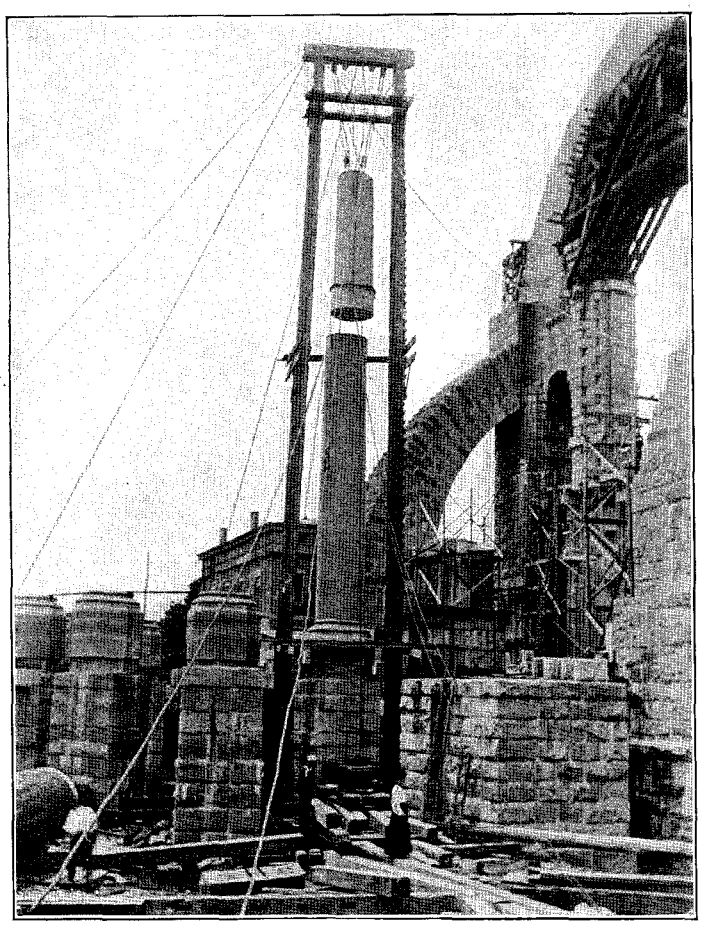
and choir, rich with stained glass of glowing hues, and whether the "Gothic dome" would not have been something more than a phrase.

When we contemplate the actual execution of this idea we naturally seek some light—some notion of the way in which the mediæval builder might have approached a similar problem. How would he have opened his three aisles of nave and choir into a central square? Our search will lead us to Gerona, in Spain, where is one of the most remarkable vaults of the Gothic period. The choir was erected in the early fourteenth century, of the usual Gothic three-aisled type. In 1416 a nave was added, the full width of the choir, but without pillars (see picture, page 396).

"It consists of a hall practically of two squares 73 × 160 feet. Considering that forty feet is about the normal width of the largest French and English cathedrals, such a span is gigantic, though, with the internal buttresses of the side chapels, it presented no great difficulty of construction. Indeed, when we remember that in their vaulted halls, the Romans had adopted eighty feet as the normal span of their intersecting vaults, it is not its novelty or mechanical boldness that should surprise us so much as its appropriateness for Christian worship.



Lifting the top of one of the columns into place.

"It is easy to see what an opportunity the eastern end of the great nave offered to a true artist, and how a northern architect would have availed himself of it, and by canopies and statues, or painting, made it a masterpiece of decoration. But even as it stands, the church at Gerona must be looked

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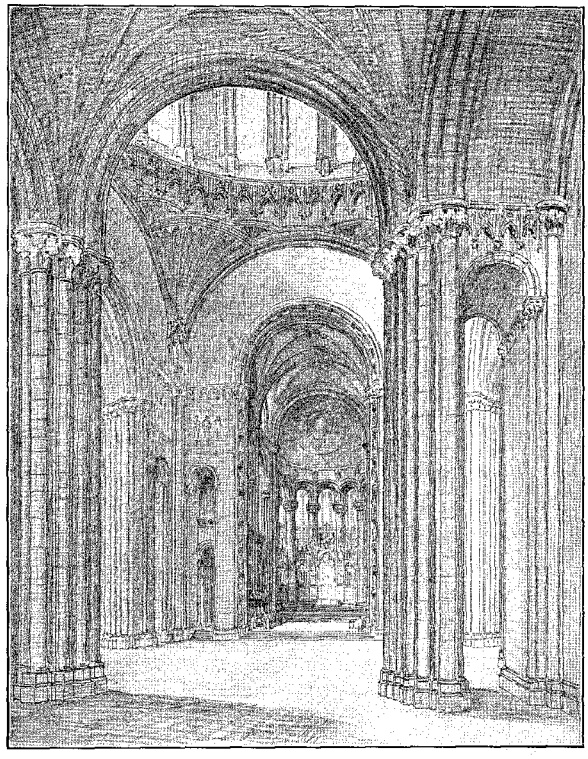
upon as one of the most successful designs of the Middle Ages, and one of the most original in Spain."*

If now we imagine this great nave of Gerona become a crossing, opening into transepts and its vaulting pierced for a vast lantern, we shall see a certain resemblance to the *motif* of our own design.

The sketch of our crossing (page 398) exhibits this, and indicates the manner of passing from the square plan below to the sixteen-sided lantern above by a sort of pendentive vaulting.

On the exterior, the logical outcome of this element of the plan is a central tower. So far as precedent goes, the choice is open between the use of front towers only, groups of towers, or the chief accent placed upon the central tower. To the authors of this design it has always seemed incontestably true that of all the outward forms of expression that which laid strong emphasis upon one single great dominating feature was the noblest, especially in the case of a church standing in the open and upon a height. Though no Gothic building has a tower approaching this in mass, still it grows naturally from the plan below, and there can be no question of its importance as a landmark of our city. The English builders felt the importance of accenting this central feature, as at Canterbury, Peterborough, Durham, Salisbury, Lichfield, Lincoln, Wells, Winchester, Gloucester, York, Norwich, and Westminster. And though in France it was not so common, it occurs at Coutances and at St. Ouen, and was originally intended in other cases; we find it again in Spain, at Burgos, Salamanca, Toro, Tarragona, and Valencia.



The crossing and choir from end of nave.

One of the most important determining factors of the design is its cross-section. The diagrams (page 398) show the section of the cathedral nave, and alongside, for comparison, an imaginary section as it would be if, with the same height and width, it were to be constructed in the typical Gothic fashion, with flying buttresses, a method which reached its full development only in

* Fergusson, "History of Architecture," vol. ii, p 269.

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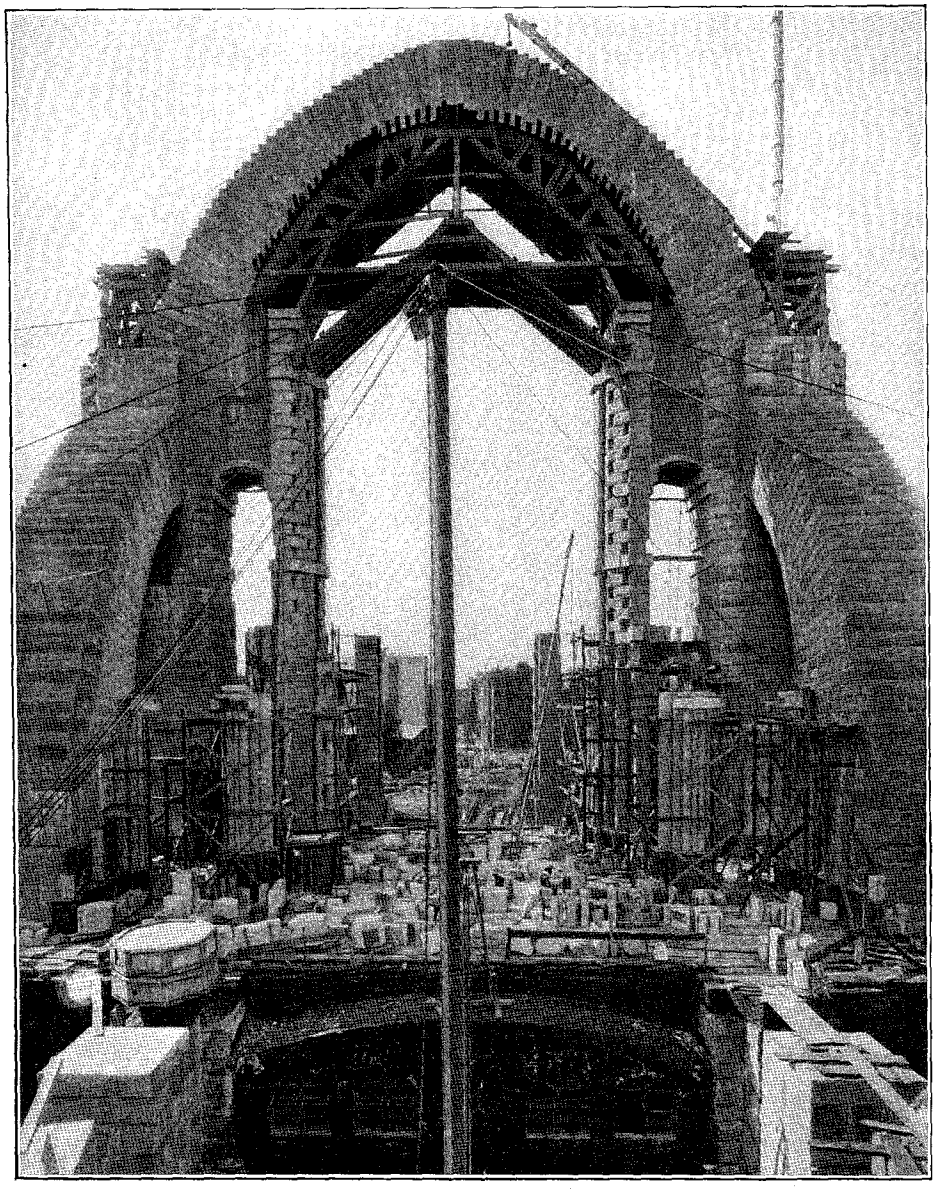

The eastern great arch, showing the crypt.

France. It may not be amiss here to say a word in explanation of the constructive function of the flying buttress. When a load is placed upon an arch there is developed what is called a thrust—*i.e.*, a tendency of the arch to push its supports outward, and thus to collapse. One way of meeting this, and it is the oldest way, was employed by the Romans, who opposed to the thrust of the arch a mass of solid masonry too great for it to move. The Gothic builders met thrust by thrust. Against the outward pressure of their great masonry vaults (which are arches) they opposed the inward pressure of the other arches, called flying buttresses; the contrary forces were balanced, producing equilibrium, and the load fell vertically upon the nave columns.

If now we compare these two sections we shall at once see certain striking differences

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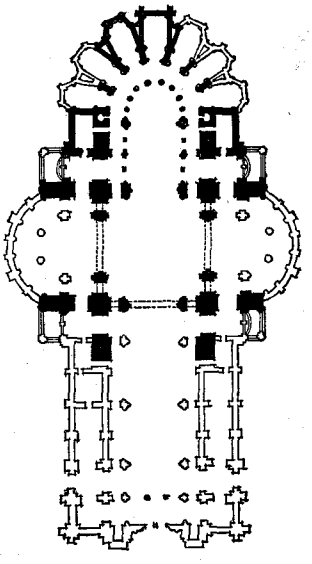
between them. The first of these is in the enclosed area, much greater in the section of St. John's. This loss of interior space in the Gothic section is due to the carrying of the upper or clear-story wall on the arches dividing the nave and aisle. Above these arches is the triforium gallery, covering the space occupied by the aisle vaults with their roofs, and in the wall above, the clear-story windows. The enclosing walls are thus in two divisions, the lower at the outside of the aisles, the upper on the interior line of the nave arcades. Outside the clear-story walls and over the aisle roof are the flying buttresses, entirely exposed.

In the section of St. John's, the nave arcades are carried free to the full height of the walls. Between their arches and the outer walls runs a series of longitudinal vaults, springing from cross-arches, and these perform the function of flying buttresses by abutting the thrusts of the high vaults, while they are entirely under the cover of the main roof, which extends over the whole section. The outer walls rise in one unbroken plane, with the clear-story windows occupying all the space in them above the roofs of the chapels outside, the space otherwise necessary for a triforium thus becoming available for the window openings. This important gain in the width of the nave for its whole height, the lofty nave arcades, the springing of the high vaults directly from those above the aisles, the setting of the clear-story windows in these outer walls, ought surely to give an interior of considerable interest and a marked effect of spacious freedom. And there is a strictly practical side to this arrangement, as well. It is sometimes contended that the use of the flying buttress as a visible external device is an essential part of any Gothic scheme. However this may be, whether with Viollet-le-Duc we feel that it is not only a triumph of the builder's logic, but a manifest element of charm and interest; or with Taine that the buttresses of a Gothic cathedral resemble the claws of a crab, we certainly have grave reason to doubt the permanence of this constructive expedient under the ferocious attacks of our climate throughout the centuries to come. For it must be remembered that upon the integrity of the buttresses depends the stability of the vaulting. The alternate freezing and thawing of our winter, and more especially of our early spring days, is what is most to be feared. Rain will come, soaking into the joints between the stones and into the stones themselves. Then the frost, penetrating all, and again the freezing, and the insidious but invincible forces of nature will do their work of rack and ruin, and the same thing that blasts our abortive efforts to grow tender evergreens in an impossible climate will more slowly, but just as surely, disintegrate and destroy the props upon whose failure the whole superstructure will come crashing down.



The ground-plan of the cathedral.
Parts in black are now under construction.

But in southern France the plan of internal buttresses was extensively used through the Gothic period, the most remarkable example being the cathedral at Alby, begun in 1282 and not dedicated until 1476. The ground-plan (page 401) shows the arrangement. The thrust of the nave vaulting, which has a span of fifty-five feet, is received against buttresses which form the divisions between the chapels and are wholly internal. The chapels are in two stories, the upper making a sort of gallery over which are vaults sprung between the buttresses. The outer walls rise sheer to the roof. Owing to the depth of the internal chapels and their two-storied arrangement, the windows are a good deal cut off from view and the outer walls not much seen; the lower chapels have almost no light, the whole result, according to Fergusson, being an extraordinary appearance of repose and mysterious gloom. He says: "This character, added to its simplicity and the vastness of its vault, render Alby one of the most impressive churches in France, and a most instructive study to the philosophical

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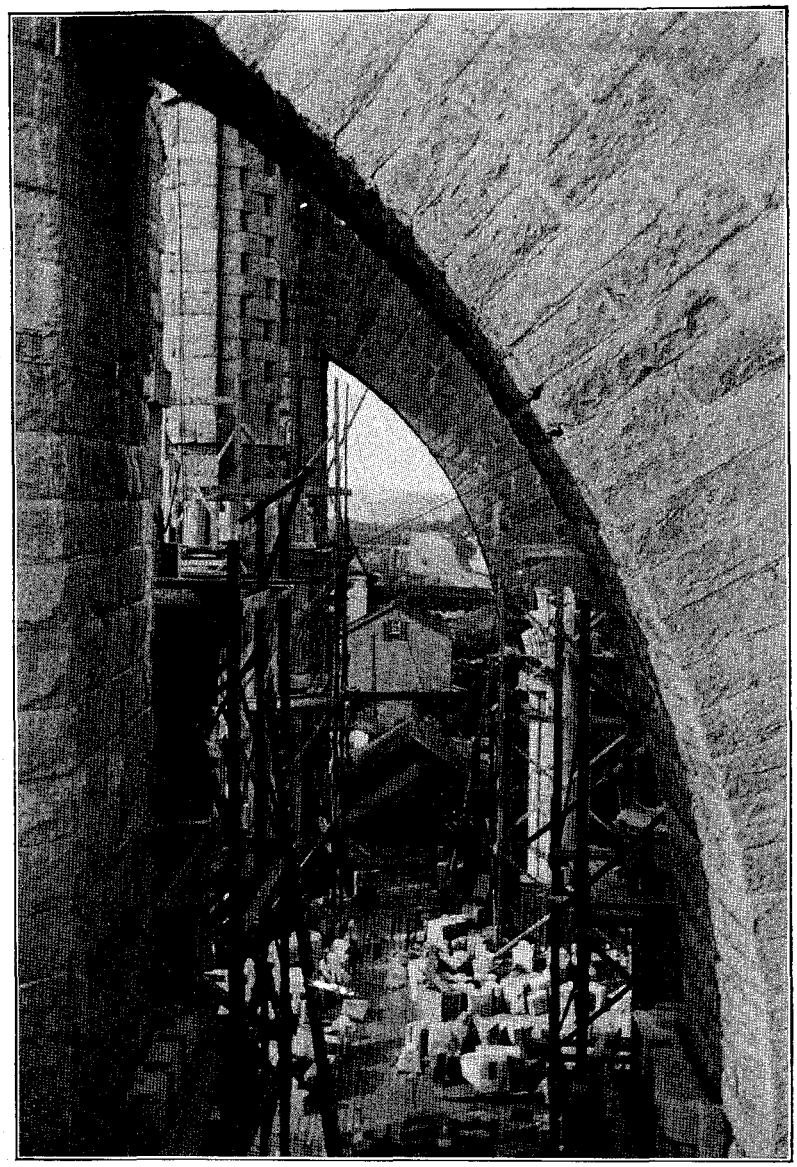

Looking north through the buttresses across the choir.

inquirer into the principles of effect as being a Gothic church built on principles not only dissimilar from, but almost diametrically opposed to those which we have been usually accustomed to consider as indispensable and as inherent requisites of the style."

Viollet-le-Duc, on the contrary, while characterizing Alby as certainly the most imposing pointed-arched edifice of the southern provinces, denies its right to membership in the Gothic family and points out what is undoubtedly the fact, that its constructive principle is derived from the Roman methods, and recalls the basilica of Constantine. But Viollet-le-Duc is arguing here closely upon points of style, and we are not to be bound by any such narrow limitation. A splendid mediæval French cathedral with a noble system of vaulting, which, moreover, suggests the answer to our practical need, is good enough precedent. We do not want our floor encumbered with a multitude of

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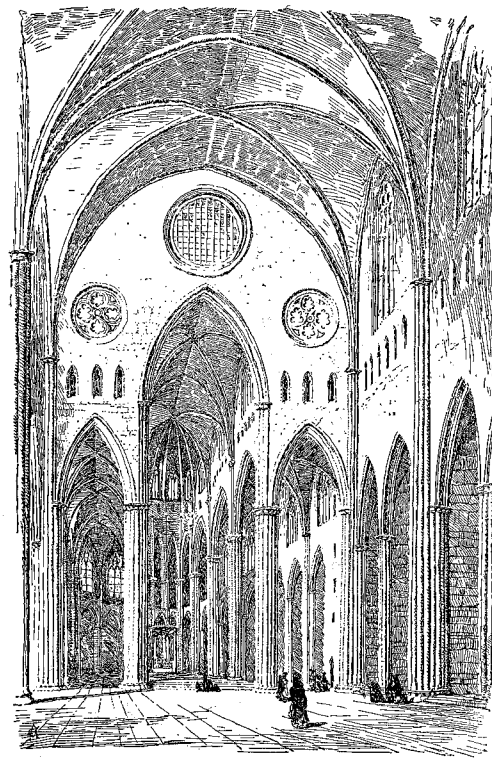
small chapels; we do not want our clear-story windows obscured, and we do want the traditional aisles. So if we set the chapels outside the walls, as in the northern cathedrals, spring the nave and aisle vaults from arcades carried upon free-standing piers instead of solid buttresses, and space those piers far enough apart to give bays of good proportion, we shall have kept as much as we need of the constructive principle embodied in the church of Alby, while freeing ourselves of its encumbrances.

All this is not to say that we have nowhere made use of the flying buttress. The ground-plan shows four very large square piers standing at the corners of the crossing. Next to each of these, and set at right angles with them, are two smaller piers—eight in all. Between the larger piers spring the four great arches which bound the crossing and carry the central tower. From the outer piers spring buttress arches meeting the great arches about at their point of springing. The drawing of the choir arch on page 398 explains the arrangement, and the succeeding photograph shows this part of the work in execution. These buttress arches balance the thrust of the great arches under the load of the tower, causing that load to fall vertically upon the massive corner piers. They are flying buttresses, and not only that, are by long odds the most colossal flying buttresses that have ever been built. Their novelty lies in their use solely as a constructive expedient, covered by the walls of the building and invisible after its completion. Both piers and arches are of the most solid granite blocks throughout, because of the enormous weight they have to bear. The load upon the base of each of the four corner piers will be, in round numbers, thirty-five million pounds. With such weights as these an absolutely sure foundation is of course necessary, and this has been obtained by excavating through all rock of poor quality to underlying solid strata nowhere less than twenty feet in thickness. It is not likely that these huge bones of the cathedral structure will move, unless that whole section of Manhattan Island starts the motion.



Interior of cathedral at Gerona, looking east.

Let us now consider the design of the choir. The two bays are of the same general arrangement as in the nave, though the vaults are sprung from a level some twenty-four feet higher. The high vaults are of more complex pattern, giving not only greater enrichment as the sanctuary is approached, but also permitting, by penetrations, the introduction of windows very high up, receiving light from openings in the roof above. This light is of value in illuminating the high vault, which otherwise would be very dark. The clear-story windows in the eastern bays (the first bays are opposite the flanking towers and have no windows) afford the chief source of light for the choir, since those in the turn of

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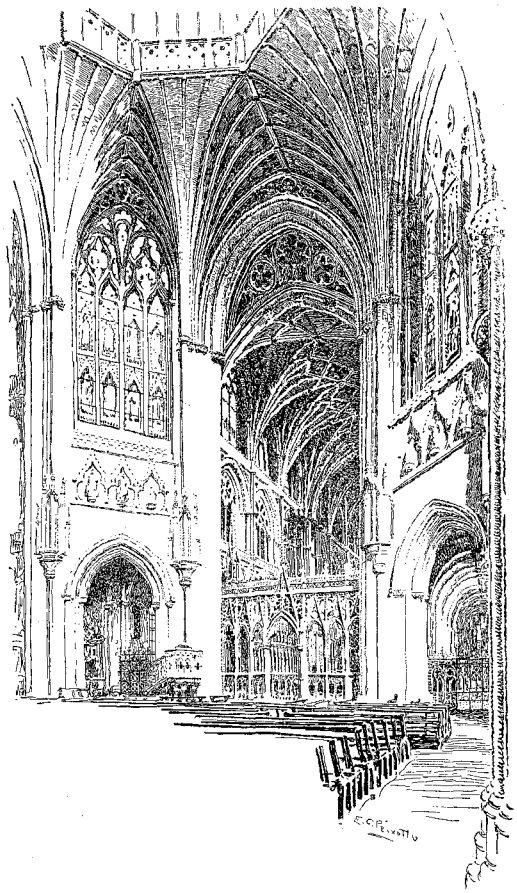
the apse should have glass of considerable depth of color, as most of them face the seating area. About midway of the height of the choir arcade on each side is a gallery, in which the organ will be placed. This extends through the two bays, but is not carried around the apse. The sanctuary is enclosed by a semicircular apse, or *chevet*.

Historically, the choice between that and a square end is absolutely open. The round apse was typical of Christian architecture from the earliest days of the basilica, and it obtained almost universally in the French cathedrals, the one notable exception being Laon. Substantially all the Norman cathedrals of England had apsidal ends, but those of the early English and latest Gothic period were usually square.* The comparative merits inherent in the two methods is a relative, not an absolute question. The superiority of the square end manifests itself in the opportunity it affords for a vast and splendid window; where this is used, as at York or Gloucester, so that the whole east wall is a screen of beautiful glass in tracery of exquisite design it would he hard to imagine anything finer. But where eastern chapels cut off all the lower portion of the wall, this effect is lost, and the square end, moreover, does not lend itself to any happy planning of these chapels, as the *chevet* form exactly does.



Octagon at Ely Cathedral.

There is yet another point, one of the very first importance, and it must be made notwithstanding that to state it involves the temerity of a somewhat sweeping criticism of the most famous Gothic cathedrals of the Continent. Yet the defect in question must have been apparent to many who have studied these illustrious examples. This is a sort of bathos due to the way in which the long and high ranges of unbroken continuous vaulting terminate in the smaller scale of the arches enclosing the sanctuary, where the supports are necessarily crowded together by the circular plan. At the very point in the church where, for æsthetic reasons, as well as those of sentiment, there should be the greatest dignity and solemnity, the wholescheme sinks away, as it were, into unimportance, and what should be the splendor of a long perspective is defeated. Here is the triumph of the east window in the English square end; the magnificent uplift it achieves just where that is most needed. The question, then, is how to overcome this defect of the *chevet* form required by our need for eastern chapels, while still retaining its advantages.

First, let us note on the longitudinal section, page 400, that starting with the nave, all the levels lift as they go to the east; the transept arches are higher than those of the nave, the choir arch is higher yet, the levels of the choir arcade lift toward the sanctuary, and at the end of it all are placed the

*Norwich, Wells, Canterbury, and Westminster Abbey have apsidal ends.

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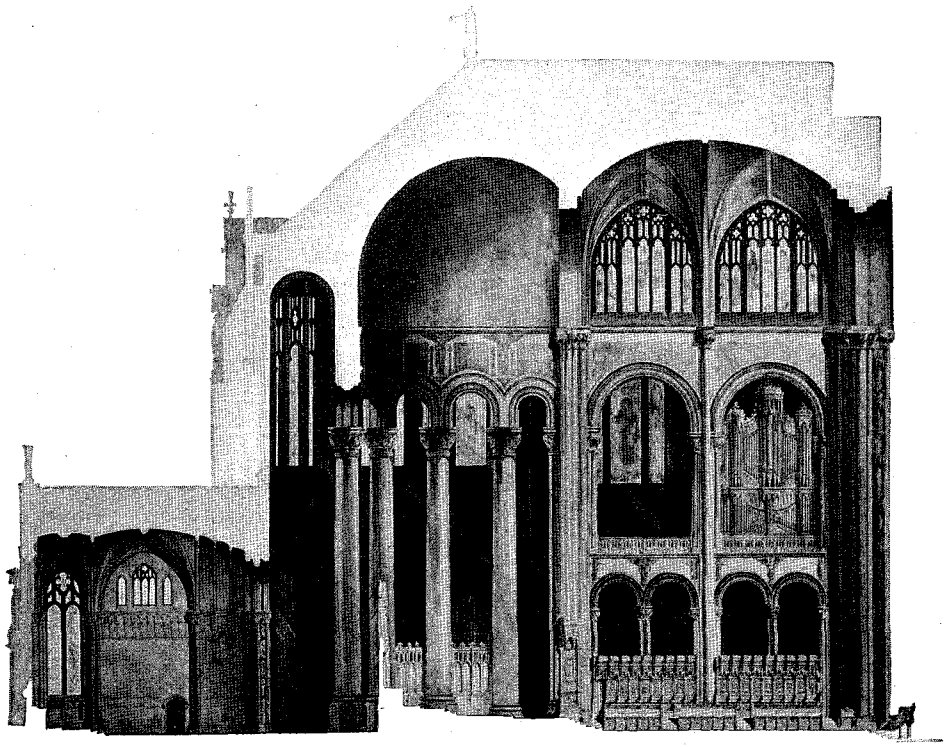
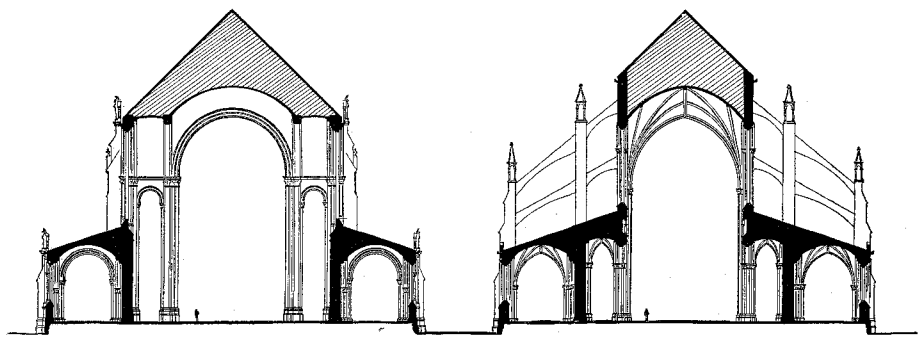


Longitudinal section of choir.

objects of largest scale of any element in the entire visible interior, the great granite columns enclosing the sanctuary and by their huge bulk, their dominating presence lifting it into that supreme importance which its sacred character demands. A departure from tradition—yes—and without precedent in Gothic building, although in the famous abbey church of Cluny "the semi-dome of the chevet was supported by eight noble columns, through which was seen in perspective a circle of five apsidal chapels." Well, it is not too much to say that if all the Gothic builders had been afraid ever to make so radical a departure as this, there would have been no Octagon of Ely.

This idea of the lifting levels—the constant rise of the lines of springing as they go eastward—is most conspicuously exemplified in that wonderful and unique product of the fusion of three different races, invading Norman, conquered Saracen, and skilful Greek—the cathedral at Monreale, in the ancient wonderland of Sicily. Like some



Comparative cross-sections.

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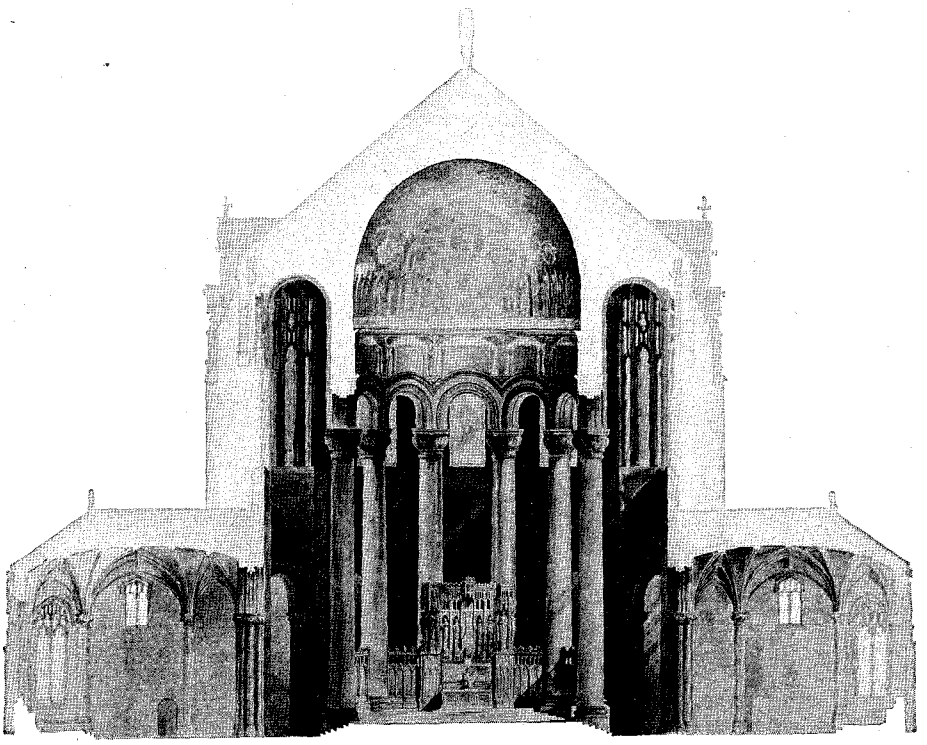
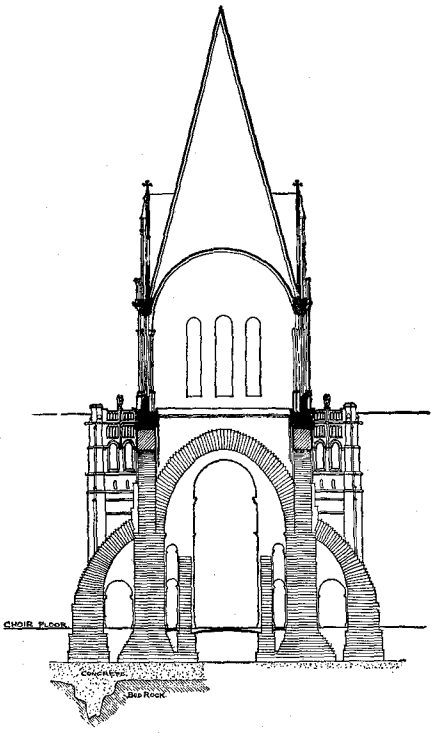


Transverse section through choir.

marvellous chemical crystallization, this exquisite creation stands alone among the work of human hands; not Byzantine, despite its unparalleled mosaics; not Gothic, though the pointed arch is used throughout, and certainly not Moorish, notwithstanding some of its detail. Its simplicity of plan, the purity and elegance of its ornament, its splendid wealth of color, its nobility and devout Christianity, leave the critic dumb. The richness of decoration is so striking that we are quite likely to lose sight of one of its most remarkable qualities, the singular majesty of effect, due in no small measure, it is true, to the arrangement and scale of its mosaics, but even more to the bold subtlety with which the succeeding arches rise one after the other, to the springing of the half-dome of the sanctuary, in which is the colossal mosaic bust of Christ. There is a very valuable lesson to be learned as to freedom of design from this meeting-ground of the opposite Eastern and Western styles.

Within the last few years a large number of careful measurements have been made of all sorts of mediæval buildings, and very suggestive theories been deduced therefrom;



Section showing great arch and buttress arches.

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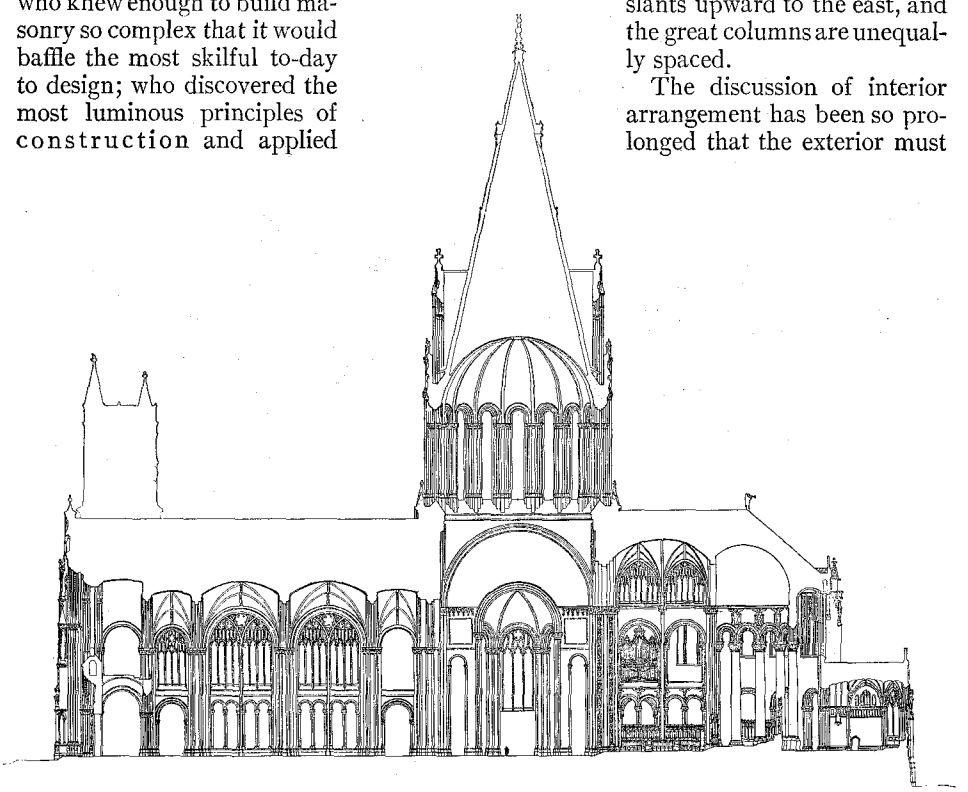
theories which have been hotly discussed on both sides of the water. There is no intention, as there is no space, here to add to the volume of the discussion or to decide whether the innumerable and sometimes startling irregularities in nearly all such work were mainly accidental or a conscious and calculated element of design. But we may well ask why it is reasonable to believe that men who knew enough to build masonry so complex that it would baffle the most skilful to-day to design; who discovered the most luminous principles of construction and applied them in the noblest manner; who left works of such transcendent beauty that the world ever since has been lost in admiration, should at the same time have been such feeble incompetents that they could not build straight. If they had rules, these are lost in the mist of time and probably we shall never know them, but is it not at least a tenable hypothesis that these giants of old worked in the great mass with the same sensitiveness that guided their detail; that they knew how to give to the whole vast structure the personal charm of a successful sketch? Let us rest assured they were no slaves of the T-square and triangle fetich, nor of the *chic* drawing; no victims to the idiotic notion that straight lines and equal measurements possess any intrinsic superiority.

It is with the desire to avoid to some extent the banal aspect of mechanical regularity that certain refinements are practised in the cathedral. The choir arcades are not parallel, but converge slightly; their springings are not level; the spacing of the arches of choir and ambulatory is uneven; the floor slants upward to the east, and the great columns are unequally spaced.

The discussion of interior arrangement has been so prolonged that the exterior must be treated with brevity, and the illustrations allowed to speak for themselves. The rounded transepts, common in Romanesque churches, are not a characteristic of Gothic design, though we find them at Noyon, Tournai, and, in a curious way, on one side only of Soissons.



Longitudinal section.

With the *chevet* end and its clustering ring of chapels, the round transept makes a more harmonious composition on plan than the square; it unites more firmly and agreeably the square towers that flank the central mass and carry it to the ground; in its relation to the vast dimensions of that broad and lofty tower it is more compact. There being no entrances through the transepts, their circu-

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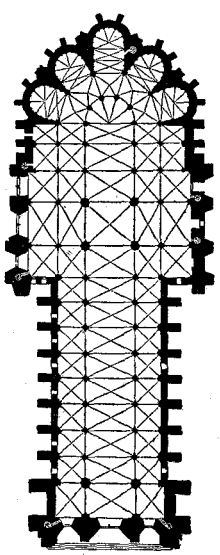
lar sweep gives the greatest sense of enclosure, and fittingly repeats the curve of the round arches that open into all the arms.

For be it understood that the constructive scheme is not based upon the use of the pointed arch. All those that are an integral part of the structural organism are round. The Gothic architects employed the pointed arch not because of any vagrant fancy for its shape, but because it solved for them certain essential problems of their vaulting. To insist upon the form without the accompanying structural reason is an anomaly; the modern world is full of silly so-called Gothic designs whose only claim to the title is that the pointed arch is used where anything else would have done as well. The true Gothic vault is a difficult affair and, as we are not considering lath and plaster shams, it is, all things considered, beyond our means on any such scale. Fortunately we have at hand another method, and it nowise detracts from its interest and appropriateness that after centuries of employment in Spain, this lineal descendant of the era of Roman building should be alive here to-day. It most admirably fits the constructive scheme already described as imposed by our climate.

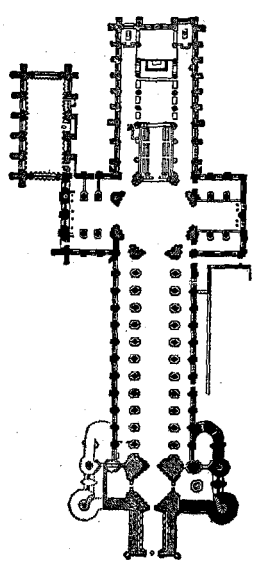
So far as the cathedral, in the larger sense, is Gothic, it is the Gothic, then, of a very early period; the time of transition from the simpler Romanesque to the more complex organism. Certain details are later, but it will be noticed that they are chiefly in subsidiary features, such as the chapels, and again where the great size of window openings has made it most eminently desirable to subdivide them by tracery.

In the works of the mediæval past it is not the few finished examples, in which the last word has been spoken to the point of dryness, that most excite our imagination. It is rather those in which successive styles appear together, in which incongruities even are manifest, in which experiments are tried. The old adage is as true of these monuments of the great days of living art as it fails to apply to the more obviously understandable products of a later academic time, that it is the unexpected that always happens. We may as well realize that the continuous tradition is broken, dissolved into thin air; that our work to-day must be a conscious groping among the outward evidences of long-vanished schools. The best we can do is to try to understand the thought that lay beneath some of the trials that never reached their full development.

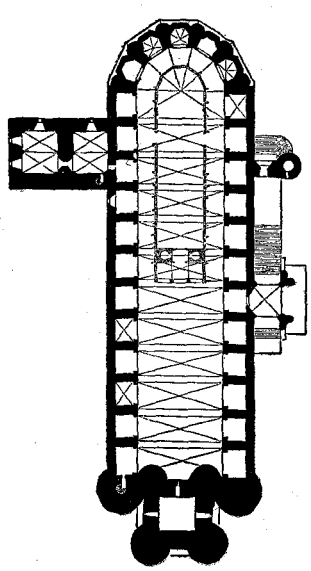
When the Cathedral of St. John the Divine shall stand a completed monument of our time let the mature judgment of an enlightened people say whether the long effort of its architects has produced an assemblage of unrelated parts or the logical expression of a coherent idea.



Plan of Rheims Cathedral.



Plan of Ely Cathedral.



Plan of Alby Cathedral.

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THE SMUGGLERS

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

I

UP to Oliver Shepherd's Sam Leary was shining like a great light. He looked now about the room. "All good friends of yours here, Oliver? Well, here's how it was. I'd been havin' a hell of a good time, Oliver, this night at your old friend Antone's in Sain' Peer. Yes, he's still runnin' the Caffay Lomprer—and he'd been acting like a gen'leman clear up to the last, which every caffay-keeper, you know, don't after a man's money's gone. And goin' away owin' for a few rounds of drinks I was telling Antone how I'd settle with him when I got to Sain' Peer again, when 'Tuh, tuh,' says he. 'Tuh, tuh, mong amee—tuh, tuh, mong amee doo coor, my ver' dear fren'. What mattairs two, t'ree dollairs among o'l fran's?' And we had another drink, and Antone goes on, 'Sam-mee, I have long time in min' to ask you one favor.' 'Command me, my bong Antone,' says I, and he rolls out two little barrels of rum and asks me would I take them over to Bay of Islands for him, and of course I said I would.

"Well, the skipper ketches me and Gillis as we were hoistin' 'em aboard the vessel. 'Didn't I tell you, Sam, I wanted no contraband stuff on this vessel?' says he.

"'Sure you did, skipper, but they're for Oliver Shepherd, skipper, over to Bay of Islands—a good fellow, skipper.'

"'Yes, I know,' says he; 'but will Oliver pay the fine if we're caught tryin' to smuggle the stuff in?'

"'Oh, you leave it to me, skipper, and there won't be any fine to pay,' I says, and there warn't, though somebody must 've tipped the cutter people off, for we'd no sooner dropped our anchor here than she sent a boat to overhaul us. And she'd have got the stuff, too, only just as her people came over one rail Gillis and me dropped over the other rail in the dory, and in the dark we rowed ashore, and you right there to take it from us, Oliver. But now let's have a little touch o' that same rum," and from a decorated barber's bottle marked 'Hair-Oil,' produced from the pocket of his ulster, he proceeded to mix hot punches, making clear meanwhile what beauty and simplicity were in the operation.

"Aye, Oliver, a child could mix it. A little of the good stuff, so, and some hot water—not too much, though—so. And then a little sugar—not too much either—and a touch of lemon if there's one handy, and if not, no matter—a taste more o' the rum instead—and there y'are, a drink that wouldn't jar one o' the wise virgins, and yet a drink a man'd row a dory seven mile through a snow-storm to get a sniff of any day, let be a fine big tumblerful like this. That's what, Oliver. And have another while your throat's warm and the pores are open. 'Tis most soothin' when the delicate membrane's relaxed, I've heard the doctors say. But ain't that somebody to the door? If it is, in God's name, let him in. To keep a man outside in the cold t'night, when there's somethin' to thaw him out inside, it's a crime again' humanity."

Shepherd admitted a stranger. "Sammie, this be Mister Stapkins, of Saint Johns."

"Glad to make your acquaintance, Captain Leary."

"Captain, eh? A promotion, but no matter—men that tend to business same's I do ought to get promoted. I'm off that Gloucester m'n out in the stream."

"The *Arbiter?* I was noticing her yesterday evening coming in—a fine, able vessel. And came to anchor rather smartly."

"Why shouldn't she? A smart crew. And if Gillis was here now—him I'm training in the way he should go—and that other peaceable, delightful citizen, his new-found chum, Ollie Fowler, Mister Shepherd's nephew here—they don't either of 'em care any more for a drink o' rum than they do for a man's life, and—now, isn't that the everlasting way of it? Talk of angels, you know. Here, you image of Cupid, you two-winged messenger o' love—you gay Don Jon o' the Bay of Islands."

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"Who's calling me names, hah?" Young Gillis stood in the door.

"Who? Why, me! You tongue-twisted castaway—me!"

"Oh, you, Sam Leary? Well, you can, but nobody else. You're all right, Sammie. I thought maybe it was——" He picked out one after the other of the pairs of eyes around the room, till he met those of the stranger. "And who's this? Who're you? What name—Stapkins? Of Saint Johns? And buyin' herrin', of course? You must be new in the business for certain—I never heard mention o' you before. But let's have a drink. Hah, Sammie, a drink on me?"

"No, Gillie, but on me. I'm buying all the drinks to-night. I've got some stuff here—look, the good old rum of Sain' Peer." Leary drew another decorated bottle from his ulster, and held it up for the company's inspection. "There was a barber in Sain' Peer. 'Shave-O!' says I. 'Wee, wee, shave-oo,' says he, and I drops off for a nap in the chair. When I woke up I had a hair-cut, and wanted to charge me fifty cents. So coming away I took those bottles."

"You have an easy conscience, Captain Leary."

"No easier than the barber's, Mister Stapkins. And no sin to recover stolen goods."

"Stolen?"

"Sure he did. Where'd he get hold o' bottles with United States words on 'em, if he didn't steal 'em? From off some steamer put in there, most likely. H-m. Hair-oil? But there's no hair-oil in 'em now. I fumigated 'em. But the stuff in 'em now 'd grow hair on a college professor—yes, even if 'twas professor of—what's it now?—cuts up the bodies of little creatures and gets at the souls of men thereby? By-ol-ogy, yes."

"Huh, here's one, too. And for all the duty it paid!" Gillis also produced and slammed a bottle on the table. "The red rum of S'Peer, too. Have a drink everybody. Mister Stap—Stap—what's it?—never mind, have a drink."

"I never drink, Mister Gillis—doctor's orders."

"H-m—a queer reason that. If we all did everything the doctor tells us, it would be queer livin', wouldn't it, Sammie."

"Aye, 'twould be like head winds all the time, Gillie."

"And a man 'd find it slow goin' not to let run before it once in a while, hah, Sammie?"

"He cert'nly would, though there's fun in beating, too. But where you off for?"

"Oh, just down the beach aways, me and Ollie Fowler."

"H-m—goin' girlin', hah? The poor slobs o' girls that gets either o' you— Well, jog along."

Leary gazed after his departing shipmate. "There's cert'nly been a lot of liquor turned loose in this place lately. But you're not goin', too, Mister Staplins?"

"Yes, I've got to write some letters home."

"Well, that's right. I s'pose we all ought to be writing letters home, too, but if I did they'd be some surprised in Gloucester when they got 'em. Good-night to you, sir."

The stranger passed out. Leary closed the door after him.

"Not what you'd call a magnetic creature that, is he? But I s'pose he has his uses. A peaceable sort, anyway, with not too much to say, and I s'pose that's a good point when men like me stand 'round ready to do all the talking. But his goin' needn't bother the rest of us. Here y'are, Oliver, another little touch for you. And for you that's got to keep the fiddle busy—got to keep you well oiled. That's the boy—never in all your life did you renege. Slide it down—it'll never go a dustier road, I'll bet. But where's the dance we were goin' to have? Where's your daughters, Oliver? In the other room waitin'? Man, you don't say? Call 'em in. Ah, there you are. Hello, Bess. Hello, Sue. Come on, now, all hands pair off while he's tuning up that fiddle. Don't be shy, you Black-eye—I'm talkin' to you. And you with the corn-hair, you know you're dyin' to dance. Pitch in all, that's the way. Drive her now! Drive her, boys—that's it. Hang tight now, Bess, and I'll swing you so you'll think your heels 'll never find the floor again."

II

Gillis and Fowler were walking the beach this cold night, after a protracted siege of courting at Morton's, a notably dry household.

"Whew, but it's a cold night, Ollie!"

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"Aye, Gillie. And on such a night a little somethin' warmin'——" and flapped his hands across his chest, and fervently wished he could get hold of a drink somewhere.

Curious the effect of mental suggestion. Both young men, sniffing, fancied they caught in the air a faint whiff of that which they just then most desired, the red rum of old Saint Pierre, and seemingly without any further wilful thought of their own found their feet taking them toward the ruin of an old barn on the road to Oliver Shepherd's house. What was the surprise of young Fowler to discover on examination that it was a barn purchased lately by his uncle, and of Gillis that it was the same barn wherein Leary and himself had hid the two kegs which had come off the *Arbiter*. Oddly enough, too, Oliver Shepherd had been on the spot to direct the storing of them. A fox, that same old Oliver, who hugged his rum altogether too close, considering that it never paid duty and cost him nothing to have it brought from Saint Pierre.

Gillis blew down his fingers: "A pity now a man don't get one lonesome drink from two whole ten-gallon kegs. A great pity."

But he would look further into the matter, which he did, with Oliver's aid, and found the door secured by the heaviest padlock he had ever seen on a door in all his life. They lit a match, several matches, to make sure.

"There was no such monstrous lock as that last night, Ollie?"

"As if we couldn't be trusted, Gillie! Might's well call us all thieves and be done with it."

The scent of the liquor was patent enough now. It must still be there. Well they knew the brand, the good old rum of Saint Pierre, no less. And kegs of it in there, perhaps, and they dying of a thirst. And not themselves alone, but every young fellow in the Bay. It must have been the thought of the multitude of longing ones which violently aroused their sense of hospitality. And why be selfish with it, anyway? If the old man was stingy with his liquor, no reason they should. Gillis put the question to Ollie, and Ollie offered generously to find a dozen good fellows who would be only too delighted to help them out.

It was from there on that the man known as Stapkins found it easy enough to hold the trail of young Oliver, who, walking not overfast and singing intermittently as he went, and failing not to knock up acquaintances to help them in his expedition, soon had quite a company: a gay, blithe young company, prepared for anything in the line of nocturnal adventure.

Oliver led them back to where Gillis was guarding the treasure. It mattered little now that the door was securely locked. With a half-dozen lads at their back, a stout timber, a good rush, a blow, and again a blow, how could the door resist? And who could hear, with the surf booming so loudly?

Surely nobody could hear? Surely not where should be most concern, at old man Shepherd's down the road, where blazed the late lights, and whence came roaring indications now of dancing and feasting. And soon the band came swaying down the beach again, each with his keg to a sagging shoulder, for the liquor brought by the *Arbiter* was not Oliver Shepherd's sole store; and when the burden seemed overheavy they halted to draw the bung and swallow a strengthening mouthful, and to remark how wonderfully the load lightened after each stimulating draught.

To track so careless a crew was not a difficult matter for the Government agent; nor did it require any strategic genius to capture one keg abandoned by its fatigued bearer, roll it to the edge of the beach and whistle to the alert cutter.

And so was inaugurated Sam Leary's real trouble. Not till next morning did he know aught of that midnight adventure. He and Gillis were dipping herring on to the *Arbiter's* deck. "O Lord," interjected Leary, "what a difference! A pity a man has to leave it, the dancing and the squeezing, the grip of the hand on your arm! A great girl that Bess Shepherd. Why didn't you come back and take it in, Gillie?"

Whereupon Gillis related the adventure of the rum, failing not to include all those details that his usually tolerant mate might enjoy it also. But Leary did not enjoy it. He even took Gillis to task.

"And you that glories in smuggling!" exclaimed the mortified Gillis.

"Man alive! Are you comparing stealing and smuggling. Smuggling's adventure. You're up against a powerful Gover'ment. The Gover'ment half expects it from us. You see, Gillie, men like us to sea most of the time are but little bother to any gover'-

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ment. They don't have to run expensive fire and police and——"

"I dunno 'bout the police, Sammie."

"Let me go on—police and banking systems for you and me. And no great harm if we pay off other ways to sort of bring up our average. Besides smuggling's a recognized institution. And you take a chance smugglin'. If you're caught you're slapped into jail, which makes legitimate adventure of it. But you were stealing—and from a friend—a friend of mine, anyway, and I'm a friend of yours. If you'd pounced on it accidentally, not knowin' who owned it, 'twould been no great harm—'twould been so temptin', and the Lord himself has to allow for natural impulses. But takin' stuff from a man's barn when he's not around to watch, and where you'd never known it was if he hadn't let you in himself—why that's not right, Gillis, not right, and no luck will come of it. And—now what in hell does that chap want?"

It was the cutter's boat approaching, and in the stern the commander himself.

"Captain Leary?" queried the cutter's commander.

"What? Captain again? But all right—yes, I'm Captain Leary.

"You're in charge of this vessel—agent and so on?"

"Acting as agent, yes.

"We thought so. You're wanted."

"For what?"

"Smuggling."

"Smuggling! Quit your fooling—it's too cold a mornin'."

"Fooling! Fooling! With whom do you think you are dealing? I'm quite sure I'll put you through now. Some of you American fishermen act at times as if you thought we were some old water-boat. You in particular were well described. 'Jovial,' our agent said. After we get through with you I'll warrant you won't be so jovial," and the revenue cutter's commander permitted himself to smile. "Come on, now. You can take counsel, if you wish," and the commander smiled again.

"I'll be my own counsel, but I want a witness. Come on, Gillis," and whispered to him, "Stand by and put in a word at the right time."

The appearance of Stapkins in the cabin of the cutter, to which they were taken, somewhat discomposed Gillis, but not Leary. "Well, Mr. Staplins, how's herrin' in Saint Johns?" that self-possessed adventurer inquired slyly.

Upholstered chairs are comforts which fishermen always appreciate. With heads far back and legs stretched out across the carpet, the pair took note of things. A young man with a note-book and typewriting machine caused Gillis to remark, "Not like our courts in America, Sam, is it?"

Stapkins, overhearing, fixed on Gillis a threatening eye. "No, not like an American court, but it will serve our purpose. And now you"—he nodded at Leary—"listen. We've got all the evidence we want, and——"

Sam sat up. "Evidence? Of what?"

"Evidence of the rum you smuggled from Saint Pierre. You can stand trial here or you can come back with us to Saint Johns and there wait in jail till your appearance in the high court? Which will you do?"

"H-m—you know how much time the master or mate of an American vessel has to waste on a trip to Saint Johns. I'll stand trial here, although the Lord knows I haven't the most far-away notion of what it's all about."

"Well, you'll know soon. Here are some facts," and Stapkins read from several sheets of paper.

The details were precise. To wit: That the *Arbiter* left Saint Pierre on such a day with two ten-gallon kegs of rum, which rum was not found entered on her manifest; that on the evening of her arrival, at 5.30 post meridian to be exact, of the second day previous, a dory bearing the name of the *Arbiter*, of Gloucester, landed on the beach abreast of the vessel aforesaid; that two men took from the dory a keg or kegs of liquor of some kind and carried the said keg or kegs up on the beach and hid it or them in a barn said to be owned by Oliver Shepherd. And further, that liquor from one of the kegs was drunk at Shepherd's on the night following, "all of which," concluded Stapkins, "we have witness to prove."

Sam grinned. "That there was some liquor drunk in Oliver's you won't have to go far to get a witness to, for you ought to know one at least who was asked to have a drink of it"—he bowed ironically to Stapkins—"but how you're making out it came from any particular keg beats me. I used to think I was a connesoor in the rum line, but whether rum comes from this keg or

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that, if it's all of the same makin', is past me. But where's your proof for all this?"

"Time enough for proof. Perhaps you know that if this thing is continued too far the vessel is likely to be captured?"

"Confiscate a fourteen-thousand dollar vessel for a few dollars duty, even if your charge is true! No, sir, you're not going to get away with that, though 'tis so much a custom as to become common law almost to bleed American vessels at every chance down here."

"I might warn you that there is a Gloucester vessel serving as a lightship over to Miramachi way even now for smuggling."

Above all else Sam feared for trouble to the skipper or vessel, but to him it looked yet as if they were still shrewdly guessing, no more. So he replied calmly enough: "But what's a confiscated vessel to do with me?"

"Mister Stapkins." Here, to Sam's amazement, Gillis jumped to his feet.

III

YOUNG GILLIS possessed not Sam's outlook on life. To him the law, at close quarters, was a terrible thing; and here it seemed to him that it was about to get Sam, the vessel, and the skipper in its clutches. And to these three he was devoted; to the master by respect, to the vessel by instinct of duty, to Sam by ties of wondrous admiration. Here was his chance. Sam had told him to stand by.

"Mister Stapkins, I want to confess."

"Confess? You? Confess what!"

"Let me speak. It is true that there was a couple of ten-gallon kegs of rum put aboard the *Arbiter* in Saint Peer. I know, because 'twas me brought 'em aboard and hid 'em in the hold. 'Twas me, when we dropped anchor yesterday, that stowed them in the dory under a bit of canvas, so's nobody noticed; and then, while all hands were busy with the collector and Captain Curtin there, 'twas me, it being dark, rowed ashore, without anybody seein' me, and hid 'em in Shepherd's barn."

The magistrate, who heretofore had taken no more active part in the proceedings than to listen calmly, and whom the fishermen had barely noticed, now leaned forward, and again settled back, and once more leaned forward. Steadying himself—he had evidently come for the purpose of advising also—he remarked to Stapkins: "H-m—but I can't see how this alters the case. The charge remains against the vessel." He addressed Gillis, "You're one of the crew, of course?"

There was a gleam in the magistrate's eye which Leary's intuition interpreted in a flash. "Him one of the crew," and laughed derisively. Gillis stared at Leary, who, shaking his fist at him, exploded again, "Don't you dare to tell this court you're one of the crew."

The court looked from one to the other. "Not one of the crew? Is this true, Captain Leary?"

Leary, who had been expecting some small action from Gillis at the critical moment, but no such romantic tale as this of the keg, was beginning to glow with the possibilities. He sought to gain a little time now. He affected not to hear the question until it was repeated with emphasis, "Is this the truth or a lie, sir?"

To Leary's brain came a glimmering of where it might lead to, but no need to hurry yet. "You don't notice me calling anyone a liar, do you?"

"Not a member of your crew? Aha!" The magistrate rose triumphant: "Then how came he aboard your vessel? How came you to bring this man from a foreign country, which the United States is, to this country, in plain violation of the law?"

Unexpected that, but Leary felt equal to it. Pausing no longer than was needful to give his most serviceable imagination a running start, with no notion at the moment of where he would finish up than the men who were listening to him, he began; and his tone was most judicial, as befitted the surroundings. "It does seem to be against the law, and yet it is not. There's a provision of law in every country, I suppose—in every civilized country, I mean—there is in ours, anyway—for bringing home the sick and the—indigent, is it?—and wrecked seamen, bringing them to their home port. This man, gentlemen, is from Gloucester. He shipped in a Gloucester fisherman, the *Mollie Butler*, Captain Arthur Morrow—look her up in the register, if you want to—for a fresh halibutin' trip—and was taken sick. What was it you were sick of, Mister Gillis?"

"Consumption." Gillis coughed weakly.

"Consumption!" The magistrate glared

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at Gillis. Stapkins and Curtin had another look at that individual. "H-m!" grunted Curtin.

"Yes, sir, they made me sleep in a tent on the rocks," affirmed the now inspired Gillis. "I was in the first stages, and could be cured that way, they said. Outdoor treatment, the latest. But I think myself they put me up on the rocks because they thought I was an Englishman."

"How could they think that?"

"It may be, your honor," Sam bowed gravely to the magistrate, "because he talked United States, which is a good deal like English.

"Sure, that was it." Gillis seized on that. "For they told me to my face they had no use for the English. You remember me telling you that, Mister Leary?"

"I do, Mister Gillis. Only this morning you were telling me again, if you remember, and how they sent you off at last in a French fisherman——"

"Sent you off? What for?"

"Why—why——"

"Such foolish questions!" interposed Sam hastily. He knew that his shipmate's inventive faculties sometimes failed. "How does he know what those high-handed despots shipped him off for? And what does it matter? The real thing is he was run off and the vessel was wrecked, and the *Arbiter* came along and picked up Mister Gillis."

"And the French crew? Were they drowned? Sh-h—Captain Leary—I'm questioning Mister Gillis now."

Gillis was gamely trying to follow the more active movement of the more active Leary. "Every blessed soul of 'em," he managed to get out.

"H-m—but that's a fine tale to have to piece out," murmured Leary. "They'll be lookin' her up in the marine tragedies."

"Serves 'em right." It was the magistrate who thus commented as he leaned back and glared at whoever might disagree. Stapkins and Curtin regarded the prisoners with less complacency.

"And"—Sam was now carelessly resuming the tale, his eyes on the portly justice. He ran on smoothly—"we couldn't do less than take him along now, could we, your Honor? Though if he did serve the vessel this mean trick—" he glared at Gillis; but softening suddenly: "But did you really do it, Mister Gillis? Tell the truth now, for his Honor is listening to you."

The brain of Gillis was in a whirl, but he thought to stare contritely at the floor, and, after a decent interval, to sniff, "I did."

Sam gazed at the man. "You did? Gawd! you sit there and not ashamed to say those words! To me, your rescuer, and in a way your captain now? You knew what might come of it, didn't you? You hear what his Honor says? Why, if the truth weren't forced out of you by his eloquence, by his legal—h-m—acumen, my vessel might be confiscated. As it is, I suppose I'll have to pay a few dollars fine on your account. O Gillis, when I think how we risked the vessel and the crew's lives that day picking you off the wreck! A wild day, your Honor—a wild day, gentlemen—mountain-e-ous seas, and wind to peel the scales off a herrin'. We had to pour oil over the side of the vessel afore the skipper would allow a dory to be launched. And if you had heard the cries of him, gentlemen, this man who has just confessed his iniquity, who has admitted how he deceived us and rendered the vessel liable—if you'd heard the agonized cries of him! They fair bit into us, his cries—we couldn't stand it, and the crew knew 'twas almost sure death; but, the brave fellows, when the skipper calls out, 'Who'll volunteer to save him, a fellow-being?' says he. 'No degenerate Frenchman, but speaks the same great Anglo-Saxon language as we do ourselves—who'll volunteer?' If you only heard Captain Clancy saying that, your Honor! And did they draw back, your Honor? Or even hesitate? Not them. 'Me, captain!' 'Me!' 'Me!' —and they leaps up and fights for the privilege of goin' in that dory. And the two the captain picked thanked him with tears in their eyes. 'If I don't come back, captain,' says the first brave fellow, 'send word to my parents in Birmingham and tell them how I died,' for he was of sturdy English stock, your Honor. 'I've no wife, but my savin's-bank book for forty-two dollars and forty-four cents, and whatever interest's due on it, is in my bunk. Give it to the widows and orphans,' says the other, and over they go. But they warn't drowned, not them, the brave fellows. Their guardian angels was busy that day, though. And when they came back, after incredible exertions, they had him—had this man, gentlemen, half-frozen,

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faintin'—but I suppose he don't remember it now?" Sam's voice reeked with what he meant for the very essence of sarcasm.

Gillis had been gaping in wonder at Leary—indeed, he was almost in tears as he conjured up the picture painted by his gifted shipmate, himself a craven. For a moment he could not take the cue; but an offside wink from Leary pointed the way.

"I do remember it, I do remember it. Forgive me, I do." And, holding one hand to his face and uttering, "Forgive me, forgive me," Gillis sought to clutch Sam's sleeve with the other.

Sam spurned the groping hand. "Tuh! go away."

"But, captain"—Gillis held a handkerchief to his eyes—"Captain Leary, for-give me, O captain!"

"For-give yuh! How can you expect forgive-ness! The treachery of you, a man we'd saved from a watery grave and taken to our bosom—" and Sam, drawing out his handkerchief, passed it lingeringly over his eyes, then fell desperately to blowing his nose. All this before he felt strong to continue: "But what's the good of harboring wicked, revengeful feelings? And, your Honor, what did the smuggling mean, anyway? A little feeling of adventure on Mister Gillis's part. I used to be like him in my young days, thoughtless, reckless, careless of the owner's interests. Which of us isn't careless in his—I mean of us ignorant fishermen, your Honor, who haven't had the educational advantages? And yet I didn't think he would do such a thing. Only the other day"—he faced Gillis—"I was speaking of you to Captain Clancy—you seemed to be so earnest and good, that I asked him if he couldn't put you on the ship's papers soon. And now this trick you come to play!"

"I know, but I'll never do it again."

"Never!"

"Never, never."

"Well, I dunno what to say. When I come to think now how near the vessel came to being pinched! Your Honor, I have nothing more to say," and Leary sat down.

The court breathed hard, gazed long from one prisoner to the other; and finally took counsel with Captain Curtin and Stapkins.

"I'm sure I don't know what to think of that fellow," whispered the magistrate to Stapkins. "An ignorant fisherman like him, he couldn't have made it up on the spur of the moment."

"I wouldn't be too sure he's so ignorant. But you can fine them on their own testimony."

"But this isn't real testimony, this isn't court."

"What odds about court? We've got to have a conviction recorded. You are the magistrate. You can convene court, and we are the witnesses to what they confessed."

IV

THE final decision was to manage it in some way to fine both Leary and Gillis, but it was also agreed that appearances would be better served if a regular court was held. So ashore they all went; and, pressing into service a constable, an aged native who loved the trappings of the judiciary, they convened court in the informal but sufficiently effective fashion of the more primitive regions of Newfoundland.

Stapkins, after rereading the evidence, turned to the solemn gentlemen on the platform: "And now the Crown prays the judgment of this honorable court on the facts aforesaid." And the honorable court accordingly rendered its finding, going over the facts minutely, repeating for the fourth or fifth time the gist of the whole case. "And the prisoner must understand," and the way he turned down his spectacles at Gillis was so impressive to that free-born adventurer that he whispered to Leary, "If ever I get to be a judge, I'll know how to throw my lamps on a man that ought to be hanged."

"You must know," resumed the judge, "that your offence is most heinous and makes you liable to a most severe penalty. By the language of the law you are not alone liable to be sent to prison for an indefinite term——"

"How long is that, Sammie?" Gillis's whisper could have been heard the length of an ocean liner.

The judge heard it. "Eh, what? Silence, silence!" he roared, and motioned to the ancient retainer, who also roared, "Silence, silence!" and thumped the floor with the fresh-cut birch sapling which served as a mace.

The judge glared at Leary also ere he continued. "Not alone to prison, but your vessel is also likely to be confiscated. Ves-

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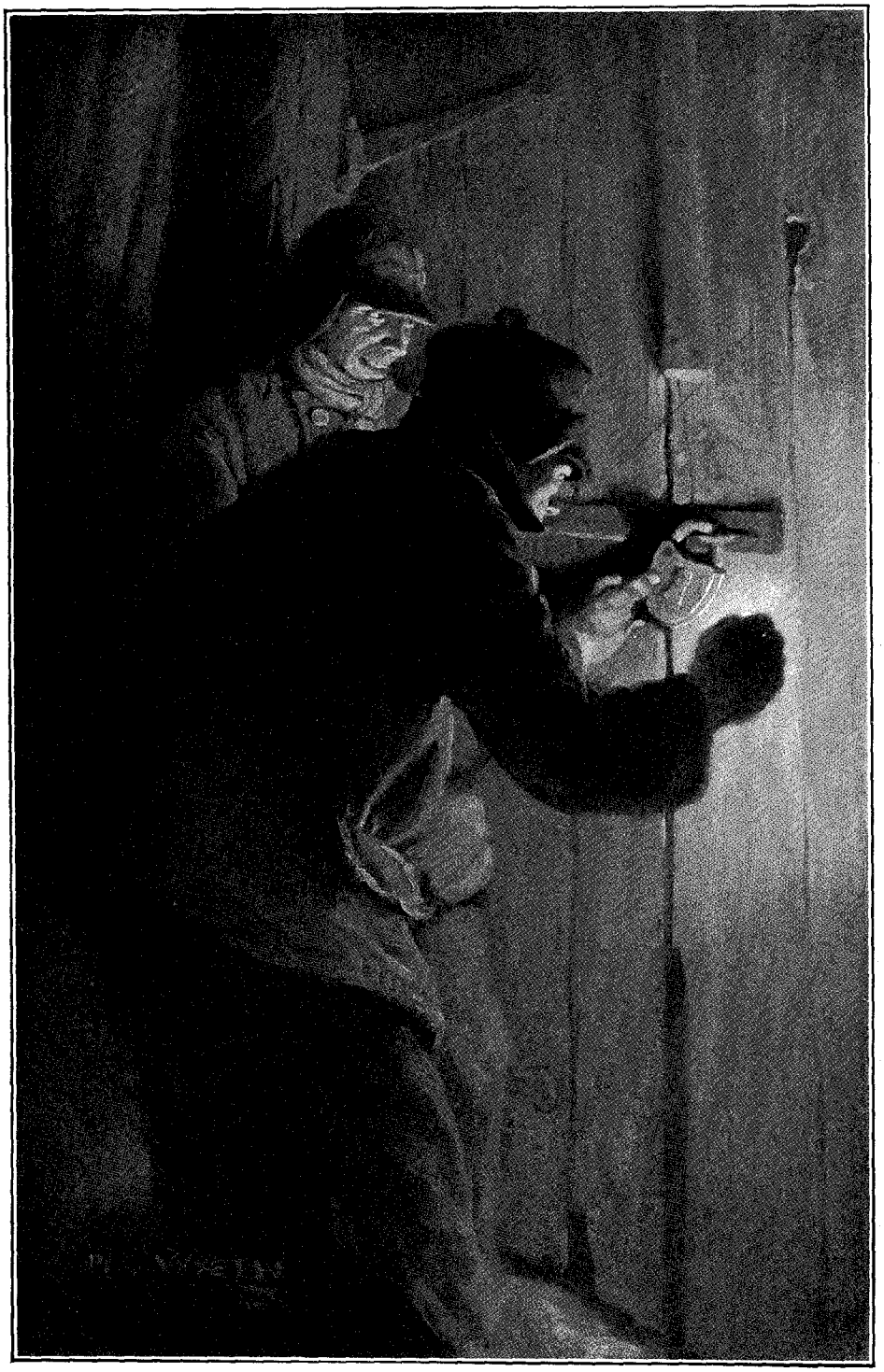

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

"There was no such monstrous lock as that last night, Ollie?"—Page 404.

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sels have been confiscated to the Crown before this. You are aware of that, doubtless. There is not only that lightship at Miramichi——"

"A fine little vessel, Sammie, too—I know her," whispered Gillis.

"The prisoners will pay attention. The confiscation of a vessel is no light matter. What have you to say, Captain Leary?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? Do you fully realize what the consequences may be? It does not add to your case that you have not testified in your own behalf."

"What's the use! You've got it all framed up to suit yourselves. Here's a man, a passenger on the vessel, charged with smuggling a few gallons of rum, and you talk about confiscating a vessel worth fourteen thousand dollars. And you haven't proved your case. You say it's now regular court. If it is, then bring on your proof."

Stapkins jumped to his feet. "I don't see as we need any further proof. What more evidence is required than the confession of your partner a while ago in the cabin of the cutter?"

"But does that commit a man? Does a man talking careless like——"

"Do you deny he said it? Or deny the story of the rescue?"

Sam threw up his hands. "What's the damage?"

"That is for the court to say." Stapkins bowed deferentially to the law.

The court puffed up roundly. "As the prisoners plead guilty—you do plead guilty?"

"Yes," replied Sam wearily. "We plead guilty to a couple of kegs of rum. And now you want to do the usual thing to American vessels down here—bleed us for all we'll stand. Well, better soak us now you got us."

The judge frowned on Leary, but went on, after much hemming and hawing, to deliver himself of various original phrases which were preliminary to a long dissertation. "Albeit the law says—and Anglo-Saxon—and fra-ternal—and ma-ternal——"

"And pat-ernal, don't forget the old man, whoever he is."

"Heh, heh—and mat-ernal ties—one speech and one blood," and suddenly abandoning his involved phraseology, fined them one hundred dollars apiece.

Gillis flared up. "A hundred? No, sir—me for jail."

"Me, too," Sam turned to Stapkins. "I'll appeal to my Gover'ment—show you fellows up, anyway. Better cut it down."

A conference ensued, which ended by the judge saying, after casting a look of inquiry at Sam, as if doubtful how that belligerent man would take it. "Well, twenty-five dollars apiece."

"Twenty-five? Well, all right, though mind"—he looked defiance at Stapkins—"you never proved it."

The worthy magistrate eyed almost tearfully the great roll which Sam drew from his ulster pocket. "If I had known," he whispered to Stapkins, "that he had so much money with him, I would not have taken off one penny."

From the roll Leary skinned off two twenties. "Wages due me," he explained to Gillis, and from an inner pocket he took ten dollars in small bills. "All I won at poker from the natives since we hit into the bay," and sighed as he passed it over. Then, turning to the magistrate, "We can go now, I suppose?"

"You are free."

"Then, good-day," and, pausing at the door, "To hell with you all." And, placing his arm through Gillis's: "Lord, after that one-tongue, one-blood speech, I thought he was going to let us off; but I guess he needed the money. He's like a lot of others that love us till their interests take 'em another way." Then, noticing that they were passing a window of the court-room, he raised it, looked inside, and, catching Captain Curtin's eye, to him he tipped a most illuminating wink, at which Curtin looked at Stapkins and Stapkins looked at Curtin, and a great light broke in on them both; and together they looked at the judge. But that honorable was recounting the money, whereat Stapkins and Curtin shook their heads and smiled, but with mouths somewhat awry.

The late prisoners resumed their road to the vessel. Sam wore a most pensive look. Finally he spoke up.

"Gillis, this ought to teach you not to be going and getting drunk with other people's rum. Paying that fine raised the devil with my pile. I had in mind to buy Bess a little present. A fine girl, that Bess Shepherd. You haven't got a spare ten or twenty, have you?"

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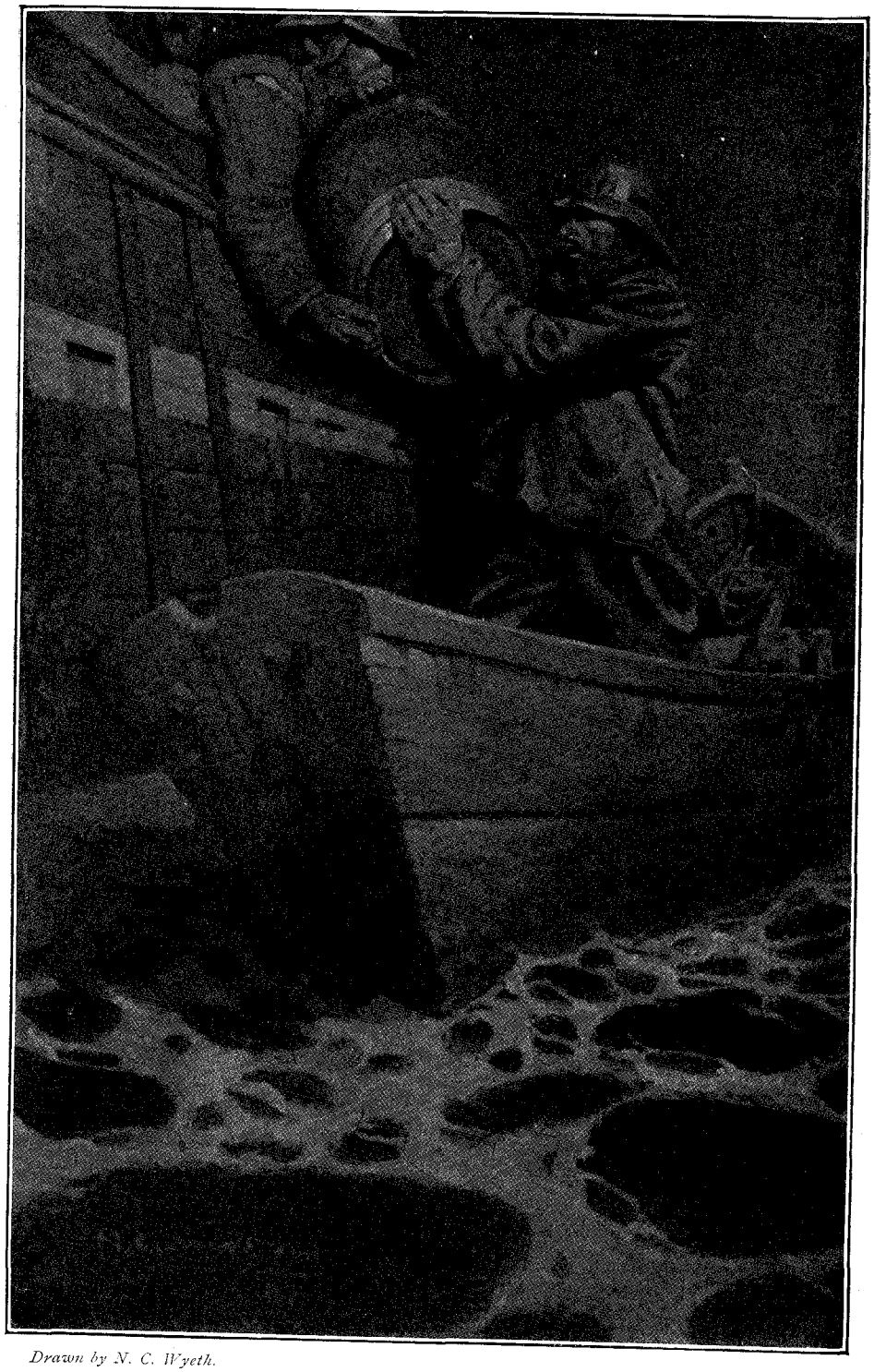

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

"'Twas me that stowed them in the dory."—Page 406.

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"Me a ten or twenty? I got a five, though. But I had it in mind to buy a little present for somebody, too."

"You buy presents! Don't you think you ought to rest on your laurels for a little while? Let me have that five-spot, and I'll borrow five more from the skipper. There's a pearl necklace at the jewelry store up in Birchy Cove, and the man said he'd let me have it for nine seventy-five. All the girls in the bay have been eyein' it, but it'll look best on Bess. O Lord, the things I could 've done with that fifty!" Then, sighing thoughtfully: "Blessed if I don't believe, Gillis, it does pay to be honest. You see, Gillis, honesty's the one game that everybody's playin', good people all the time, but bad people sometimes, for their own interest, if nothing else. Buckin' against honesty's like tryin' to sail into the eye of the wind, and you can't do it—you have to beat."

"'Less you got steam-power, Sammie."

"Then you're not sailin'. You're like a man then with an inside pull. Yes, sir, I'm beginnin' to believe it's best to be honest in everything. Do you know, Gillis"—Leary became very confidential—"but sometime I doubt that even smugglin's quite the right thing."

"And I've often had my doubts, too, Sammie."

And thus two reflective gentlemen, recreating ancient philosophies, climbed soberly down the rocky hillsides.

POET AND KING

By Charles Buxton Going

ILLUSTRATION BY W. T. BENDA

OUT of a desolate night,
  Into the pride of the court
Flooded with color and light,
  A wandering singer was brought.

And there, at the foot of the throne—
  A weary and pitiful thing
That begged for a crust or a bone—
  He sang at the nod of the king.

The king and his courtiers are gone;
  Clean gone out of mind is their fame;
The fields where their glory was won
  Are only a date and a name.

The singer, alone of the throng,
  Lives on through the death of the years—
For men still remember his song
  And sing it, with love and with tears.

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Drawn by W. T. Benda.

He sang at the nod of the king.—Page 412.

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THE FRUIT OF THE TREE

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION BY ALONZO KIMBALL.

BOOK II

IX

"BUT, Justine——" Mrs. Harry Dressel, seated in the June freshness of her Oak Street drawing-room, and harmonizing by her high lights and hard edges with the white-and-gold angularities of the best furniture, cast a rebuking eye on her friend Miss Brent, who stood disposing in a glass bowl the handful of roses she had just brought in from the garden.

Mrs. Dressel's intonation made it clear that the entrance of Miss Brent had been the signal for renewing an argument which she had perhaps left the room to escape.

"When you were here three years ago, Justine, I could understand your not wanting to go out, because you were in mourning for your mother—and besides, you'd volunteered for that bad surgical case in the Hope Hospital. But now that you've come back for a rest and a change I can't imagine why you persist in shutting yourself up—unless, of course," she concluded, in a higher key of reproach, "it's because you think so little of Hanaford society——"

Justine Brent, putting the last rose in place, turned from her task with a protesting gesture.

"My dear Effie, who am I to think little of any society, when I belong to none?" She passed a last light touch over the flowers, and crossing the room, brushed her friend's hand with the same caressing gesture.

Mrs. Dressel met it with an unrelenting turn of her plump shoulder, murmuring: "Oh, if you take *that* tone!" And on Miss Brent's gaily rejoining: "Isn't it better than to have other people take it for me?" she replied, with an air of affront that expressed itself in a ruffling of her whole pretty person: "If you'll excuse my saying so, Justine, the fact that you are staying with *me* would be enough to make you welcome anywhere in Hanaford!"

"I'm sure of it, dear; so sure that my horrid pride rather resents being floated in on the high tide of such overwhelming credentials."

Mrs. Dressel glanced up doubtfully at the dark face laughing down on her. Though she was president of the Maplewood Avenue Book-club, and habitually figured in the society column of the "Banner" as one of the intellectual leaders of Hanaford, there were moments when her self-confidence trembled before Justine's light sallies. It was absurd, of course, given the relative situations of the two; and Mrs. Dressel, behind her friend's back, was quickly reassured by the thought that Justine was only a hospital nurse, who had to work for her living, and had really never "been anywhere"; but when Miss Brent's verbal arrows were flying, it became more vividly present to her hostess that she was fairly well-connected, and lived in New York. No one placed a higher value on the abstract qualities of wit and irony than Mrs. Dressel; the difficulty was that she never quite knew when Justine's retorts were loaded, or when her own susceptibilities were the target aimed at; and between her desire to appear to take the joke, and the fear of being ridiculed without knowing it, her pretty face was apt to present an interesting study in perplexity. As usual, she now took refuge in bringing the talk back to a personal issue.

"I can't imagine," she said, "why you won't go to the Gaines's garden-party. It's always the most brilliant affair of the season; and this year, with the John Amhersts here, and all their party—that fascinating Mrs. Eustace Ansell, and Mrs. Amherst's father, old Mr. Langhope, who is quite as quick and clever as *you* are—you certainly can't accuse us of being dull and provincial!"

Miss Brent smiled. "As far as I can remember, Effie, it is always you who accuse others of bringing that charge against Hanaford. For my part, I know too little of it to have formed any opinion; but whatever

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Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"By Jove, here he is now——"—Page 421.

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it may have to offer me, I am painfully conscious of having, at present, nothing but your kind commendation to give in return."

Mrs. Dressel rose impatiently. "How absurdly you talk! You're a little thinner than usual, and I don't like those dark lines under your eyes; but Westy Gaines told me yesterday that he thought you handsomer than ever, and that it was intensely becoming to some women to look overtired."

"It's lucky I'm one of that kind," Miss Brent rejoined, between a sigh and a laugh, "and there's every promise of my getting handsomer every day if somebody doesn't soon arrest the geometrical progression of my good looks by giving me the chance to take a year's rest!"

As she spoke, she stretched her arms above her head, with a gesture revealing the suppleness of her slim young frame, but also its tenuity of structure—the frailness of throat and shoulders, and the play of bones in the delicate neck. Justine Brent had one of those imponderable bodies that seem a mere pinch of matter shot through with light and colour. Though she did not flush easily, auroral lights ran under her clear skin, were lost in the dusk of her hair, and broke again in her eyes; and her voice seemed to shoot light too, as though her smile flashed back from her words as they fell—all her features being so fluid and changeful that the one solid thing about her was the massing of dense black hair which clasped her face like the noble metal of some antique bust.

Mrs. Dressel's face softened at the note of weariness in the girl's voice. "Are you very tired, dear?" she asked drawing her down to a seat on the sofa.

"Yes, and no—not so much bodily, perhaps, as in spirit." Justine Brent drew her brows together, and stared moodily at the thin brown hands interwoven between Mrs. Dressel's plump fingers. Seated thus, with hollowed shoulders and brooding head, she might have figured a young sibyl bowed above some mystery of fate; but the next moment her face, inclining toward her friend's, cast off its shadows and resumed the look of a plaintive child.

"The worst of it is that I don't look forward with any interest to taking up the old drudgery again when I feel fit for it. Of course that loss of interest may be merely physical—I should call it so in a nervous patient, no doubt. But in myself it seems different—it seems to go to the roots of the world. You know it was always the imaginative side of my work that helped me over the ugly details—the pity and beauty of it that disinfected the physical horror; but now that feeling is lost, and only the mortal disgust remains. Oh, Effie, I don't want to be a ministering angel any more—I want to be uncertain, coy and hard to please. I want something dazzling and unaccountable to happen to me—something new and unlived and indescribable!"

She snatched herself with a laugh from the bewildered Effie, and flinging up her arms again, spun on a light heel across the polished floor.

"Well, then," murmured Mrs. Dressel with gentle obstinacy, "I can't see why in the world you won't go to the Gaines's garden-party!" And caught in the whirlwind of her friend's incomprehensible mirth, she still persisted, as she ducked her handsome blonde head to it: "If you'll only let me lend you my dress with the guipure, you'll look smarter than anybody there. . . ."

Before her toilet mirror, an hour later, Justine Brent seemed in a way to fulfill Mrs. Dressel's prediction. So mirror-like herself, she could no more help reflecting the happy effect of a bow or a feather than the subtler influence of word and look; and her face and figure were so new to the advantages of dress that, at four-and-twenty, she still produced the effect of a young girl in her first "good" frock. In Mrs. Dressel's festal raiment, which her dark tints subdued to a quiet elegance, she was like the golden core of a pale rose illuminating and scenting its petals.

Three years of solitary life, following on a youth of confidential intimacy with the mother she had lost, had produced in her the quaint habit of half-loud soliloquy. "Fine feathers, Justine!" she laughed back at her laughing image. "You look like a phœnix risen from your ashes. But slip back into your own plumage, and you'll be no more than a little brown bird without a song!"

The luxurious suggestions of her dress, and the way her warm youth became it, drew her back to memories of a childhood nestled in beauty and gentle ways, before her handsome prodigal father had died, and

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her mother's face had grown pinched in the deadening struggle with poverty. But those memories were after all less dear to Justine than the grey years following, when, growing up, she had helped to clear a space in the wilderness for their tiny hearth-fire, when her own efforts had fed the flame and roofed it in from the weather. A great heat, kindled at that hearth, had burned in her veins, making her devour her work, lighting and warming the long cold days, and reddening the horizon through dark passages of revolt and failure; and she felt all the more deeply the chill of reaction that set in with her mother's death.

She thought she had chosen her work as a nurse in a spirit of high disinterestedness; but in the desolate hours after her mother's death it seemed as though only the personal aim had sustained her. For a while, after this, her sick people became to her mere bundles of disintegrating matter, and she shrank from physical pain with a distaste the deeper because, mechanically, she could not help working on to relieve it. Gradually her sound nature passed out of this morbid phase, and she took up her task with deeper pity if less exalted ardour; glad to do her part in the vast impersonal labour of easing the world's misery, but longing with all the warm instincts of youth for a special load to lift, a single hand to clasp.

Ah, it was cruel to be alive, to be young, to bubble with springs of mirth and tenderness and folly, and to live in perpetual contact with decay and pain—to look persistently into the grey face of death without having lifted even a corner of life's veil! Now and then, when she felt her youth flame through the sheath of dullness which was gradually enclosing it, she rebelled at the conditions that tied a spirit like hers to its monotonous task, while others, without a quiver of wings on their dull shoulders, or a note of music in their hearts, had the whole wide world to range through, and saw in it no more than a frightful emptiness to be shut out with tight walls of habit. . . .

A tap on the door announced Mrs. Dressel, garbed for conquest, and bestowing on her brilliant person the last anxious touches of the artist reluctant to part from a masterpiece.

"My dear, how well you look! I *knew* that dress would be becoming!" she exclaimed, generously transferring her self-approval to Justine; and adding, as the latter moved toward her: "I wish Westy Gaines could see you now!"

"Well, he will presently," Miss Brent rejoined, ignoring the slight stress on the name.

Mrs. Dressel continued to brood upon her maternally. "Justine—I wish you'd tell me! You say you hate the life you're leading now—but isn't there somebody who might——?"

"Give me another, with lace dresses in it?" Justine's slight shrug might have seemed theatrical, had it not been a part of the ceaseless dramatic play of her flexible person. "There might be, perhaps . . . only I'm not sure——" She broke off whimsically.

"Not sure of what?"

"That this kind of dress might not always be a little tight on the shoulders."

"Tight on the shoulders? What do you mean, Justine? My clothes simply *hang* on you!"

"Oh, Effie dear, don't you remember the fable of the wings under the skin that sprout when one meets a pair of kindred shoulders?" And, as Mrs. Dressel bent on her a brow of unenlightened perplexity —"Well, it doesn't matter: I only meant that I've always been afraid good clothes might keep my wings from sprouting!" She turned back to the glass, giving herself a last light touch such as she had bestowed on the roses.

"And that reminds me," she continued —"how about Mr. Amherst's wings?"

"John Amherst?" Mrs. Dressel brightened into immediate attention. "Why, do you know him?"

"Not as the owner of the Westmore Mills; but I came across him as their assistant manager three years ago, at the Hope Hospital, and he was starting a very promising pair then. I wonder if they're doing as well under his new coat."

"I'm not sure that I understand you when you talk poetry," said Mrs. Dressel with less interest; "but personally I can't say I like John Amherst—and he is certainly not worthy of such a lovely woman as Mrs. Westmore. Of course she would never let any one see that she's not perfectly happy; but I'm told he has given them all a great deal of trouble by interfering in the management of the mills, and his manner is so

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cold and sarcastic—the truth is, I suppose he's never quite at ease in society. *Her* family have never been really reconciled to the marriage; and Westy Gaines says——"

"Ah, Westy Gaines *would*," Justine interposed lightly. "But if Mrs. Amherst is really the Bessy Langhope I used to know it must be rather a struggle for the wings!"

Mrs. Dressel's flagging interest settled on the one glimpse of fact in this statement. "It's such a coincidence that you should have known her too! Was she always so perfectly fascinating? I wish I knew how she gives that look to her hair!"

Justine gathered up the lace sunshade and long gloves which her friend had lent her. "There was not much more that was genuine about her character—that was her very own, I mean—than there is about my appearance at this moment. She was always the dearest little chameleon in the world, taking everybody's colour in the most flattering way, and giving back, I must say, a most charming reflection—if you'll excuse the mixed metaphor; but when one got her by herself, with no reflections to catch, one found she hadn't any particular colour of her own. One of the girls used to say she ought to wear a tag, because she was so easily mislaid.— Now then, I'm ready!"

Justine advanced to the door, and Mrs. Dressel followed her downstairs, reflecting with pardonable complacency that one of the disadvantages of being clever was that it tempted one to say sarcastic things of other women—than which she could imagine no more crying social error.

During the drive to the garden-party, Justine's thoughts, drawn to the past by the mention of Bessy Langhope's name, reverted to the comic inconsequences of her own lot—to that persistent irrelevance of incident that had once made her compare herself to an actor always playing his part before the wrong stage-setting. Was there not, for instance, a mocking incongruity in the fact that a creature so leaping with life should have, for chief outlet, the narrow mental channel of the excellent couple between whom she was now being borne to the Gaines garden-party? All her friendships were the result of propinquity or of early association, and fate had held her imprisoned in a circle of well-to-do mediocrity, peopled by just such figures as those of the kindly and prosperous Dressels. Effie Dressel, the daughter of a cousin of Mrs. Brent's, had obscurely but safely allied herself with the heavy blond young man who was to succeed his father as President of the Union Bank, and who was already regarded by the "solid business interests" of Hanaford as possessing talents likely to carry him far in the development of the paternal fortunes. Harry Dressel's honest countenance gave no evidence of peculiar astuteness, and he was in fact rather the product of special conditions than of an irresistible bent. He had the sound Saxon love of games, and the most interesting game he had ever been taught was "business." He was a simple domestic being, and according to Hanaford standards the most obvious obligation of the husband and father was to make his family richer. If Harry Dressel had ever formulated his aims, he might have said that he wanted to be the man whom Hanaford most respected, and that was only another way of saying, the richest man in Hanaford. Effie embraced his creed with a zeal facilitated by such evidence of its soundness as a growing income and the early prospect of a carriage. Her mother-in-law, a kind old lady with a simple unquestioning love of money, had told her on her wedding day that Harry's one object would always be to make his family proud of him; and the recent purchase of the victoria in which Justine and the Dressels were now seated was regarded by the family as a striking fulfillment of this prophecy.

In the course of her hospital work Justine had of necessity run across far different types; but from the connections thus offered she was often held back by the subtler shades of taste that civilize human intercourse. Her world, in short, had been chiefly peopled by the dull or the crude, and hemmed in between the two she had created for herself an inner kingdom where the fastidiousness she had to set aside in her outward relations recovered its full sway. There must be actual beings worthy of admission to this secret precinct, but hitherto they had not come her way; and the sense that they were somewhere just out of reach still gave an edge of youthful curiosity to each encounter with a new group of people.

Certainly, Mrs. Gaines's garden-party seemed an unlikely field for the exercise of

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such curiosity: Justine's few glimpses of Hanaford society had revealed it as rather a dull thick body, with a surface stimulated only by ill-advised references to the life of larger capitals; and the concentrated essence of social Hanaford was of course to be found at the Gaines entertainments. It presented itself, however, in the rich June afternoon, on the long shadows of the well-kept lawn, and among the paths of the rose-garden, in its most amiable aspect; and to Justine, wearied by habitual contact with ugliness and suffering, there was pure delight in the verdant setting of the picture, and in the light harmonious tints of the figures peopling it. If the company was dull, it was at least decorative;. and poverty, misery and dirt were shut out by the placid unconsciousness of the guests as securely as by the leafy barriers of the garden.

X

"AH, Mrs. Dressel, we were on the lookout for you—waiting for the curtain to rise! Your friend Miss Brent? Juliana, Mrs. Dressel's friend Miss Brent——"

Near the brilliantly-striped marquee that formed the axis of the Gaines garden-parties, Mr. Halford Gaines, a few paces from his wife and daughters, stood radiating a royal welcome on the stream of visitors pouring across the lawn. It was only to eyes perverted by a different social perspective that there could be any doubt as to the importance of the Gaines entertainments. To Hanaford itself they were epoch-making; and if any rebellious spirit had cherished a doubt of the fact, it would have been quelled by the official majesty of Mr. Gaines's frock-coat and the comprehensive cordiality of his manner.

There were moments when New York hung like a disquieting cloud on the social horizon of Mrs. Gaines and her daughters; but to Halford Gaines Hanaford was all in all. As an exponent of the popular and patriotic "good-enough-for-me" theory he stood in high favour at the Hanaford Club, where a too-keen consciousness of the metropolis was alternately combated by easy allusion and studied omission, and where the unsettled fancies of youth were chastened and steadied by the reflection that, if Hanaford was good enough for Halford Gaines, it must offer opportunities commensurate with the largest ideas of life.

Never did Mr. Gaines's manner bear richer witness to what could be extracted from Hanaford than when he was in the act of applying to it the powerful pressure of his hospitality. The resultant essence was so bubbling with social exhilaration that, to its producer at any rate, its somewhat mixed ingredients were lost in one highly flavoured draught. Under ordinary circumstances no one discriminated more keenly than Mr. Gaines between different shades of social importance; but any one who was entertained by him was momentarily ennobled by the fact, and not all the anxious telegraphy of his wife and daughters could, for instance, recall to him that the striking young woman in Mrs. Dressel's wake was only some obscure protégée, whom it was odd of Effie to have brought, and whose presence at the feast it was quite unnecessary to emphasize.

"Juliana, Miss Brent tells me she has never seen our roses. Oh, there are other roses in Hanaford, Miss Brent; I don't mean to imply that no one else attempts them; but unless you can afford to give *carte blanche* to your man—and mine happens to be something of a specialist . . . well, if you'll come with me, I'll let them speak for themselves. I always say that if people want to know what we can do they must come and see—they'll never find out from *me!*"

A more emphatic signal from his wife arrested Mr. Gaines as he was in the act of leading Miss Brent away.

"Eh?—What? The Amhersts and Mrs. Ansell? You must excuse me then, I'm afraid—but Westy shall take you. Westy, my boy, it's an ill-wind . . . I want you to show this young lady our roses." And Mr. Gaines, with mingled reluctance and satisfaction, turned away to receive the most important guests of the day.

It had not needed his father's summons to draw the expert Westy to Miss Brent: he was already gravitating toward her, with the nonchalance bred of cosmopolitan successes, but with a directness of aim due also to his larger opportunities of comparison.

"The roses will do," he explained, as he guided her through the increasing circle of guests about his mother; and in answer to Justine's glance of enquiry: "To get you away, I mean. They're not much in them-

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selves, you know; but everything of the governor's always begins with a capital letter."

"Oh, but these roses deserve to," Justine exclaimed, as they paused under the evergreen archway at the farther end of the wide lawn.

"I don't know—not if you've been in England," Westy murmured, watching furtively for the impression produced, on one who had presumably not had that advantage, by the great blush of colour massed against its dusky background of clipped evergreens.

Justine smiled. "I *have* been—but I've been in the slums since; in horrible places that the least of those flowers would have lighted up like a lamp."

Westy's guarded glance imprudently softened. "It's the beastliest kind of a shame, your ever having had to do such work——"

"Oh, *had* to?" she flashed back at him disconcertingly. "It was my choice, you know: there was a time when I couldn't live without it. Philanthropy is one of the subtlest forms of self-indulgence."

Westy met this with a vague laugh. If a chap who was as knowing as the devil *did*, once in a way, indulge himself in the luxury of talking recklessly to a girl with exceptional eyes, it was rather upsetting to discover in those eyes no consciousness of the risk one had taken!

"But I *am* rather tired of it now," she continued, and his look grew guarded again. After all, they were all the same—except in that particular matter of the eyes. At the thought, he risked another look, hung on the sharp edge of betrayal, and was snatched back, not by the manly instinct of self-preservation, but by some imp of mockery lurking in the depths that lured him.

He recovered his balance and took refuge in a tone of worldly ease. "I saw a chap the other day who said he knew you when you were at Saint Elizabeth's—wasn't that the name of your hospital?"

Justine assented. "One of the doctors, I suppose. Where did you meet him?"

Ah, *now* she should see! He summoned his utmost carelessness of tone. "Down on Long Island last week—I was spending Sunday with the Amhersts." He held up the glittering fact to her, and watched for the least little blink of awe; but her lids never trembled. It was a confession of social blindness which painfully negatived Mrs. Dressel's hint that she knew the Amhersts; if she had even known *of* them, she could not so fatally have missed his point.

"Long Island?" She drew her brows together in puzzled retrospection. "I wonder if it could have been Stephen Wyant? I heard he had taken over his uncle's practice somewhere near New York."

"Wyant—that's the name. He's the doctor at Clifton, the nearest town to the Amhersts' place. Little Cicely had a cold—Cicely Westmore, you know—a small cousin of mine, by the way—" he switched a rose-branch loftily out of her path, explaining, as she moved on, that Cicely was the daughter of Mrs. Amherst's first marriage to Richard Westmore. "That's the way I happened to see this Dr. Wyant. Bessy—Mrs. Amherst—asked him to stop to luncheon, after he'd seen the kid. He seems rather a discontented sort of a chap—grumbling at not having a New York practice. I should have thought he had rather a snug berth, down there at Lynbrook, with all those swells to dose."

Justine smiled. "Dr. Wyant is ambitious, and swells don't have as interesting diseases as poor people. One gets tired of giving them bread pills for imaginary ailments. But Dr. Wyant is not strong himself and I fancy a country practice is better for him than hard work in town."

"You think him clever, though, do you?" Westy enquired absently. He was already bored with the subject of the Long Island doctor, and vexed at the lack of perception that led his companion to show more concern in the fortunes of a country practitioner than in the fact of his own visit to the Amhersts; but the topic was a safe one, and it was agreeable to see how her face kindled when she was interested.

Justine mused on his question. "I think he has very great promise—which he is almost certain not to fulfill," she answered with a sigh which seemed, to Westy's anxious ear, to betray a more than professional interest in the person referred to.

"Oh, come now—why not? With the Amhersts to give him a start—I heard my cousin recommending him to a lot of people the other day——"

"Oh, he may become a fashionable doctor," Justine assented indifferently; to which her companion rejoined, with a puzzled stare: "That's just what I mean—with Bessy backing him!"

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"Has Mrs. Amherst become such a power, then?" Justine asked, taking up the coveted theme just as he despaired of attracting her to it.

"My cousin?" he stretched the two syllables to the cracking-point. "Well, she's awfully rich, you know; and there's nobody smarter. Don't you think so?"

"I don't know; it's so long since I've seen her."

He brightened. "You *did* know her, then?" But the discovery made her obtuseness the more inexplicable!

"Oh, centuries ago: in another world."

"*Centuries*—I like that!" Westy gallantly protested, his ardour kindling as she swam once more within his social ken. "And Amherst? You know him too, I suppose? By Jove, here he is now——"

He signalled a tall figure strolling slowly toward them with bent head and brooding gaze. Justine's eye had retained a vivid image of the man with whom, scarcely three years earlier, she had lived through a moment of such poignant intimacy, and she recognized at once his lean outline, and the keen spring of his features, still veiled by the same look of inward absorption. She noticed, as he raised his hat in response to Westy Gaines's greeting, that the vertical line between his brows had deepened; and a moment later she was aware that this change was the visible token of others which went deeper than the fact of his good clothes and his general air of leisure and well-being—changes perceptible to her only in the startled sense of how prosperity had aged him.

"Hallo, Amherst—trying to get under cover?" Westy jovially accosted him, with a significant gesture toward the crowded lawn from which the new-comer had evidently fled. "I was just telling Miss Brent that this is the safest place on these painful occasions—Oh, confound it, it's not as safe as I thought! Here's one of my sisters making for me!" he broke off in comic alarm.

There ensued a short conflict of words, before his feeble flutter of resistance was borne down by a resolute Miss Gaines who, as she swept him back to his filial duties under the marquee, cried out to Amherst that her mother was asking for him too; and then Justine had time to observe that her remaining companion had no intention of responding to his hostess's appeal.

Westy, in naming her, had laid just enough stress on the name to let it serve as a reminder or an introduction, as circumstances might decide, and she saw that Amherst, roused from his abstraction by the proffered clue, was holding out his hand with a tentative gesture.

"I think we haven't met for some years," he said.

Justine smiled. "I have a better reason than you for remembering the exact date;" and in response to his look of enquiry she added: "You made me commit a professional breach of faith, and I've never known since whether to be glad or sorry."

Amherst still bent on her the gaze which seemed to find in external details an obstacle rather than a help to recognition; but suddenly his face cleared. "It was you who told me the truth about poor Dillon! I couldn't imagine why I seemed to see you in such a different setting. . . ."

"Oh, I'm disguised as a lady this afternoon," she said smiling. "But I'm glad you saw through the disguise."

He smiled back at her. "Are you? Why?"

"It seems to make it—if it's so transparent—less of a sham, less of a dishonesty," she began impulsively, and then paused again, a little annoyed at the over-emphasis of her words. Why was she explaining and excusing herself to this stranger? Did she propose to tell him next that she had borrowed her dress from Effie Dressel? To cover her confusion she went on with a slight laugh: "But you haven't told me."

"What was I to tell you?"

"Whether to be glad or sorry that I broke my vow and told the truth about poor Dillon."

They were standing face to face in the embowered solitude of the garden-walk, forgetful of everything but the sudden surprised sense of intimacy that had marked their former brief communion. Justine had raised her eyes half-laughingly to Amherst's, but they dropped before the unexpected seriousness of his look.

"Why do you want to know?" he asked.

She made an effort to sustain the note of pleasantry. "Well—it might, for instance, determine my future conduct. You see I'm still a nurse, and such problems are always likely to present themselves."

"Ah, then don't!"

"Don't?"

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"I mean—" He hesitated a moment, reaching up to break a rose from the branch that tapped his shoulder. "I was only thinking what risks we run when we scramble into the chariot of the gods and try to do the driving. Be passive—be passive, and you'll be happier!"

"Oh, as to that—!" She swept it aside with one of her airy motions. "But Dillon, for instance—would *he* have been happier if I'd been passive?"

Amherst seemed to ponder. "There again—how can one tell?"

"And the risk's not worth taking?"

"No!"

She paused, and they looked at each other again. "Do you mean that seriously, I wonder? Do you——"

"Act on it myself? God forbid! The gods drive so badly. There's poor Dillon, for instance . . . he happened to be in their way . . . as we all are at times." He pulled himself up, and went on in a matter-of-fact tone: "In Dillon's case, however, my axioms don't apply. When my wife heard the truth she was, of course, immensely kind to him; and if it hadn't been for you she might never have known."

Justine smiled. "I think you would have found out—I was only the humble instrument. But now—" she hesitated—"now you must be able to do so much——"

Amherst lifted his head abruptly, and she saw the colour rise under his fair skin. "Out at Westmore? You've never been there since? Yes—my wife has made some changes; but it's all so problematic—and one would have to live here. . . ."

"You don't, then?"

He answered by an imperceptible shrug. "Of course I'm here often; and she comes now and then. But the journey's tiresome, and it is not always easy for her to get away." He checked himself, and Justine saw that he, in turn, was suddenly conscious of the incongruity of explaining and extenuating his personal situation to a stranger. "But then we're *not* strangers!" a voice in her exulted, just as he added, with an embarrassed attempt to efface and yet justify his moment of expansion: "That reminds me—I think you know my wife. I heard her asking Mrs. Dressel about you. She wants so much to see you."

The transition had been effected, at the expense of dramatic interest, but to the obvious triumph of social observances; and to Justine, after all, regaining at his side the group about the marquee, the interest was not so much diminished as shifted to the no less suggestive problem of studying the friend of her youth in the unexpected character of John Amherst's wife. Meanwhile, however, during the brief transit across the Gaines greensward, her thoughts were still busy with Amherst. She had seen at once that the peculiar sense of intimacy reawakened by their meeting had been chilled and deflected by her first allusion to the topic which had previously brought them together: Amherst had drawn back as soon as she named the mills. What could be the cause of his sudden reluctance? When they had last met, the subject burned within him: her being in actual fact a stranger had not, then, been an obstacle to his confidences. Now that he was master at Westmore it was plain that another tone became him—that his situation necessitated a greater reserve; but her enquiry did not imply the least wish to overstep this restriction: it merely showed her remembrance of his frankly-avowed interest in the operatives. The fact that so natural an allusion should put him on the defensive struck Justine vividly, She did not for a moment believe that he had lost his interest in the mills; and that his point of view should have shifted with the fact of ownership she rejected as an equally superficial reading of his character. The man with whom she had talked at Dillon's bedside was one in whom the ruling purposes had already shaped themselves, and to whom life, in whatever form it came, must henceforth take their mould. As she reached this point in her analysis, it occurred to her that his shrinking from the subject might well imply not indifference, but a deeper preoccupation: a preoccupation for some reason suppressed and almost disavowed, yet sustaining the more intensely its painful hidden life. From this inference it was but a leap of thought to the next—that the cause of the change must be sought outside of himself, in some external influence strong enough to modify the innate lines of his character. And where could such an influence be more obviously sought than in the marriage which had transformed the assistant manager of the Westmore Mills not, indeed, into their owner—that would rather have tended to simplify the problem—but

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into the husband of Mrs. Westmore? After all, the mills were Bessy's—and for a farther understanding of the case it remained to find out what manner of person Bessy had become.

Justine's first impression, as her friend's charming arms received her—with an eagerness of welcome not lost on the suspended judgment of feminine Hanaford—the immediate impression was of a gain of emphasis, of individuality, as though the fluid creature she remembered had belied her prediction, and run at last into a definite mould. Yes—Bessy had acquired an outline: a graceful one, as became her early promise, though with, perhaps, a little more sharpness of edge than had been predicable of her youthful texture. But the side she turned to her friend was still all softness—had in it a hint of the old pliancy, the impulse to lean and enlace, that at once woke in Justine the corresponding instinct of guidance and protection, so that their first kiss, before a word was spoken, carried the two back to the precise relation in which their school-days had left them. So easy a reversion to the past left no room for the sense of subsequent changes by which such reunions are sometimes embarrassed. Justine's sympathies had, instinctively, and almost at once, transferred themselves to Bessy's side—passing over at a leap the pained reognition that there *were* sides already in the case—and Bessy had gathered up Justine into the circle of gentle self-absorption which left her very dimly aware of any distinctive characteristic in her friends except that of their affection for herself—since she asked only, as she appealingly put it, that they should all be "dreadfully fond" of her.

"And I've wanted you so often, Justine: you're the only clever person I'm not afraid of, because your cleverness always used to make things clear instead of confusing them. I've asked so many people about you—but I never heard a word till just the other day—wasn't it odd?—when our new doctor at Rushton happened to say that he knew you. I've been rather unwell lately—nervous and tired, and sleeping badly—and he told me I ought to keep perfectly quiet, and be under the care of a nurse who could make me do as she chose: just such a nurse as a wonderful Miss Brent he had known at St. Elizabeth's, whose patients obeyed her as if she'd been the colonel of a regiment. His description made me laugh, it reminded me so much of the way you used to make me do what you wanted at the convent—and then it suddenly occurred to me that I had heard of your having gone in for nursing, and we compared notes, and I found it was really you! Wasn't it odd that we should discover each other in that way? I daresay we might have passed in the street and never known it—I'm sure I must be horribly changed. . . ."

Thus Bessy discoursed, in the semi-isolation to which, under an overarching beech-tree, the discretion of their hostess had allowed the two friends to withdraw for the freer exchange of confidences. There was, at first sight, nothing in her aspect to bear out Mrs. Amherst's plaintive allusions to her health, but Justine, who knew that she had lost a baby a few months previously, assumed that the effect of this shock still lingered, though evidently mitigated by a reviving interest in pretty clothes and the other ornamental accessories of life. Certainly Bessy Amherst had grown into the full loveliness which her childhood promised. She had the kind of finished prettiness that declares itself early, holds its own through the awkward transitions of girlhood, and resists the strain of all later vicissitudes, as though miraculously preserved in some clear medium impenetrable to the wear and tear of living.

"You absurd child! You haven't changed a bit except to grow more so!" Justine laughed, paying amused tribute to the childish craving for "a compliment" that still betrayed itself in Bessy's lovely eyes.

"Well, *you* have, then, Justine—you've grown extraordinarily handsome!"

"That *is* extraordinary of me, certainly," the other acknowledged gaily. "But then think what room for improvement there was—and how much time I've had to improve in!"

"It is a long time, isn't it?" Bessy assented. "I feel so intimate, still, with the old Justine of the convent, and I don't know the new one a bit. Just think—I've a great girl of my own, almost as old as we were when we went to the Sacred Heart. But perhaps you don't know anything about me either. You see, I married again two years ago, and my poor baby died last March . . . so I have only Cicely. It was

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such a disappointment—I wanted a boy dreadfully, and I understand little babies so much better than a big girl like Cicely. . . . Oh, dear, here is Juliana Gaines bringing up some more tiresome people! It's such a bore, but John says I must know them all. Well, thank goodness we've only one more day in this dreadful place—and of course I shall see you, dearest, before we go. . . ."

XI

AFTER conducting Miss Brent to his wife, John Amherst, by the exercise of considerable strategic skill, had once more contrived to detach himself from the growing throng on the lawn, and, regaining a path in the shrubbery, had taken refuge on the verandah of the house.

Here, under the shade of the awning, two ladies were seated in a seclusion agreeably tempered by the distant strains of the Hanaford band, and by the shifting prospect of the animated groups below them.

"Ah, here he is now!" the younger of the two exclaimed, turning upon Amherst the smile of intelligence that Mrs. Eustace Ansell was in the habit of substituting for the idle preliminaries of conversation. "We were not talking of you, though," she added as Amherst took the seat to which his mother beckoned him, "but of Bessy—which, I suppose, is almost as indiscreet."

She appended the last phrase after an imperceptible pause, and as if in deprecation of the hardly more perceptible frown which, at the mention of his wife's name, had deepened the perpendicular lines between Amherst's brows.

"Indiscreet of his own mother and his wife's friend?" Mrs. Amherst briskly protested, laying her trimly-gloved hand on her son's arm; while the latter, with his eyes on her companion, said slowly: "Mrs. Ansell knows that indiscretion is the last fault of which her friends are likely to accuse her."

"*Raison de plus*, you mean?" She laughed, meeting squarely the challenge that passed between them under Mrs. Amherst's puzzled gaze. "Well, if I take advantage of my reputation for discretion to meddle a little now and then, at least I do so in a good cause. I was just saying how much I wish that you would take Bessy to Europe; and I am so sure of my cause, in this case, that I am going to leave it to your mother to give you my reasons."

She rose as she spoke, not with any sign of haste or embarrassment, but as if gracefully recognizing the natural desire of mother and son to be alone together; but Amherst, rising also, made a motion to detain her.

"No one else will be able to put your reasons half so convincingly," he said with a slight smile, "and I am sure my mother would much rather be spared the attempt."

Mrs. Ansell met the smile as freely as she had met the challenge. "My dear Lucy," she rejoined, laying, as she reseated herself, a light caress on Mrs. Amherst's hand, "I'm sorry to be flattered at your expense, but it's not in human nature to resist such an appeal. You see," she added, raising her eyes to Amherst, "how sure I am of myself—and of *you*, when you've heard me."

"Oh, John is always ready to hear one," his mother murmured innocently.

"Well, I don't know that I shall even ask him to do as much as that—I'm so sure, after all, that my suggestion carries its explanation with it."

There was a moment's pause, during which Amherst let his eyes wander absently over the dissolving groups on the lawn.

"The suggestion that I should take Bessy to Europe?" He paused again. "When—next autumn?"

"No: now—at once. On a long honeymoon."

He frowned slightly at the last word, passing it by to revert to the direct answer to his question.

"At once? No—the suggestion does not carry its explanation with it, as far as I can see."

Mrs. Ansell looked at him hesitatingly. She was conscious of the ill-chosen word that still reverberated uncomfortably between them, and the unwonted sense of having blundered made her, for the moment, less completely mistress of herself.

"Ah, you'll see farther presently—" She rose again, unfurling her lace sunshade, as if to give a touch of definiteness to her action. "It's not, after all," she added, with a sweet frankness, "a case for argument, and still less for persuasion. My reasons are excellent—I should insist on putting them to you myself if they were not! But they're so good that I can leave you to

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find them out—or to find your own, which will probably be a great deal better."

She summed up with a light nod, which included both Amherst and his mother, and turning to descend the verandah steps, waved a signal to Mr. Langhope, who was limping disconsolately toward the house.

"What has she been saying to you, mother?" Amherst asked, returning to his seat beside his mother.

Mrs. Amherst replied by a shake of her head and a raised forefinger of reproval. "Now, Johnny, I won't answer a single question till you smooth out those lines between your eyes."

Her son relaxed his frown to smile back at her. "Well, dear, there have to be some wrinkles in every family, and as you absolutely refuse to take your share—" His eyes rested affectionately on the frosty sparkle of her charming old face, which had, in its setting of recovered prosperity, the freshness of a sunny winter morning, when the very snow gives out a suggestion of warmth.

He remembered how, on the evening of his dismissal from the mills, he had paused on the threshold of their sitting-room to watch her a moment in the lamplight, and had thought with bitter compunction of the fresh wrinkle he was about to add to the lines about her eyes. The three years which followed had effaced that wrinkle and veiled the others in a tardy bloom of well-being. From the moment when she had turned her back on Westmore, and established herself in the pretty little house at Hanaford which her son's wife had insisted on placing at her disposal, Mrs. Amherst had shed with a childish lightness all traces of the difficult years; and the fact that his marriage had enabled him to set free, before it was too late, the pent-up springs of her youthfulness, sometimes seemed to Amherst the clearest gain in his life's confused total of profit and loss. It was, at any rate, the sense of Bessy's share in the change that always softened his voice when he spoke of her to his mother.

"Now, then, if I present a sufficiently unruffled surface, let us go back to Mrs. Ansell—for I confess that her mysterious reasons are not yet apparent to me."

Mrs. Amherst looked deprecatingly at her son. "Maria Ansell is devoted to you too, John——"

"Of course she is! It's her *rôle* to be devoted to everybody—especially to her enemies."

"Her enemies?"

"Oh, I didn't intend any personal application. But why does she want me to take Bessy abroad?"

"She and Mr. Langhope think that Bessy is not looking well."

Amherst paused, and the frown showed itself for a moment. "What do *you* think, mother?"

"I hadn't noticed it myself: Bessy seems to me prettier than ever. But perhaps she has less colour—and she complains of not sleeping. Maria thinks she is still fretting over the poor baby."

Amherst made an impatient gesture. "Is Europe the only panacea?"

"You should consider, John, that Bessy is used to change and amusement. I think you sometimes forget that other people haven't your faculty of absorbing themselves in a single interest. And Maria says that the new doctor at Clifton whom they seem to think so clever, is very anxious that Bessy should go to Europe this summer."

"No doubt; and so is every one else: I mean her father and old Tredegar—and your friend Mrs. Ansell not least."

Mrs. Amherst lifted her bright black eyes to his. "Well, then—if they all think her health requires it——"

"Good heavens, if travel were what she needed!— Why, we've never stopped travelling since we married. We've been everywhere on the globe except at Hanaford—this is her second visit here in three years!" He rose and took a rapid turn across the deserted verandah. "It's not because her health requires it—it's to get me away from Westmore, to prevent things being done there that ought to be done!" he broke out vehemently, halting again before his mother.

The aged pink faded from Mrs. Amherst's face, but her eyes retained their lively glitter. "To prevent things being done? What a strange thing to say!"

"I shouldn't have said it if I hadn't seen you falling under Mrs. Ansell's spell."

His mother had a gesture which showed from whom he had inherited his impulsive movements. "Really, my son—!" She folded her hands, and added after a pause

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of self-recovery: "If you mean that I have ever attempted to interfere——"

"No, no: but when they pervert things so damnably——"

"John!"

He dropped into his chair again, and pushed the hair from his forehead with a groan of weariness.

"Well, then—put it that they have as much right to their view as I have: I only want you to see what it is. Whenever I try to do anything at Westmore—to give a real start to the work that Bessy and I planned together—some pretext is found to stop it: to pack us off to the ends of the earth, to cry out against reducing her income, to encourage her in some new extravagance to which the work at the mills must be sacrificed!"

Mrs. Amherst, growing pale under this outbreak, assured herself by a nervous backward glance that their privacy was still uninvaded; then her eyes returned gravely to her son's face.

"John—are you sure you are not sacrificing your wife to the mills?"

He grew pale in turn, and they looked at each other for a moment without speaking.

"You see it as they do, then?" he rejoined with a discouraged sigh.

"I see it as any old woman would, who had my experiences to look back to."

"Mother!" he exclaimed.

She smiled composedly. "Do you think I mean that as a reproach? That's because men will never understand women—not even sons their mothers. No real mother wants to come first; she puts her son's career ahead of everything. But it's different with a wife—and a wife as much in love as Bessy."

Amherst looked away. "I should have thought that was a reason——"

"That would reconcile her to being set aside, to counting only second in your plans?"

"They were *her* plans when we married!"

"Ah, my dear—" She paused on that, letting her shrewd old glance, and all the delicate lines of experience in her face, supply what further comment the ineptitude of his explanation suggested.

He took the full measure of her meaning, receiving it in a baffled silence that continued as she rose and gathered her lace mantle about her, as if to signify that their confidences could not, on such an occasion, be farther prolonged without singularity. Then he stood up also and joined her, resting his hand on hers while she leaned a moment on the verandah rail.

"Poor mother! And I've kept you to myself all this time, and spoiled your good afternoon."

"No, dear; I was a little tired, and had slipped away to be quiet." She paused, and then went on, persuasively giving back his pressure: "I know how you feel about doing your duty, John; but now that things are so comfortably settled, isn't it a pity to unsettle them?"

Amherst had intended, on leaving his mother, to rejoin Bessy, whom he could still see, on the lawn, in absorbed communion with Miss Brent; but after what had passed it seemed impossible, for the moment, to recover the garden-party tone; and he made his escape through the house while a trio of Cuban singers, who formed the crowning number of the entertainment, gathered the company in a denser circle about their guitars.

As he walked on aimlessly, under the dense June shadows of Maplewood Avenue, his mother's last words formed an ironical accompaniment to his thoughts. "Now that things are comfortably settled—" he knew so well what that elastic epithet covered! Himself, for instance, ensconced in the impenetrable prosperity of his wonderful marriage; herself too (unconsciously, dear soul!), so happily tucked away in a cranny of that new and spacious life, and no more able to conceive why existing conditions should be disturbed than the bird in the eaves understands why the house should be torn down. Well—he had learned at last what his experience with his poor, valiant, puzzled mother might have taught him: that one must never ask from women any view but the personal one, any measure of conduct but that of their own pains and pleasures. She, indeed, had borne undauntedly enough the brunt of their earlier trials; but that was merely because, as she said, the mother's instinct bade her heap all her private hopes on the great devouring altar of the son's ambition; it was not because she had ever, in the very least, understood or sympathized with his aims.

And Bessy—? Perhaps if their little son had lived she might in turn have obeyed the world-old instinct of self-effacement—

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but now! He remembered, with an intenser self-derision, that, not even in the first surprise of his passion, had he deluded himself with the idea that Bessy Westmore was an exception to her sex. He had argued rather that, being only a lovelier product of the common mould, she would abound in the adaptabilities and pliancies which the lords of the earth have seen fit to cultivate in their companions. She would care for his aims because they were his. During their precipitate wooing, and through the first brief months of marriage, this profound and original theory had been gratifyingly confirmed; then its perfect surface had begun to show a flaw. Amherst had always conveniently supposed that the poet's line summed up the good woman's rule of ethics: *He for God only, she for God in him.* It was for the god in him, surely, that she had loved him: for that first glimpse of an "ampler ether, a diviner air" that he had brought into her cramped and curtained life. He could never, now, evoke that earlier delusion without feeling on its still-tender surface the keen edge of Mrs. Ansell's smile. She, no doubt, could have told him at any time why Bessy had married him: it was for his *beaux yeux*, as Mrs. Ansell would have put it—because he was young, handsome, persecuted, an ardent lover if not a subtle one—because Bessy had met him at the fatal moment, because her family had opposed the marriage—because, in brief, the gods, that day, may have been a little short of amusement. Well, they were having their laugh out now—there were moments when high heaven seemed to ring with it. . . .

With these thoughts at his heels Amherst strode on, overtaken now and again by the wheels of departing guests from the garden-party, and knowing, as they passed him, what was in their minds—envy of his success, admiration of his cleverness in achieving it, and a little half-contemptuous pity for his wife, who, with her wealth and looks, might have done so much better. Certainly, if the case could have been put to Hanaford—the Hanaford of the Gaines garden-party—it would have sided with Bessy to a voice. And how much justice was there in what he felt would have been the unanimous verdict of her class? Was his mother right in hinting that he was sacrificing Bessy to the mills? But the mills *were* Bessy—at least he had thought so when he married her! They were her particular form of contact with life, the expression of her relation to her fellow-men, her pretext, her opportunity—unless they were merely a vast purse in which to plunge for her pin-money! He had fancied it would rest with him to determine from which of these stand-points she should view Westmore; and at the outset she had enthusiastically viewed it from his. In her first eager adoption of his ideas she had made a pet of the mills, organizing the Mothers' Club, laying out a recreation-ground on the lower slopes of the Hopewood property, and playing with pretty plans in water-colour for the Emergency Hospital and the building which was to contain the night-schools, library and gymnasium; but even these minor projects—which he had urged her to take up as a means of learning their essential dependence on his larger scheme—were soon to be set aside by obstacles of a material order. Bessy always wanted money—not a great deal, but, as she reasonably put it, "enough"—and who was to blame if her father and Mr. Tredegar, each in his different capacity, felt obliged to point out that every philanthropic outlay at Westmore must entail a corresponding reduction in her income? Perhaps if she could have been oftener at Hanaford these arguments would have been counteracted, for she was tender-hearted, and prompt to relieve such suffering as she saw about her; but her imagination was not active, and it was easy for her to forget painful sights when they were not under her eye. This was perhaps—half-consciously—one of the reasons why she avoided Hanaford; why, as Amherst exclaimed, they had been everywhere since their marriage but to the place where their obligations called them. There had, at any rate, always been some good excuse for her not returning there, and consequently for postponing the work of improvement which, it was generally felt, her husband could not fitly begin till she *had* returned and gone over the ground with him. After their marriage, and especially in view of the comment excited by that romantic incident, it was impossible not to yield to her wish that they should go abroad for a few months; then, before her confinement, the doctors had exacted that she should be spared all fatigue and worry; and after the baby's death Amherst had

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felt with her too tenderly to suggest an immediate return to unwelcome questions.

For by this time it had become clear to him that such questions were, and always would be, unwelcome to her. As the easiest means of escaping them, she had once more dismissed the whole problem to the vague and tiresome sphere of "business," whence he had succeeded in detaching it for a moment in the early days of their union. Her first husband—poor unappreciated Westmore! —had always spared her the boredom of "business," and Halford Gaines and Mr. Tredegar were ready to show her the same consideration; it was part of the modern code of chivalry that lovely woman should not be bothered about ways and means. But Bessy was too much the wife—and the wife in love—to consent that her husband's views on the management of the mills should be totally disregarded. Precisely because her advisers looked unfavourably upon his intervention, she felt bound—if only in defense of her illusions—to maintain and emphasize it. The mills were, in fact, the official "platform" on which she had married: Amherst's devoted rôle at Westmore had justified the unconventionality of the step. And so she was committed—the more helplessly for her dense misintelligence of both sides of the question —to the policy of conciliating the opposing influences which had so uncomfortably chosen to fight out their case on the field of her own poor little existence: theoretically siding with her husband, but surreptitiously, as he well knew, giving aid and comfort to the enemy, who were really defending her own cause.

All this Amherst saw with that cruel insight which had replaced his former blindness. He was, in truth, more ashamed of the insight than of the blindness: it seemed to him horribly cold-blooded to be thus analyzing, after two years of marriage, the source of his wife's inconsistencies. And, partly for this reason, he had put off from month to month the final question of the future management of the mills, and of the radical changes to be made there if his system were to prevail. But the time had come when, if Bessy had to turn to Westmore for the justification of her marriage, he had even more need of calling upon it for the same service. He had not, assuredly, married her because of Westmore; but he would scarcely have contemplated marriage with a rich woman unless the source of her wealth had seemed to offer him some such opportunity as Westmore presented. His special training, and the natural bent of his mind, qualified him, in what had once seemed a predestined manner, to help Bessy to use her power nobly, for her own uplifting as well as for that of Westmore; and so the mills became, incongruously enough, the plank of safety to which both clung in their sense of impending disaster. It was not that Amherst feared the temptation to idleness if this outlet for his activity were cut off. He had long since found that the luxury with which his wife surrounded him merely quickened his natural bent for hard work and hard fare. He recalled with a touch of bitterness how he had once regretted having separated himself from his mother's class, and how seductive for a moment, to both mind and senses, that other life had appeared.

Well—he knew it now, and it had neither charm nor peril for him. Capua must have been a dull place to one who had once drunk the joy of battle. What he dreaded was not that he should learn to love the life of ease, but that he should grow to loathe it uncontrollably, as the symbol of his mental and spititual bondage. And Westmore was his safety-valve, his refuge—if he were cut off from Westmore what remained to him? It was not only the work he had found to his hand, but the one kind of work for which his hand was fitted. It was his life that he was fighting for in insisting that now at last, before the close of this long-deferred visit to Hanaford, the question of the mills should be faced and settled. He had made that clear to Bessy, in a scene he still shrank from recalling; for it was of the essence of his somewhat unbending integrity that he would not trick her into a confused surrender to the personal influence he still possessed over her, but must seek to convince her by the tedious process of argument and exposition, against which she knew no defense but tears and petulance. But he had, at any rate, gained her consent to his setting forth his views at the meeting of directors the next morning; and meanwhile he had meant to be extraordinarily patient and reasonable with her till the hint of Mrs. Ansell's strategem produced in him a fresh reaction of distrust.

(To be continued.)

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SILVERHORNS

By Henry van Dyke

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. E. SCHOONOVER

THE railway station of Bathurst, New Brunswick, is not a particularly merry resort at two o'clock of a late September morning, especially when there is an easterly haar driving in from the *Baie des Chaleurs*, and the darkness is so saturated with chilly moisture that an honest downpour of rain would be a relief. There were two or three depressed and somnolent travellers in the waiting-room, which smelled horribly of smoky lamps. The telegraph instrument in the ticket-office clicked spasmodically for a minute, and then relapsed into a gloomy silence. The imperturbable station-master was tipped back against the wall in a wooden armchair, with his feet on the table, and his mind sunk in an old Christmas number of *The Cowboy Magazine*. The express-agent, in the baggage-room, was going over his last week's way-bills and accounts by the light of a lantern, trying to locate an error, and sighing profanely to himself as he failed to find it. A wooden trunk tied with rope, a couple of dingy canvas bags, a long box marked "Fresh Fish! Rush," and two large leather portmanteaus with brass fittings were piled on the luggage-truck at the far end of the platform; and beside the door of the waiting-room, sheltered by the overhanging eaves, was a neat travelling bag, with a gun-case and a rod-case leaning against the wall. The wet rails glittered dimly northward and southward away into the night. A few blurred lights glimmered from the village across the bridge.

Dudley Hemenway had observed all these features of the landscape with silent dissatisfaction, as he smoked steadily up and down the platform, waiting for the Maritime Express. It is usually irritating to arrive at the station on time for a train on the Intercolonial Railway. The arrangement is seldom mutual; and sometimes yesterday's train does not come along until to-morrow afternoon. Moreover, he was inwardly discontented with the fact that he was coming out of the woods instead of going in. "Coming out" always made him a little unhappy, whether his expedition had been successful or not. He did not like the thought that it was all over; and he had the very bad habit, at such times, of looking ahead and computing the slowly lessening number of chances that were left to him.

"Sixty odd years—I may live to be that old and keep my shooting sight," he said to himself. "That would give me a couple of dozen more camping trips. It's a short allowance. I wonder if any of them will be more lucky than this one. This makes the seventh year I've tried to get a moose; and the odd trick has gone against me every time."

He tossed away the end of his cigar, which made a little trail of sparks as it rolled along the sopping platform, and turned to look in through the window of the ticket-office. Something in the agent's attitude of literary absorption aggravated him. He went around to the door and opened it.

"Don't you know or care when this train is coming?"

"Nope," said the man placidly.

"Well, when? What's the matter with her? When is she due?"

"Doo twenty minits ago," said the man. "Forty minits late down to Noocastle. Git here quatter to three, ef nothin' more happens."

"But what has happened already? What's wrong with the beastly old road, anyhow?"

"Freight-car skipped the track," said the man, "up to Charlo. Everythin' hung up an' kinder goin' slow till they git the line clear. Dunno nothin' more."

With this conclusive statement the agent seemed to disclaim all responsibility for the future of impatient travellers, and settled his mind back into the magazine again. Hemenway lit another cigar and went into the baggage-room to smoke with the expressman. It was nearly three o'clock when they heard the far-off shriek of the whistle sounding up from the south; then, after an

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interval, the puffing of the engine on the upgrade; then the faint ringing of the rails, the increasing clatter of the train, and the blazing headlight of the locomotive swept slowly through the darkness, past the platform. The engineer was leaning on one arm, with his head out of the cab-window, and as he passed he nodded and waved his hand to Hemenway. The conductor also nodded and hurried into the ticket-office, where the tick-tack of a conversation by telegraph was soon under way. The black porter of the Pullman car was looking out from the vestibule, and when he saw Hemenway his sleepy face broadened into a grin reminiscent of many generous tips.

"Howdy, Mr. Hennigray," he cried; "glad to see yo' ag'in, sah! Got yo' section alright, sah! Lemme take yo' things, sah! Train gwine to stop hyah fo' some time yet, I reckon."

"Well, Charles," said Hemenway, "you take my things and put them in the car. Careful with that gun now! The Lord only knows how much time this train's going to lose. I'm going ahead to see the engineer."

Angus McLeod was a grizzle-bearded Scotchman who had run a locomotive on the Intercolonial ever since the road was cut through the woods from New Brunswick to Quebec. Everyone who travelled often on that line knew him, and all who knew him well enough to get below his rough crust, liked him for his big heart.

"Hallo, McLeod," said Hemenway as he came up through the darkness, "is that you?"

"It's nane else," answered the engineer as he stepped down from his cab and shook hands warmly. "Hoo are ye, Dud, an' whaur hae ye been murderin' the innocent beasties noo? Hae ye killt yer moose yet? Ye've been chasin' him these mony years."

"Not much murdering," replied Hemenway. "I had a queer trip this time—away up the Nepissiguit, with old McDonald. You know him, don't you?"

"Fine do I ken Rob McDonald, an' a guid mon he is. Hoo was it that ye couldna slaughter stacks o' moose wi' him to help ye? Did ye see nane at all?"

"Plenty, and one with the biggest horns in the world! But that's a long story, and there's no time to tell it now."

"Time to burrrn, Dud, nae fear o' it! 'Twill be an hour afore the line's clear up to Charlo an' they lat us oot o' this. Climb away up into the cab, mon, an' tell us yer tale. 'Tis couthy an' warm in the cab, an' I'm willin' to leesten to yer bluidy advaintures."

So the two men clambered up into the engineer's seat. Hemenway gave McLeod his longest and strongest cigar, and filled his own brierwood pipe. The rain was now pattering gently on the roof of the cab. The engine hissed and sizzled patiently in the darkness. The fragrant smoke curled steadily from the glowing tip of the cigar; but the pipe went out half a dozen times while Hemenway was telling the story of Silverhorns.

"We went up the river to the big rock, just below Indian Falls. There we made our main camp, intending to hunt on Forty-two Mile Brook. There's quite a snarl of ponds and bogs at the head of it, and some burned hills over to the west, and it's very good moose country.

"But some other party had been there before us, and we saw nothing on the ponds, except two cow moose and a calf. Coming out the next morning we got a fine deer on the old wood road—a beautiful head. But I have plenty of deer-heads already."

"Bonny creature!" said McLeod. "An' what did ye do wi' it, when ye had murdered it?"

"Ate it, of course. I gave the head to Billy Boucher, the cook. He said he could get ten dollars for it. The next evening we went to one of the ponds again, and Injun Pete tried to 'call' a moose for me. But it was no good. McDonald was disgusted with Pete's calling; said it sounded like the bray of a wild ass of the wilderness. So the next day we gave up calling and travelled the woods over toward the burned hills.

"In the afternoon McDonald found an enormous moose-track; he thought it looked like a bull's track, though he wasn't quite positive. But then, you know, a Scotchman never likes to commit himself, except about theology or politics."

"Humph!" grunted McLeod in the darkness, showing that the stroke had counted.

"Well, we went on, following that track through the woods, for an hour or two. It was a terrible country, I tell you: tamarack swamps, and spruce thickets, and windfalls, and all kinds of misery. Presently we came out on a bare rock on the burned hillside, and there, across a ravine, we could see the animal lying down, just below the

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trunk of a big dead spruce that had fallen. The beast's head and neck were hidden by some bushes, but the fore-shoulder and side were in clear view, about two hundred and fifty yards away. McDonald seemed to be inclined to think that it was a bull and that I ought to shoot. So I shot, and knocked splinters out of the spruce log. We could see them fly. The animal got up quickly, and looked at us for a moment, shaking her long ears; then the huge, unmitigated cow vamoosed into the brush. McDonald remarked that it was 'a varra fortunate shot, almaist providaintial!' And so it was; for if it had gone six inches lower, and the news had gotten out at Bathurst, it would have cost me a fine of two hundred dollars."

"Ye did weel, Dud," puffed McLeod; "varra weel indeed—for the coo!"

"After that," continued Hemenway, "of course my nerve was a little shaken, and we went back to the main camp on the river, to rest over Sunday. That was all right, wasn't it, Mac?"

"Aye!" replied McLeod, who was a strict member of the Presbyterian church at Moncton. "That was surely a varra safe thing to do. Even a hunter, I'm thinkin', wouldna like to be breakin' twa commandments in the ane day—the foorth and the saxth!"

"Perhaps not. It's enough to break one, as you do once a fortnight when you run your train into Rivière du Loup Sunday morning. How's that, you old Calvinist?"

"Dudley, ma son," said the engineer, "dinna airgue a point that ye canna understond. There's guid an' suffeecient reasons for the train. But ye'll ne'er be claimin' that moose-huntin' is a wark o' necessity or maircy?"

"No, no, of course not; but then, you see, barring Sundays, we felt that it was necessary to do all we could to get a moose, just for the sake of our reputations. Billy, the cook, was particularly strong about it. He said that an old woman in Bathurst, a kind of fortune-teller, had told him that he was going to have '*la bonne chance*' on this trip. He wanted to try his own mouth at 'calling.' He had never really done it before. But he had been practising all winter in imitation of a tame cow moose that Johnny Moreau had, and he thought he could make the sound '*b'en bon*.' So he got the birch-bark horn and gave us a sample of his skill. McDonald told me privately that it was 'nae sa bad; a deal better than Pete's feckless bellow.' We agreed to leave the Indian to keep the camp (after locking up the whiskey-flask in my bag), and take Billy with us on Monday to 'call' at Hogan's Pond.

"It's a small bit of water, about three-quarters of a mile long and four hundred yards across, and four miles back from the river. There is no trail to it, but a blazed line runs part of the way, and for the rest you follow up the little brook that runs out of the pond. We stuck up our shelter in a hollow on the brook, half a mile below the pond, so that the smoke of our fire would not drift over the hunting-ground, and waited till five o'clock in the afternoon. Then we went up to the pond, and took our position in a clump of birch-trees on the edge of the open meadow that runs round the east shore. Just at dark Billy began to call, and it was beautiful. You know how it goes. Three short grunts, and then a long ooooo-aaaa-ooooh, winding up with another grunt! It sounded lonelier than a love-sick hippopotamus on the house-top. It rolled and echoed over the hills as if it would wake the dead.

"There was a fine moon shining, nearly full, and a few clouds floating by. Billy called, and called, and called again. The air grew colder and colder: light frost on the meadow-grass, teeth chattering, fingers numb.

"Then we heard a bull give a short bawl, away off to the southward. Presently we could hear his horns knock against the trees, far up on the hill. McDonald whispered, 'He's comin',' and Billy gave another call.

"But it was another bull that answered, back of the north end of the pond, and pretty soon we could hear him rapping along through the woods. Then everything was still. 'Call agen,' says McDonald, and Billy called again.

"This time the bawl came from the top of the western hill, straight across the pond. It seemed to start up the two other bulls, and we could hear all three of them thrashing along, as fast as they could come, towards the pond. 'Call agen, a wee one,' says McDonald, trembling with joy. And Billy called a little, seducing call, with two grunts at the end.

"Well, sir, at that, a cow and a calf came rushing down through the brush not two hundred yards away from us, and the three bulls went splash into the water, one at

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the south end, one at the north end, and one on the west shore. 'Lord,' whispers McDonald, 'it's a meenadgerie!'"

"Dud," said the engineer, getting down to open the furnace door a crack, "this is mair than murder ye're comin' at; it's a buitchery—or else it's juist a pack o' lees."

"I give you my word," said Hemenway, "it's all true as the catechism. But let me go on. The cow and the calf only stayed in the water a few minutes, and then ran back through the woods. But the three bulls went sloshing around in the pond as if they were looking for something. We could hear them, but we could not see any of them, for the sky had clouded up a little, and they kept far away from us. Billy tried another short call, but they did not come any nearer. McDonald whispered that he thought the one in the south end might be the biggest, and he might be feeding, and the two others might be young bulls, and they might be keeping away because they were afraid of the big one. This seemed reasonable; and I said that I was going to crawl around the meadow to the south end. 'Keep near a tree,' says Mac; and I started.

"There was a deep trail, worn by animals, through the high grass; and in this I crept along on my hands and knees. It was very wet and muddy. My boots were full of cold water. After ten minutes I came to a little point running out into the pond, and one young birch growing on it. Under this I crawled, and rising up on my knees looked over the top of the grass and bushes.

"There, in a shallow bay, standing knee-deep in the water, and rooting up the lily-stems with his long, pendulous nose, was the biggest and blackest bull moose in the world. As he pulled the roots from the mud and tossed up his dripping head I could see his horns—four and a half feet across, if they were an inch, and the palms shining like huge tea-trays in the moonlight. I tell you, old Silverhorns was the most beautiful monster I ever saw.

"But he was too far away to shoot by that dim light, so I left my birch-tree and crawled along toward the edge of the bay. A breath of wind must have blown across me to him, for he lifted his head, sniffed, grunted, came out of the water, and began to trot slowly along the trail which led past me. I knelt on one knee and tried to take aim. A black cloud came over the moon. I couldn't see either of the sights on the gun. But when the bull came opposite to me, about fifty yards off, I blazed away at a venture.

"He reared straight up on his hind legs—it looked as if he rose fifty feet in the air—wheeled, and went walloping along the trail, around the south end of the pond. In a minute he was lost in the woods. Good-by, Silverhorns!"

"Ye tell it weel," said McLeod, reaching out for a fresh cigar, "fegs! Ah doot Sir Walter himsel' couldna impruve upon it. An' sae thot's the way ye didna murder puir Seelverhorrns? It's a tale I'm joyfu' to be hearin'."

"Wait a bit," Hemenway answered. "That's not the end, by a long shot. There's worse to follow. The next morning we returned to the pond at daybreak, for McDonald thought I might have wounded the moose. We searched the bushes and the woods when he went out very carefully, looking for drops of blood on his trail."

"Bluid!" groaned the engineer. "Hech, mon, wouldna that come nigh to mak' ye greet, to find the beast's red bluid splashed ower the leaves, and think o' him staggerin' on thro' the forest, drippin' the heart oot o' him wi' every step?"

"But we didn't find any blood, you old sentimentalist. That shot in the dark was a clear miss. We followed the trail by broken bushes and footprints for half a mile, and then came back to the pond and turned to go down through the edge of the woods to the camp.

"It was just after sunrise. I was walking a few yards ahead, McDonald next, and Billy last. Suddenly he looked around to the left, gave a low whistle, and dropped to the ground, pointing northward. Away at the head of the pond, beyond the glitter of the sun on the water, the big blackness of Silverhorns' head and body was pushing through the bushes, dripping with dew.

"Each of us flopped down behind the nearest shrub as if we had been playing squat-tag. Billy had the birch-bark horn with him, and he gave a low, short call. Silverhorns heard it, turned, and came parading slowly down the western shore, now on the sand-beach, now splashing through the shallow water. We could see every motion and hear every sound. He marched along as if he owned the earth, swinging his huge head from side to side and grunting at each step.

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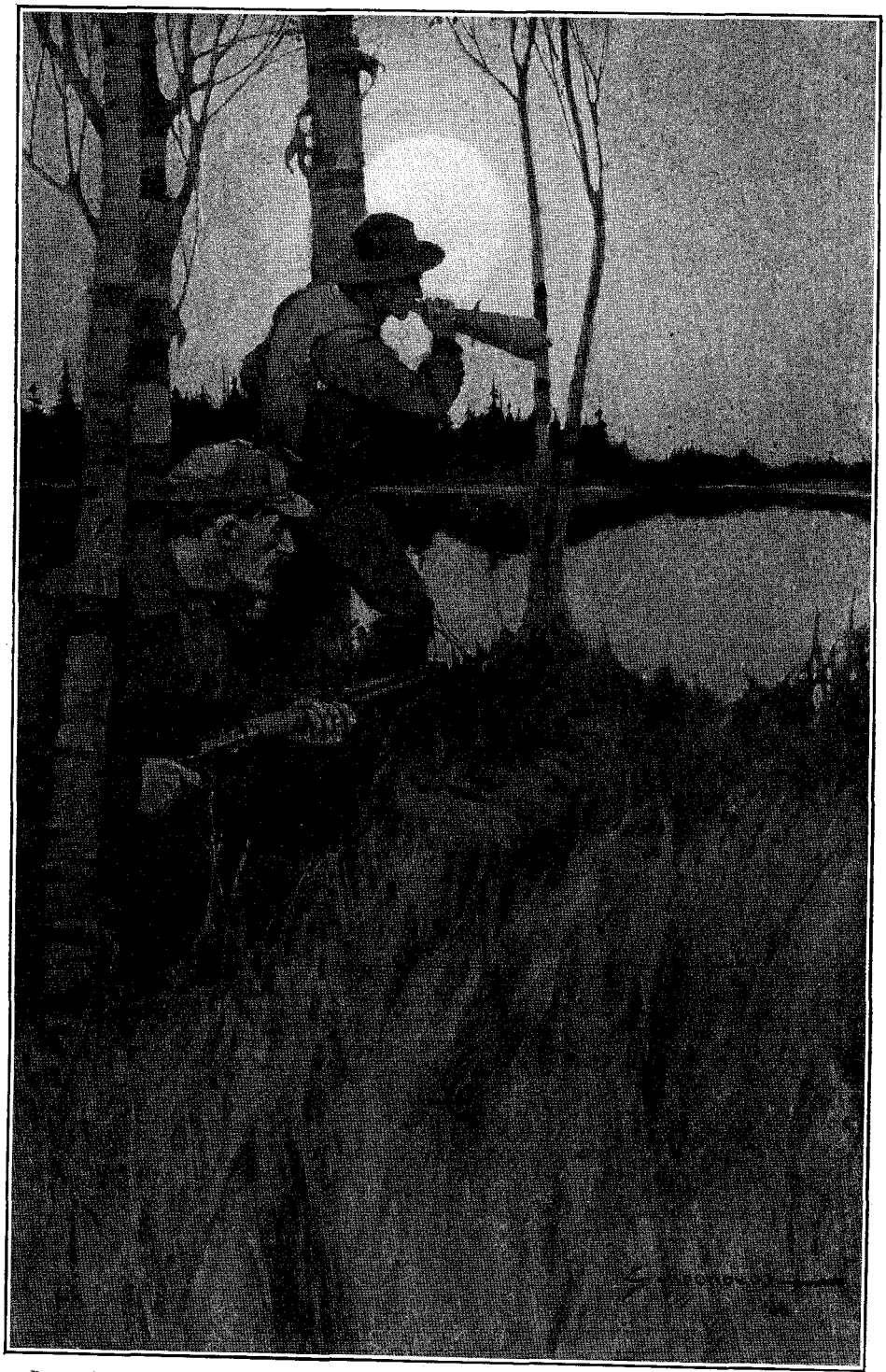

Drawn by F. E. Schoonover

"Billy began to call, and it was beautiful."—Page 431.

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"You see, we were just in the edge of the woods, strung along the south end of the pond, Billy nearest the west shore, where the moose was walking, McDonald next, and I last, perhaps fifteen yards farther to the east. It was a fool arrangement, but we had no time to think about it. McDonald whispered that I should wait until the moose came close to us and stopped.

"So I waited. I could see him swagger along the sand and step out around the fallen logs. The nearer he came the bigger his horns looked; each palm was like an enormous silver fish-fork with twenty prongs. Then he went out of my sight for a minute as he passed around a little bay in the southwest corner, getting nearer and nearer to Billy. But I could still hear his steps distinctly—slosh, slosh, slosh—thud, thud, thud (the grunting had stopped)—closer came the sound, until it was directly behind the dense green branches of a fallen balsam-tree, not twenty feet away from Billy. Then suddenly the noise ceased. I could hear my own heart pounding at my ribs, but nothing else. And of Silverhorns not hair nor hide was visible. It looked as if he must be a Boojum, and had the power to

"Softly and silently vanish away.

"Billy and Mac were beckoning to me fiercely and pointing to the green balsam-top. I gripped my rifle and started to creep toward them. A little twig, about as thick as the tip of a fishing-rod, cracked under my knee. There was a terrible crash behind the balsam, a plunging through the underbrush and a rattling among the branches, a lumbering gallop up the hill through the forest, and Silverhorns was gone into the invisible.

"He had stopped behind the tree because he smelled the grease on Billy's boots. As he stood there, hesitating, Billy and Mac could see his shoulder and his side through a gap in the branches—a dead-easy shot. But so far as I was concerned, he might as well have been in Alaska. I told you that the way we had placed ourselves was a fool arrangement. But McDonald would not say anything about it, except to express his conviction that *it was not predestinated we should get that moose.*"

"Ah didna ken auld Rob had sae much theology aboot him," commented McLeod. "But noo I'm thinkin' ye went back to yer main camp, an' lat puir Seelverhorrns live oot his life?"

"Not much, did we! For now we knew that he wasn't badly frightened by the adventure of the night before, and that we might get another chance at him. In the afternoon it began to rain; and it poured for forty-eight hours. We cowered in our shelter before a smoky fire, and lived on short rations of crackers and dried prunes—it was a hungry time."

"But wasna there slathers o' food at the main camp? Ony fule wad ken eneugh to gae doon to the river an' tak' a guid fill-up."

"But that wasn't what we wanted. It was Silverhorns. Billy and I made McDonald stay, and Thursday afternoon, when the clouds broke away, we went back to the pond to have a last try at turning our luck.

"This time we took our positions with great care, among some small spruces on a point that ran out from the southern meadow. I was farthest to the west; McDonald (who had also brought his gun) was next; Billy, with the horn, was farthest away from the point where he thought the moose would come out. So Billy began to call, very beautifully. The long echoes went bellowing over the hills. The afternoon was still, and the setting sun shone through a light mist, like a ball of red gold.

"Fifteen minutes after sundown Silverhorns gave a loud bawl from the western ridge and came crashing down the hill. He cleared the bushes two or three hundred yards to our left with a leap, rushed into the pond, and came wading around the south shore toward us. The bank here was rather high, perhaps four feet above the water, and the mud below it was deep, so that the moose sank in up to his knees. I give you my word, as he came along there was nothing visible to Mac and me except his ears and his horns. Everything else was hidden below the bank.

"There were we behind our little spruce-trees. And there was Silverhorns, standing still now, right in front of us. And all that Mac and I could see were those big ears and those magnificent antlers, appearing and disappearing as he lifted and lowered his head. It was a fearful situation. And there was Billy, with his birch-bark hooter, forty yards below us—he could see the moose perfectly.

"I looked at Mac, and he looked at me. He whispered something about predestination. Then Billy lifted his horn and made ready

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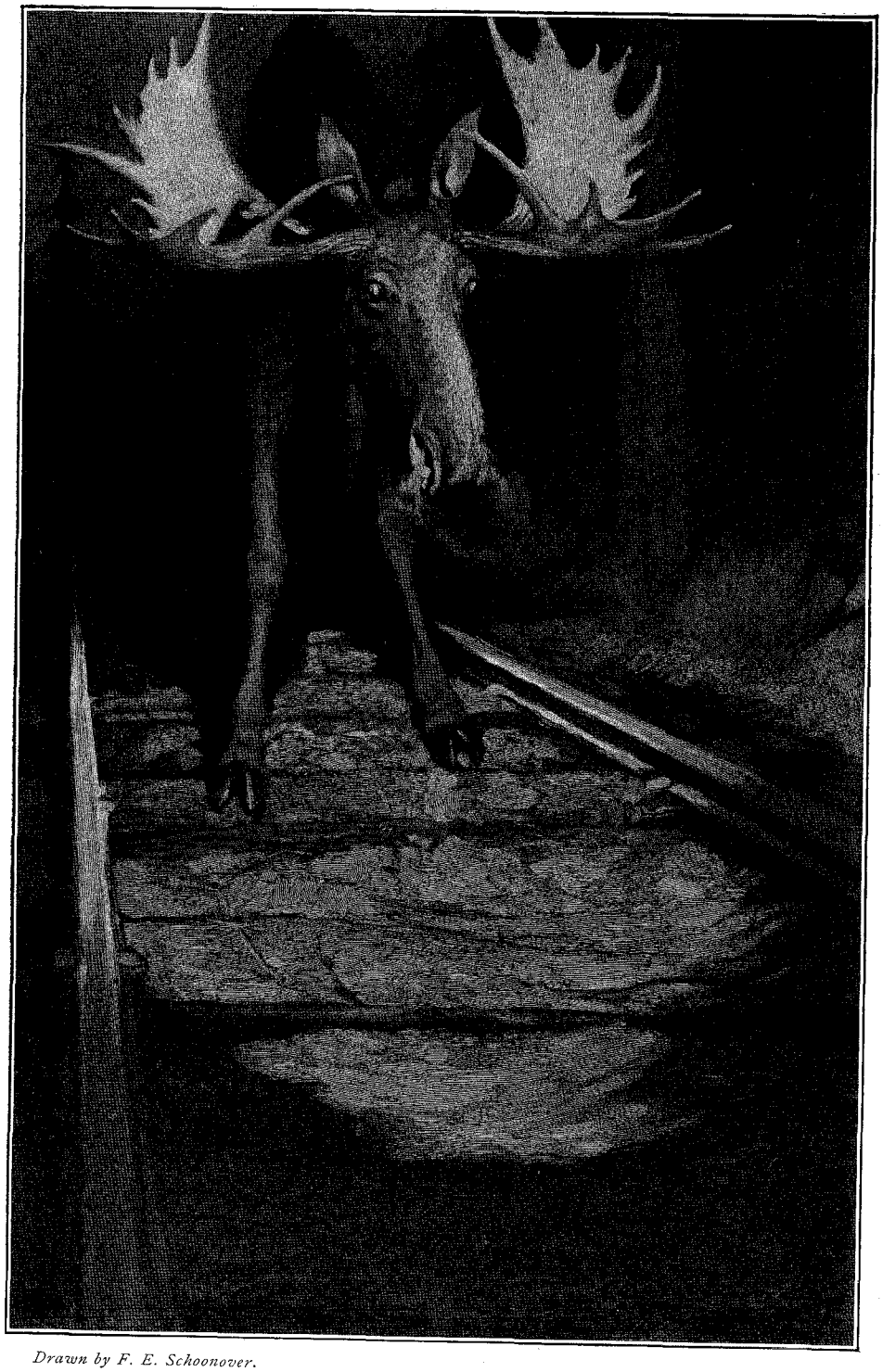

Drawn by F. E. Schoonover.

There he stood defiant, front feet planted wide apart.—Page 436.

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to give a little soft grunt, to see if the moose wouldn't move along a bit, just to oblige us. But as Billy drew in his breath, one of those tiny fool flies that are always blundering around a man's face flew straight down his throat. Instead of a call he burst out with a furious, strangling fit of coughing. The moose gave a snort, and a wild leap in the water, and galloped away under the bank, the way he had come. Mac and I both fired at his vanishing ears and horns, but of course——"

"All aboooard!" The conductor's shout rang along the platform.

"Line's clear," exclaimed McLeod, rising. "Noo we'll be aff! Wull ye stay here wi' me, or gang back to yer bed?"

"Here," answered Hemenway, not budging from his place on the bench.

The bell clanged, and the powerful machine puffed out on its flaring way through the night. Faster and faster came the big explosive breaths, until they blended in a long steady roar, and the train was sweeping northward at forty miles an hour. The clouds had broken; the night had grown colder; the gibbous moon gleamed over the vast and solitary landscape. It was a different thing to Hemenway, riding in the cab of the locomotive, from an ordinary journey in the passenger-car or an unconscious ride in the sleeper. Here he was on the crest of motion, at the fore-front of speed, and the quivering engine with the long train behind it seemed like a living creature leaping along the track. It responded to the labor of the fireman and the touch of the engineer almost as if it could think and feel. Its pace quickened without a jar; its great eye pierced the silvery space of moonlight with a shaft of blazing yellow; the rails sang before it and trembled behind it; it was an obedient and joyful monster, conquering distance and devouring darkness.

On the wide level barrens beyond the Tête-a-Gouche River the locomotive reached its best speed, purring like a huge cat and running smoothly. McLeod leaned back on his bench with a satisfied air.

"She's doin' fine, the night," said he. "Ah'm thinkin', whiles, o' yer auld Seelverhorrns. Whaur is he noo? Awa' up on Hagan's Pond, gallantin' around i' the licht o' the mune wi' a lady moose, an' the gladness juist bubblin' in his hairt. Ye're no sorry that he's leevin' yet, are ye, Dud?"

"Well," answered Hemenway slowly, between the puffs of his pipe, "I can't say that I'm sorry that he's alive and happy, though I'm not glad that I lost him. But he did his best, the old rogue; he played a good game, and he deserved to win. Where he is now nobody can tell. He was travelling like a streak of lightning when I last saw him. By this time he may be——"

"What's yon?" cried McLeod, springing up. Far ahead, in the narrow apex of the converging rails, stood a black form, motionless, mysterious. McLeod grasped the whistle-cord. The black form loomed higher in the moonlight and was clearly silhouetted against the horizon—a big moose standing across the track. They could see his grotesque head, his shadowy horns, his high, sloping shoulders. The engineer pulled the cord. The whistle shrieked loud and long.

The moose turned and faced the sound. The glare of the headlight fascinated, challenged, angered him. There he stood defiant, front feet planted wide apart, head lowered, gazing steadily at the unknown enemy that was rushing toward him. He was the monarch of the wilderness. There was nothing in the world that he feared, except those strange-smelling little beasts on two legs who crept around through the woods and shot fire out of sticks. This was surely not one of those treacherous animals, but some strange new creature that dared to shriek at him and try to drive him out of its way. He would not move. He would try his strength against this big yellow-eyed beast.

"Losh!" cried McLeod; "he's gaun' to fecht us!" and he dropped the cord, grabbed the levers, and threw the steam off and the brakes on hard. The heavy train slid groaning and jarring along the track. The moose never stirred. The fire smouldered in his small narrow eyes. His black crest was bristling. As the engine bore down upon him, not a rod away, he reared high in the air, his antlers flashing in the blaze, and struck full at the headlight with his immense fore feet. There was a shattering of glass, a crash, a heavy shock, and the train slid on through the darkness, lit only by the moon.

Thirty or forty yards beyond, the momentum was exhausted and the engine came to a stop. Hemenway and McLeod

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clambered down and ran back, with the other trainmen and a few of the passengers. The moose was lying in the ditch beside the track, stone dead and frightfully shattered. But the great head and the vast, spreading antlers were intact.

"Seelver-horrns, sure eneugh!" said McLeod, bending over him. "He was crossin' frae the Nepissiguit to the Jacquet; but he didna get across. Weel, Dud, are ye glad? Ye hae killt yer first moose!"

"Yes," said Hemenway, "it's my first moose, and it's your first moose. And I think it's my last. Ye gods, what a fighter!"

HARBOR

By Alice Duer Miller

I

And will you rest at last, storm-beaten spirit,
In this poor heart, who would your haven be,
Will you sink down at last, content to inherit
The common treasures of tranquillity?
Will you forget your high and fierce endeavor
The hinted island and the hidden seas,
Defeats, escapes, adventures, that forever
Left you more sad, and never more at ease?

II

When the west wind on summer evenings blowing
Brings to your ears the sound of sails that fill,
And moving ships eclipse your starlight, going
To lands unseen, and fates that beckon still,
When you shall see beneath the moon new risen,
The hissing wake of other vessels' foam,
Will not this land-locked harbor seem a prison
Where calms and shadows mock the name of home?

III

Ah, when your longing for the open ocean
Captures your heart, and bids you set your sail,
Feeble will be the bonds of my devotion;
Little will love—your own or mine—avail:
Happy to you will seem some ship-wrecked stranger,
Keener than love the zest of being free,
Sweeter than peace, the summoning of danger;—
Some day at sunrise you will put to sea.

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TURQUOISE AND GOLD

By Robert Fulkerson Hoffman

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. T. BENDA

WE first saw them one evening well on in summer. The general manager's car had just come to anchor at the upper end of Harmony Spur and the old yard engine that brought us up was sputtering back between the high walls of the gorge toward Caledon Junction—on three legs, Maxon said, but the doctor's mind naturally turned to things crippled, after six years as surgeon on the mountain single-track, with the new coal-mines at Harmony lately thrown in for good measure.

Sancho and Lota were probably as good specimens of southwestern Indian as the cactus-grown *mesas* of the Rio Grande have produced. They came down through the deep windings of the canyon as silently as the lengthening shadows of the Big Ortiz, and as silently unslung their heavy packs of pink wild plums, offering them to us upon the observation end of the car. The blue-black hair of the woman, cropped square at the brows and hooded only in its own luxuriance, framed a rare oval of brown face, true Navajo. Her black eyes shone with the guarded look of an animal that would be friendly but fears abuse. Her navy-blue kilt swung free to the knees and endlessly wound leggings of coarse white muslin continued to the neat moccasins in which she stood, graceful as a young cedar.

The man's idea of color had taken a wider turn. His narrow face, in lighter hue, rose with a certain dignity above his squared shoulders. A loose blouse shirt of some brilliant red stuff hung free over canvas trousers that had been white and in his thick white brow-band a single narrow feather of changing gold and green wound twice around his head and hid its ends in the folded linen. His black hair streamed loose to the shoulder in the breeze that rustled up the canyon, and against the background of lights that riot upon the peaks of the Ortiz at sunset, the red-gold and pearl and pink that turn the sky to living opal, the Indians stood and belonged. They were part of it, and very good to see among the crowding cliffs.

With their bartering done they bent to lift their packs, and from Lota's wrist dropped into view a broad thong of tanned rattlesnake skin upon which hung a heavy oval of turquoise, gray in spots with pieces of matrix. The immediate prospect of a two-bit silver piece gave us time to examine the stone while she shifted uneasily from side to side, with her eyes upon Sancho. His hand went slowly under the wavering field of red to his belt, and his glistening eyes never left us. Evidently we were not the first who had seen and wanted the turquoise. Its matchless blue was shaded in places to softest green from contact with the flesh, a beautiful fault, and across the face ran a narrow thread, deep-veined and yellow with pure gold. My exclamation brought the doctor closer, laughing. He was well used to the tawdry trinkets of the frontier.

"Maxon, it's a gem!" I said in ill-suppressed excitement.

"You are a gem of a young surgeon, Tom," laughed he. "And I'm hoping you will shine in this berth of mine after a while. But, barring you and me, gems are rare in this range of hills."

He ended with a low croon of delight as he turned the glinting strip of gold to the slanting rays of the setting sun and saw further that the flakes of gray matrix rock were also shimmering with points of free gold.

"You sell it?" he quietly asked of the Indians, and Sancho said softly, "No sell it."

"Are you Navajo?" Maxon asked of the man.

"*Quien sabe?*" he replied. "Who knows?"

A moment later we were looking at their receding figures as they packed down the steep slope toward the coal-breaker that hung upon the mountain, a short distance below us.

"Never saw the like of that," said Maxon. "If they would talk they could tell a tale

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that would start the Argonauts this way again with a rush. They know better, you may notice. I have been in these mountains twenty years, all told, and that is the first gold-veined turquoise that has come out of hiding; accident at that. When I came out here a young man, I lived for five years like a wild man among these Navajos. Lungs. Always there has been the camp-fire tale of a place of devils, where the mountain had eyes like sun and sky, but men who went that way came back no more. The woman is Navajo, but the quetzal feather in the man's brow-band tells an older story."

"Look, doctor!" I interrupted, but while I was yet straining forward Maxon's early training had sent him bounding like a veteran stag over the bowlders.

The Indian had gone into the door of the shaft-house, and as he came out he was struck in the back, turning him half around. His pack fell crushed and oozing to the ground. In a staggering half-turn he drew and sunk a long knife into the framed darkness, then went down with a branching gash from a lump of coal that shot out of the doorway and struck between his eyes. He lay there stunned, clutching the handle of the broken knife, while blood welled over his upturned face and slowly crimsoned his head-band of white and golden green. Over him stood the woman, grasping the knife-blade, which, with a panther's spring, she had wrenched from the door-frame.

We took him to the car and dressed the ragged wound while Lota stood motionless upon the car platform. When at last she ceased her searching stare at the shaft-house and came into the car it was seen that blood had dripped and pooled, unheeded, from her hand.

"There, Sancho!" said Maxon as we finished. "Good head. Get well soon now. You eat?"

The man nodded, and the doctor, turning to the general manager, who had been a silent onlooker, said somewhat tartly: "Just among old friends, Sharer, there's my thirty-thirty Winchester behind the door if you want to inject something peaceable into that breaker outfit." And the general manager grunted in a way that meant things for the breaker.

"No Winchester," said the Indian. "I kill 'em knife next time," he said, as he turned his battered face from Maxon to Sharer.

"No kill," growled Sharer. "You don't kill here," he said, taking a quick stride toward us. The woman crouched a shade lower where she stood, near the doctor. His hand had gone into his coat pocket and come out with a start, empty.

"Careful, Sharer, careful," said he in a low voice. "You will have the squaw upon you like a fury. She don't understand all of it. Best not to corner them too close when there is blood running loose. Feed them."

They ate hungrily, Lota using her left hand only, and both smoked contentedly for a time upon the floor. Then the genial effect of food had its way and the woman suddenly extended her right hand, palm upward, toward the doctor. It showed an ugly gash from side to side, and in it lay the long, double-edged blade she had been clutching. It brought Maxon quickly to his feet and from George, the cook factotum, a shrill laugh that failed as he crumpled to the floor in a faint and flattened out upon the empty platter he was bearing away. The crash of the dish roused him like a call to battle. He gathered the fragments hurriedly and poised for flight, the Indians looking at him as though his was a regular evening performance.

Sharer, big and calm, had been regarding him in some surprise and in the eloquent silence of which Sharer is master. "George," said he, as the cook gained the swinging door, "are you going to be a railroad man or just a good cook?"

"Ah hope Ah am, suh, Mistah Sharer. Ah hope Ah am."

"Shaken, but diplomatic, eh?" said Sharer. But it went quite over George's head.

"Well, not sca'cely, suh. No, suh, Mistah Sharer. Ah didn't know Ah did. Leastways not to mean it. Ah didn't do nothin', an' when the lady pulled huh—huh sword, Ah was thinkin' about a pahty Ah attended last week, suh, an' it disco'ven'enced me foh a few moments. Yes, suh, it did."

Sharer flushed in an effort at restraint, then snorted suddenly until the ashes from his cigar scattered wide upon the carpet, and recovering hastily, said: "All right, then, George. But remember what I told you when you came with the car. We are going to make a man of you out here, or kill you."

"Yes, suh," bowed George, as he backed through the door. "Ah hope you will, suh, Mistah Sharer. Ah hope you will."

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A moment later the taunting laugh of the young secretary came, subdued, through the passage from the forward end and George's voice rose in earnest defiance. "Ah thought it was a razor, Ah tell you. An' yo' all done know mah razor was out heah on yo' desk wha Ah was a-shavin' yo' when de bell went foh dat lunch. 'Fraid! Who, me?"

The plaguing laugh of the young secretary ran up and down the scale until Sharer, smiling, pressed a button that brought the secretary, note-book in hand, flushed but respectful.

"Just make a note, Newell," said Sharer. "Please make a note that I called you. And you might add a memorandum that George needs absolute quiet until he has finished getting supper. That's all," he added quizzically.

When the first stars were peering down over the canyon's ragged sky-line and the shadows were black among the cliffs the Indians threaded their way up among the bowlders and vanished at a turn of the rock, upon paths that zigzag away into the purple mountains. As we sat down to the bright little supper-table the mournful wail of a coyote came quavering down from the rim rock far above us: key-note of life to the lonely creatures who had just passed back into their wilderness. We had seen a side-light on the tragedy of a passing race.

Maxon turned presently to Sharer with softened face and said: "There is a saying out here that a Navajo has no more gratitude than a coyote—prowl and go. But I have always held otherwise. They care no more for gold, as gold, than the coyote does, but they have us sized up to a turn. Most of us will take gold at any cost. They want something to eat, and peace, and they are not telling what these hills hold. They know it would mean another push away from the water and into the desert for them. Look at that." He laid the lump of glinting turquoise, with its snakeskin thong, in the circle of light upon the table and smiled. "It was in my coat pocket when the squaw fronted up for war. She wanted no thanks. That isn't their way. They have given us what is evidently a very old amulet, and they know something of its value. Unless I am mistaken, many a hungry Navajo, Aztec, too, perhaps, has fumbled that bit of rock, and believed it would save him from the Hunger Spirit when the wind howled across this canyon in winters long gone. Gratitude, I call it, and clean strain at that."

"Bad judgment, I call it," said Sharer, as he finished a careful inspection of the stone. "Bad judgment, Maxon," he chuckled. "Those two operations of yours were finished in thirty minutes, and they cost the Navajos a thousand dollars, if I'm a judge of this raw material."

When the railroad first crossed the Glorietta Mountains in New Mexico and went down through Apache Canyon, its coming was as hateful to the natives of the Rio Grande Valley as the aggressive descent of a blue wasp upon a spider's web. Some of them stayed near the river, to resist and lose, but many scattered into the web-work of the Alameda, the San Ysidro and the Ortiz Mountains, to brood and readjust themselves to the new conditions. Thus strange partnerships were formed that linked the disordered present with the mysterious past. Sancho and his wife, Lota, were of the second generation in the Ortiz.

The old Spanish missions had set their farther outposts high up in the Gloriettas, three hundred years ago, where nothing now remains but crumbling adobe walls to mark the passing of their ambition. The coming of a railroad construction camp into the brooding silence of those secluded places awoke it like the toppling of a crag into the canyon. Abuses followed and left their mark upon the Navajos, deep as the sear of a brand: a blend of hope, fear, hatred, and resignation that can be read nowhere else as in the face of a Navajo or a Mexican Indian. Both are instinctively kindly peoples; makers of pottery of classic beauty, venders of fruit, loafers, farmers in a small way, and withal a long-suffering, patient folk.

When the Harmony spur was pushed into the new coal-fields toward the Ortiz the quiet of their life was again disturbed, and again they suffered variously.

None saw these things with deeper insight than the calm-eyed doctor and his anger had risen as quickly as his sympathy when he saw the Indian fall.

When the winter came down that year it swept the San Ysidro country with a vengeful blast and broke its crest in fury upon the Ortiz. One wild night in January we were again at Harmony with the car, chiefly, I thought, because Sharer was anxious about Maxon, who had taken his wife and chil-

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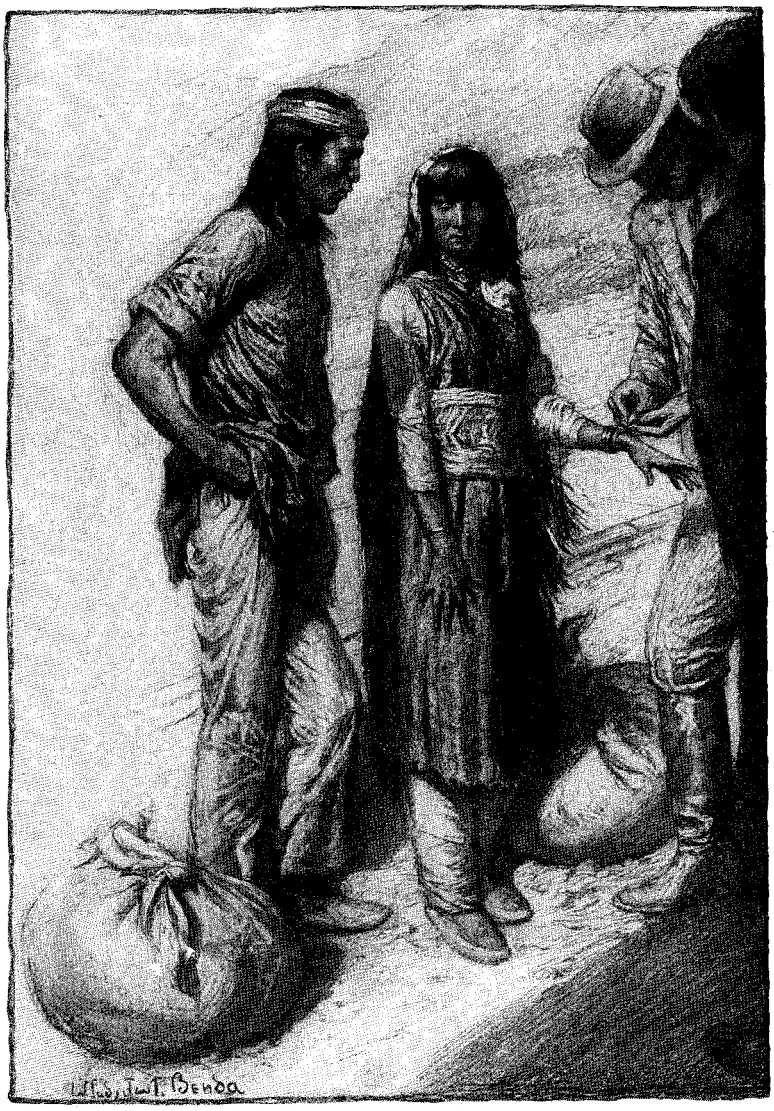

Evidently we were not the first who had seen and wanted the turquoise.—Page 438.

dren to St. Louis since the summer, gone through his dark agony alone, and left his motherless little ones there in more suitable surroundings than the mountain could give.

Maxon had brightened in the genial gruffness of Sharer, and was sketching events of other winters in the mountains; of sunny open years when the air was like an elixir, and again, of bleak months when cattle lay starved in the snow for miles along the railroad. He drew modestly from the deep well of experience, and presently the talk turned to the almost impossible existence of the desert Indians. From that it was but a thought to the incident of the summer.

"I have observed those Indians closely since that affair at the breaker," said he, "and their souls are as white as stars. When Ruth, my wife, fell sick before we—went East," he finished, with a catch in his deep voice, "there was nothing eatable in this country that can be had by an Indian for the gathering and packing twenty miles on foot that we did not find upon our doorstep every sun-up while Ruth stayed. And one morning last October, when she seemed

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to be fading out with the leaves in spite of all I could do, I suppose they saw it. At any rate, the Indians appeared from somewhere on the mountain above the house, and came into the dooryard. There they planted a little cross of green cedar boughs under her window, and upon it, tied with snake-skin, was a rough duplicate of the turquoise and gold amulet that you saw last summer, but fresh from the rock. Queer freak of old mission work and savage fetich probably, but they were doing what they could to help me ward off the evil day, and if the time ever comes I will make good my debt to them when they need it."

"Maxon," said Sharer, "they must have the ledge that holds that stuff."

"They may have," replied Maxon. "I didn't ask. I have seen nothing of them since the snow shut down, and I fear it goes hard with them."

In the pause that followed the moaning of the wind in the canyon keyed to a shriller note, and a fierce blast struck down upon the car from the heights. Dry snow scurried and hissed against the windows and the car timbers crackled in the wrenching blast. With drawn shades, we sat around the table, settled deeper into the genial haze of smoke and warmth that comforts a smoker on a winter night, and were soothed by the purring of the road engine that stood with the car. And then came Maxon's opportunity.

As a fiercer blast swept down upon us, the end door of the car swung open a little space, then closed with a loose snap of the latch. Sharer rang a call that brought the cook from his after-supper nap. "George," said he, "set the latch on that end door, and when we get back to Chicago have it examined."

George set the door ajar, glanced at the latch, and peered into the blackness outside, then closed the door quickly and held the knob, his sleepy eyes suddenly gleaming round and white in the gas-light.

"Yes, suh, Mistah Sharer," he announced in a choking whisper. "They's a lady there, suh."

"A lady?" burst out Sharer. "Not this far from State Street, George. Are you quite awake? Does the lady seem to have a razor?"

"No, suh, Mistah Sharer, the lady don't seem to have none watevah. It's the lady wha' had the knife las' summah, suh."

"Open," said Sharer.

Lota came in wrapped in a blanket that shed snow and water like an oilskin. She covered her face with the old woollen treasure and crouched in a pitiful heap of chrome red and yellow and black in the corner just within the door.

"How now, Lota?" said Maxon, and getting no answer, said, "Come, eat." "Eat," he urged, as she made no sound. Hunger came uppermost and the famished woman ate greedily and drank of the comforting tea.

"Where is Sancho?" Maxon continued.

Then her control gave way and bursting into a low, wild, guttural of Spanish and Navajo, she poured out her tale of trouble. To Maxon it was all plain as his own tongue, and his face went white. In a moment she sprang up, saying: "He no eat. No sleep. Much sick. You come?"

"Yes. I come," replied Maxon.

Turning toward Sharer, he said: "It's black smallpox, Sharer. She had it lightly, years ago, she says. I am immune. I've got to go now or he will be over the cliff before morning. Better pull down to the Junction to-night yet and fumigate the car. You will go clear of it."

Sharer protested fiercely, but shortly the doctor bade us good-by and trudged off through the storm with his Winchester slung across his back, the woman packing ahead with medicines and food. Rough going, he called it, but added that there would be spring thaw before he came down again, if the case went right. "And let Tom patch up the division until I come," he called back at starting. So we dropped down to the Junction that night, the black canyon closing in behind our tail lights with the hoarse roar of a storm at sea.

Two months of brilliant weather, soft almost as springtime, followed close upon the rough night in the canyon, with the whimsical winter gods of New Mexico favoring the doctor. We heard from him at intervals and in the first green of spring he came down off the spur and met the general manager at Caledon. He was ready to go East, he said, and leave me as surgeon in fact, if Sharer consented. Sharer accepted his resignation, to save him from becoming a squaw-man, he said, but there was a light in his eyes that told of deeper feeling.

"The Indian? Oh, yes. He got along," Maxon said, with a far-away look, and said no more at the time.

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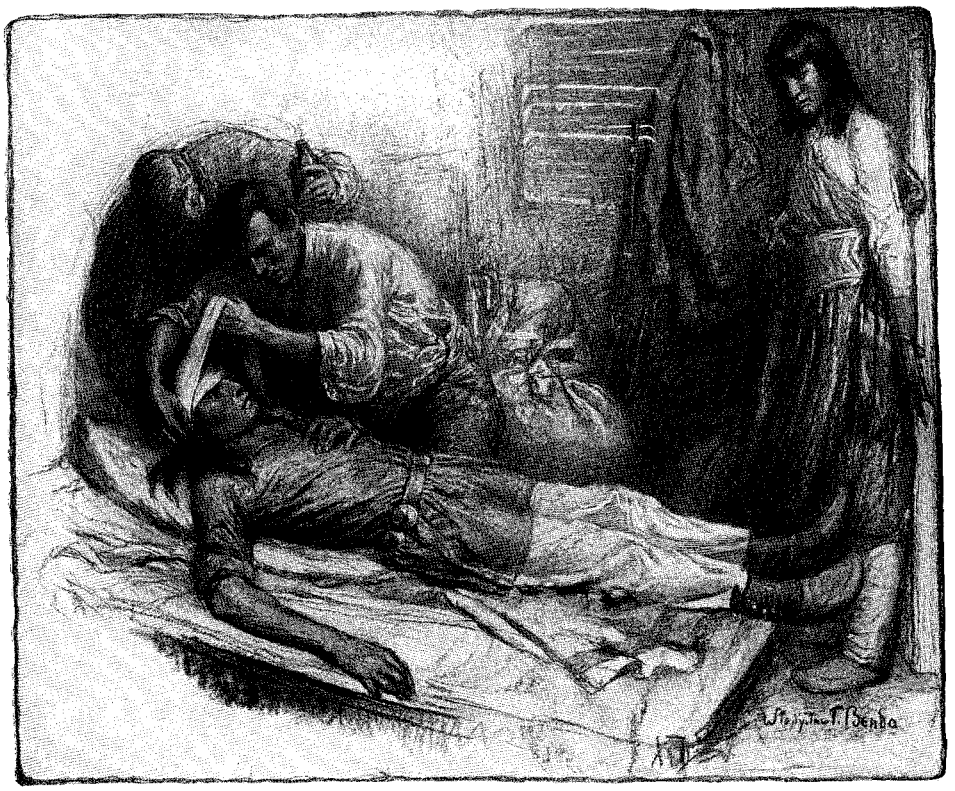

We took him to the car and dressed the ragged wound.—Page 439.

The evening they went East we sat in the car at Caledon waiting to couple on to California express, saying little until Sharer, who had been looking narrowly at Maxon's abstracted face, said: "Tell it, Maxon, tell it. Just went up there a few miles into the cactus and rang for hot water and towels, I suppose. Nothing to it but smallpox. Lived high, didn't you? Where are the Navajos?"

"Yes," said Maxon slowly. "Yes, lived high, rather. The Indians are on a little river ranch at Algodones. At least I left them there this morning, and they promised to try it a year before back-tracking to the Ortiz. They bought it yesterday, ranch, ponies, and cattle. Ask George to bring my gripsack, will you?

"It was rough enough that night I went up," he continued, "but most of it we travelled under the shelf-rock of the canyon. I found their shack large enough in a pinch and fairly sheltered on one of the higher benches of the Big Ortiz. Half lean-to and half cave under the cliff, we kept it fairly warm until the freeze-up passed.

"When I got to him he was wild with fever and reeking with the pest. I bound him down and trained the woman to parry his struggles, while I went the rounds of his awful body. A hundred times I broke his blackened lips apart and as often drained his livid eyes. There is nothing, living or dead, that compares with it, and the memory of it is little better.

"But he got along and we saved his eyes. When he understood it all he was so grateful that I felt ashamed of the little I was able to do. The indelible blue notch between the eyes, from that lump of coal at Harmony, shows savage as a spear-point in the odd pallor of his marred brown face, but he is white all through no less.

"Clear water from the rocks was plentiful up on the mountain and wood and coal are there for the taking. I built a stone fireplace and Lota packed provisions up from Harmony, where they were set out for her by my order. Altogether, we fared very well.

"When at last I got him peeled to normal size—peeled is the word, Sharer, nothing

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else approaches it—got him bathed and on the road to new life, all that could not be cleared up with formaldehyde was burned with the shack, and I decided to loaf a while and invite my soul.

"Facing south, cut into the yellow cliff, high above the old shack, is a well-preserved cliff-dwelling, so sunny and spacious that I asked why they had not lived in it. There was no answer ready and I did not ask again, but we rigged it up and finished our stay in it.

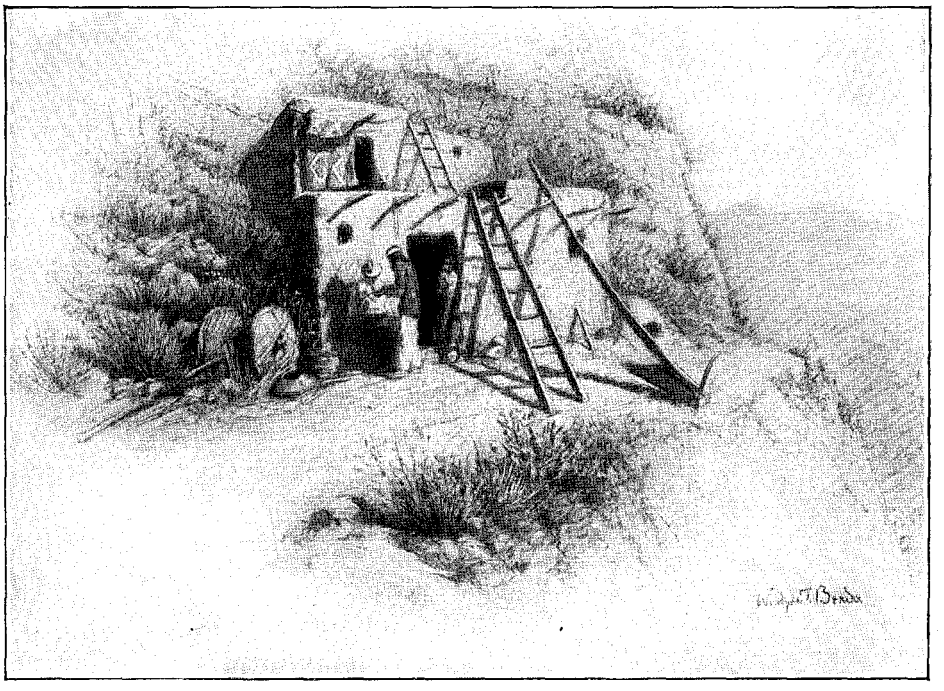
"Once out in the sun again, he thrived like a mesquit and soon was becoming supple and restive. As we sat one sunny noonday, not long ago, enjoying the wild beauty of canyon and crags, the lower slopes blazing here and there with crimson cypress and purple larkspur, the heights and depths thrilling with the mystery and the hushed voices of the wild—you know the feel of it—Sancho followed with his eyes the flight of a gay red tanager along the yellow wall of the canyon into the green cedars, then turning to me, said softly: 'Him alone, you alone. You sick here,' placing his hand upon his breast. 'Squaw gone, papoose gone. You come. Go see papoose. You come,' he said, and rising, went into the old dwelling.

"He thrust his arm into a cranny of the rock wall and held toward me the handles of a pair of wide-bladed knives. For the moment I thought he had gone back to fever, but looking steadily into his eyes I saw no menace there.

"'One,' he said, as I hesitated.

"I took a knife. He turned to Lota, who was weaving a blanket in quiet unconcern, and said '*Paso*.' She arose and pushed aside a blanket that draped the back wall, thrust back with her foot a wedge of rock upon the floor, and at a touch of Sancho's shoulder the low back wall rolled slowly into an unnoticed narrow opening in the corner of the side wall.

"Used as I am to unexpected doings, the result stunned me. In place of the flat rock whose legends I had previously tried to read from its crudely chiselled figures, there was an oriel through the thin wall of the mountain, circular, and large as the span of a man's extended arms. The Indian stepped through and stood upon the brink in the bay of rock on the other side, scanning the black sides of a great gorge that lay revealed. The change from light to dark, from sunny yellow to frowning black, was as though one



"We rigged it up and finished our stay in it."

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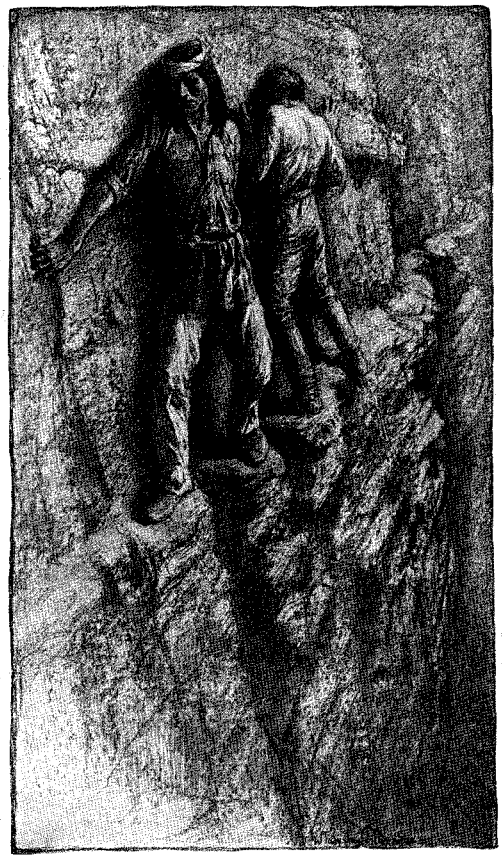
suddenly looked through a wide, unwinking eye, into the unmeasured depths of the earth. Among the black basaltic walls that rose to giddy heights, there was no visible opening except above, and far below lay a floor of cloud that hid a muttering torrent. A single tawny point of rock, high to the left, held the only semblance of relief from the piercing yell of a wounded cougar. The vulture leaped and dove, swift and straight, into the depths, and through the vapor, and then the black gorge showed nothing living.

"'We go,' said the Indian, replacing the gun and stepping again into the giddy oriel. I followed. Now, I wonder why, but I followed and I'm glad of it, Sharer.



"He led me through paths that Satan must have etched."

the appalling grandeur of the dark picture, and high upon the top of a cone of rock in the centre of the abyss a vulture sat, motionless as the tip of a spire.

"With clutching hand and narrowed eyes, the Indian glided backward through the opening and grasped my rifle from its nook. Standing in the open circle, he levelled it for an instant, and the sharp crash of the gun multiplied into a volley of echoes, as the tawny rock-cap sprang into the air and hurtled, end over end, into the depths and through the vapory floor of the gorge, with

"He led me for an hour through paths that Satan must have etched into the sides of that basalt cliff, but many soft-shod feet have trodden it smooth in the long ago. Once, for a moment, the mountain sickness turned me empty and faint and I flattened, face in, toward the rock. He instantly thrust his body between me and the brink, and the contact nerved me to go on. I have clutched that rock in my sleep since then, and once yelled lustily, they tell me.

"At the last, a narrow fissure, scarce two yards in breadth, split the black wall before

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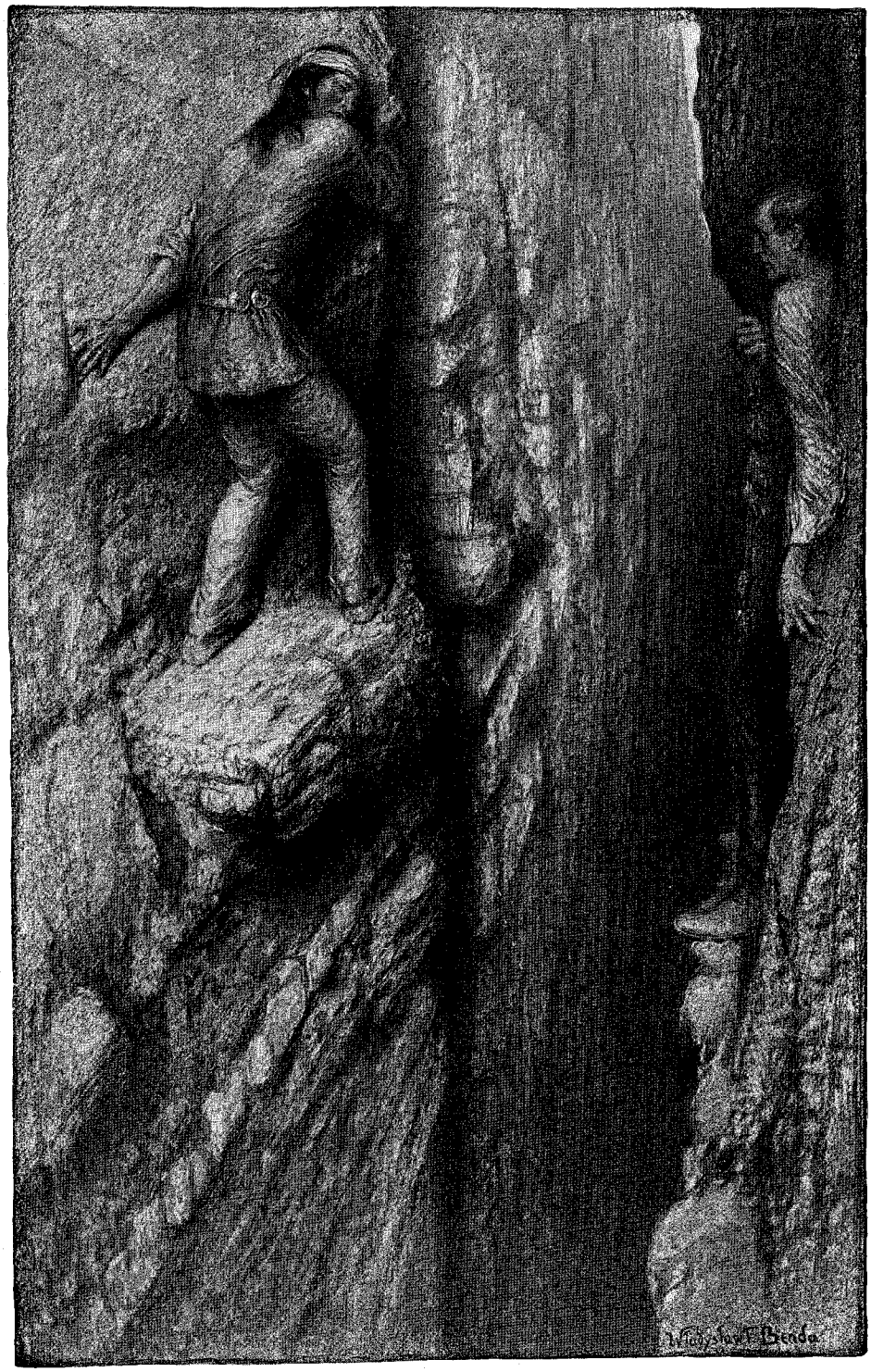

Drawn by W. T. Benda.

"Then he turned and said, as at starting, 'You come.' "—Page 447.

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us raggedly to the top. So deep that, looking down, there was only blackness, and high above the stars shone clear in the mid-afternoon. Upon the lip of this fissure Sancho stopped and drew his knife, the mate of which I carried. Then I mistrusted that his race spirit had come uppermost and that he had darkly reasoned that I should be happier, and perhaps his secret safer, if he returned alone. And looking into the bottomless crevasse, I wondered what lapse of judgment had led me on.

"But with only a moment's halt, he leaped the yawning gap and clung upon a point of rock no wider than your desk. He fumbled, head-high, at the face of the rock, until the broad blade of his knife was forced in down to the hilt, and left its strong handle projecting like a peg from the rock. Then he turned and said, as at starting, 'You come.' He grasped the knife-handle and clung to the rock while he swung around a projection, and was gone from view, into the big fissure.

"The knife-handle still stuck from the rock, and I stood stupidly staring at it, alone and ashamed. I knew then that I carried a knife by courtesy only. My knife was not needed.

"Again his voice came, hollowly, saying, 'You come.' And, Sharer, somehow the spell of it was on me, and, trembling like a dog, I went. I leaped it, clung, and died a dozen deaths in that moment, and in the next, stood with Sancho behind the rock-point in the wall of the fissure. He was already on his knees, fumbling at a pile of broken quartz and porphyry, and then I was sure of his quest.

"From an undercut which he uncovered in the rock, he took a score of smooth hardwood sticks of graded lengths, which he assorted carefully. The shortest he dropped first, across the fissure, into niches that were hewn into the walls. Then, standing upon the slender rung, he added and climbed, one by one, returning, until, with the placing of the last, he remained above. From the ledge upon which he stood concealed, some twenty feet above me in the dusky light, he said again, 'You come.'

"I scaled that bending gossamer of ladder with my eyes upon the stars overhead, and they, twinkling in the blue above, were hardly more superb than the sparkling wealth that lies upon that shelf of rock."

"Laid?" said Sharer tensely.

"Lies," said Maxon. "There, gathered in little mounds, or studded in a ledge of gray quartz that runs like a broad ribbon in the black rock, are tons of it. A rough-hewn sun-god, with great eyes of blue and gold, smiles grotesquely from the shadows of the big niche, and the hall-marks of ancient Mexican royalty, great tufts of quetzal plumes, sway idly above it in the clear dry air that swirls in from the fissure."

Maxon smoked in quiet intentness for a few moments, and then said: "Go, if he will take you, but I would not again."

He took from the gripsack at his side two big ovals of beautiful blue and gold to which clung rough points of gray rock, and handed them to us, saying: "Some day you, too, will be leaving the high country. This is a young man's country. Keep these, then, for the blue of New Mexico's sky and the golden light of its sunshine.

"I shipped enough of it to Denver to make the Indians comfortable and gave them the money last week. They pressed upon me more than I ever hoped to own. And now I am going home, to play with my children's children after a while, I hope, till the sun goes down. 'Once a man and twice a boy,' eh, Sharer?" he added, and laughed like the great kindly boy he is at heart.

"All of us," said Sharer musingly, as he turned the precious lobe of blue and gold idly round and round.

When California express went East that night, Donnelly in the big ten-wheeler at the front, perched up behind the broad shaft of electric light that swayed and raced on before the engine, now on the fringe of the river and now under the swaying cottonwoods that waved wide arms across the track, saw a white turbaned head thrust out from behind the adobe wall of a ranch-house close to the track, near Algodones; saw it vanish when the white light dashed upon it, and thought no more of it. When we at the rear end flashed by we saw a mute parting of friends.

A pine torch rose, and fell, and rose again against the adobe wall and Maxon swung the rear door wide, once and again, letting out a double flood of light, in answer, then turned away with smarting eyes.

When the Mississippi Valley awakes from winter, and the orioles are swinging among the first golden green of the old St. Louis elms, a sunny-faced old man sometimes sits

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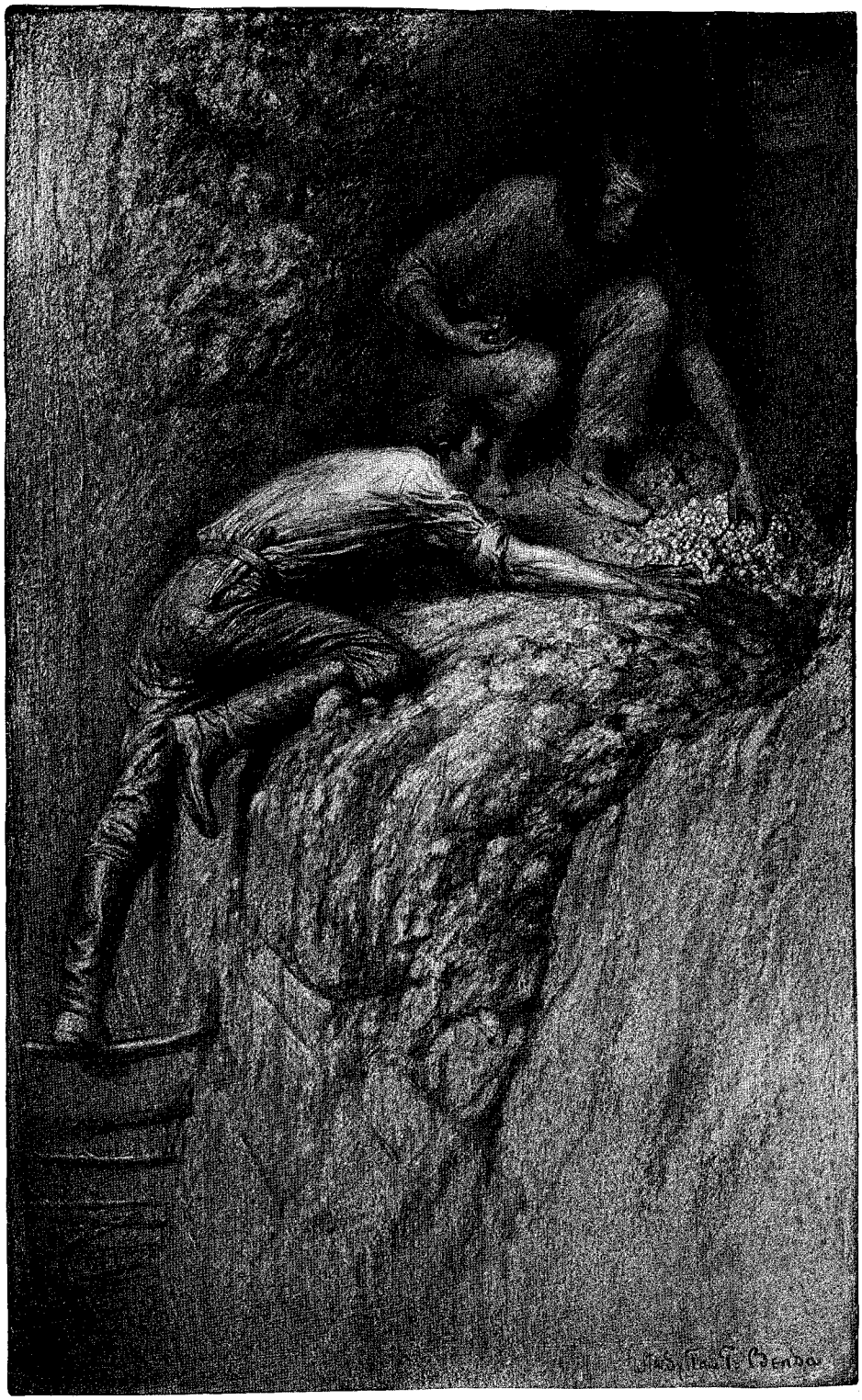

Drawn by W. T. Benda.

"I scaled that bending gossamer of ladder."—Page 447.

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placidly in his favorite nook, not far from Vandeventer Place, and rules the gambols of a merry throng of little men and women. But oftenest there is with him a little woman of five, or thereabout, whose eyes are as blue as forget-me-nots and whose sunny curls shimmer with gold. "Lota," he calls her. And again, when her fancy has decked her in a flowing train of rare old chrome-red and yellow and black, which she catches up from his knee, he says, "My little Navajo," as she sweeps by, and his smiling eyes have a dreamy depth, as Maxon plays till the sun goes down.

SEASONS

By Edward N. Teall

A CLEAR song, a cheer-song,
When life is in its spring;
With long thoughts, and strong thoughts,
And will to high endeavor;
A song of love and hope,
When birds are on the wing—
A song of hope and love,
And faith in the forever.

A sweet song, full, strong,
When life is in its prime;
A light heart, a right heart,
A sturdy heart of oak.
A sweet song, full, strong,
A deep-toned summer chime;
A high aspiring spirit,
And a shoulder to the yoke.

A brave song, a grave song,
When life is in its fall;
A song of ripened harvests,
Of autumn's calm repose;
Of old days, the gold days,
Fled beyond recall,
While drawing to the boundless deep
Full-tide the river flows.

A grave song, a brave song,
To speed the waning year,
When winter o'er a weary world
Proclaims his empery;
A pure faith, a sure faith,
A faith to banish fear—
Farewell, the land-locked river! Now,
God speed across the sea!

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IMPRESSIONS OF CONTEMPORARY FRANCE

BY BARRETT WENDELL

II—THE STRUCTURE OF SOCIETY

AS the first American lecturer at the French universities, I was expected to enter into personal relations with as many as possible of those who for any reason felt interest in strengthening sympathy between their country and ours. Meanwhile, my official status in the university system gave me, for the moment, a definite position in the extremely systematic official society of France. These facts compelled me both in Paris and elsewhere to present myself not only to people with whom I was brought into official relation, but to those with whom, by letters of introduction or by other chance, I was brought into personal contact. The social customs of France are somewhat more punctilious than ours. It is necessary to observe them carefully, if you would have the reward of social kindness. Observance of them brings, in return, a welcome which could nowhere be surpassed in hospitality.

Whether the origin of my acquaintance with French people was official or private, it regularly began in the same way. You leave your card at the door of the person to whom you desire to present yourself, and there it is taken in charge by that peculiarly French functionary—the *concierge*. At least in Paris, the greater part of French people live in large houses, containing a number of apartments with a common entrance and staircase. Close to the entrance door, on the level of the street, are some stuffy little rooms inhabited by the *concierge* —or porter—with his family. Their duty, among other things, is to keep strict watch on whoever goes in or out; and at least one of them, often the porter's wife or half-grown daughter, is always at hand. The chief peculiarity of their temperament seems to be insatiable appetite. At whatever hour of day or evening you call on a *concierge*, you are sure to find somebody eating or just risen from table; and the atmosphere inhabited by this bustling personage seems immortally laden with the fumes of something recently boiled. No matter whether you call on a friend who lives in some unpretentious, out-of-the-way place or on one who inhabits something like a palace, the *concierge* is always about the same. You can detect little difference between those in charge of important doors and of insignificant; they are as like as house-flies. Of course, there are private houses in Paris, with regular domestic servants such as you would find anywhere. But these, grand or simple, are so unusual that you remember the *concierge* as everywhere standing between you and further human intercourse.

In response to your card, which the *concierge* duly sees delivered, comes a card, often with a note, in return. If, as is generally the case, this acknowledgment of your existence contains an intimation of when your French acquaintance may be found at home, either habitual or for your special benefit, you make your second visit at this appointed time; and thus enter into real personal relations. Otherwise, your intercourse has limited itself to a polite exchange of cards. Generally speaking, you never expect or attempt to see French people socially except when they have asked you to one of their regular days of reception or have made a definite appointment. To call in person at any other time—to do more than leave your card with the *concierge*—would be an intrusive pretence to intimacy.

When you are really received in a French house—of whatever rank—you are conscious, at first, of a certain formality, or at least of a certain precision of custom, somewhat foreign to our usages. A little experience of French life, indeed, completely upsets your American notion of what you have assumed to be the conventions of French comedy. We have all seen on the

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stage, for example, French ladies receiving their friends. The men who call enter, duly announced, with their gloves on and their hats in their hands; which we are accustomed to suppose a piece of stage business, devised for the purpose of giving the actors something to do with their fingers. In point of fact, no Frenchman would think of entering a drawing-room otherwise; to come ungloved, or to leave his hat in the hall, would be to make himself unduly at home. Again, when a scene on the French stage represents the reception of several guests at a time, you will often see a number of chairs arranged in a semicircle facing the footlights. As the characters enter each takes his duly indicated place in the circle and keeps it; when any speaks, he speaks to the footlights, the whole company, the audience. Obviously a stage convention this time, you think; yet in most French houses you find exactly this state of affairs—except, of course, that the semicircle is a complete circle, surrounding the middle of the room, and that in private life the company and the audience are identical. To talk to your neighbor, as distinguished from talking in a manner audibly addressed to all present, would be almost as eccentric a piece of manners in a French drawing-room, or even at a French dinner-table, as an obvious whisper would be at home. In brief, the social conventions familiar to us in French novels and French plays are not, as we are apt to suppose, literary; they are literal reproductions of the social conventions of French life.

When you appreciate this, the sense that you are being kept at arm's length by polite formality gives place to one of increasing content with the ease of these conventions, once you begin to know them. The comedy of French life is far more finished than that of ours. Everyone knows his stage position and his cue; and every hostess knows that part of her duty is to indicate and to give them. Perhaps the most characteristic instance of the way in which this affects social conduct is what generally happens at a dinner-party. Instead of sitting at the ends of the table, where they are far apart, the host and the hostess sit opposite one another in the middle, where the table is narrowest, and where they are able at once to keep in touch with each other, and easily to talk with three guests on either side of each. Thus a company of twelve is at once brought into a single social group, and the outlying members of a larger party are not so far away that they cannot readily listen to the general talk, or even take part in it. And the talk is always general—addressed, no doubt, to one or another of the company, as the tact of the hosts happens to find pleasantest; but never broken into a system of separate confidential dialogues, as is generally the case at home. A French dinner is not noisy, any more than is a French drawing-room; but in either case, the deeply subdued tone of voice prevalent in England and among the better sort of Americans would be almost a breach of polite manners. Every social function in France, even to the most informal, has a social character far more pronounced than ours. The individual is there to enjoy himself; but he is also there to play his part. In consequence, all social intercourse in France has a quality less personal, less confidential, somewhat more reserved than an American is used to. Whoever, even in private places, finds himself in the presence of fellow-beings, conducts himself in many ways as if he were in public. The French are in no way conscious of this phase of their manners. It is as normal to them as it is novel to an American visitor. And it results in a general and cheerful, though not quite intimate conviviality which makes our own manners seem, in contrast, somewhat melancholy in their dual isolation.

Another detail of French manners soon became evident. In any company where the talk is thus general whoever is present may take part. There is no need of any other personal introduction to a fellow-guest than the fact that you find yourself, for the moment, under a friend's roof; but there is no need of regarding the acquaintance as more than momentary. If, as a visitor, however, you are presented by name to any of the French people present—particularly at a dinner-party—you are rather expected to recognize the courtesy by leaving your card at this new friend's door within twenty-four hours; and so leaving to him the choice of whether the acquaintance shall persist. In such cases, of course, various questions of tact may arise. The simplest way of settling them is to take some occasion of mentioning to your hostess the pleasure you have found in meeting these delightful people. If, in her opinion, they expect you to present yourself, she will incidentally

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tell you where they live. If she does not afford you this information there is some reason to infer that you need not pursue the matter. A foreigner at first presses this sort of question more directly, and is most kindly and frankly answered. It is in better accordance with French tradition, however, to ask and to learn incidentally, as it were; and, after a while, you grow French enough in sympathy to feel that your earlier impulse of inquiry was almost rustically crude.

In general, visitors to France, like visitors to any other country, find themselves there in some fairly distinct social surroundings. Americans, for example, are apt to be thrown, according to circumstances and position, into diplomatic, or fashionable, or artistic circles. These they sometimes grow to know pretty intimately. It is far from usual, however, that an American should at once have considerable access to French society, and be confined to no one variety or phase of it—rather, indeed, that he should normally meet, on heartily cordial terms, people so remote from one another in circumstance and in sympathy that, more than probably, they would prefer to remain strangers to each other. This happened to be my chance. Not absorbingly engaged with any one kind of French people, I was cordially and unreservedly welcomed by some of almost every condition.

In the nature of things, however, my acquaintance had its centre in the universities. The university officers with whom I was brought into professional contact, were among the first of the friends who received me unofficially in the kindest way. One and all of them had passed through the various stages of the rigid educational system at which we have glanced together. All had attained some degree of distinction in the profession of learning. Each had his precise place in the university hierarchy, which involved, of course, a certain degree of recognition in official society—a status, on strictly formal occasions, something like that which would anywhere exist in the case of military or naval officers. In the general relations of private life, on the other hand, the social circumstances of these university officials were controlled, as would be the case anywhere, by more personal considerations. And these were perhaps more evident in France than they might have been elsewhere, for the reasons that the structure of French society remains rather rigid, and that university life there, so admirable in its professional aspect, has so little of the convivial character which marks the university life of England, and to some degree of America as well.

My university friends, accordingly, varied widely in their social relations, according to their origin, their disposition, and their fortune. A few were of aristocratic type; a few were able and honorable men who had risen, by force of ability and industry, from the common people. Most of them, however, though not forming, in their quality of professors, a class apart, proved to be living much as their fathers and grandfathers had lived before them—to be continuing and sustaining the general social traditions in which they had been born and bred. And men of this kind, whatever their condition of fortune or the scale of their households, used a word in speaking of themselves and of their friends which foreigners are apt completely to misapprehend. As simply as Englishmen in similar circumstances describe themselves of the middle class, these French friends of mine spoke of themselves as *bourgeois*.

Despite our fondness for democratic commonplace, Americans are apt to have a weakness which makes this term—like its English equivalent—somewhat unwelcome, or even repellent to our prejudices. Our classic conviction that all men are created equal assumes in its social aspect a peculiar form; it contents itself on everybody's part with a dogmatic denial of social superiority. Every American believes that he should derogate from his personal dignity if he did not believe and assert himself to be as good as the best anywhere. By no means all of us stop to consider the conclusions obviously involved in this conviction. If we are as good as the best, it follows as the light the day that those who are not of the best are not so good as we. Wherefore any foreigner who frankly acknowledges himself secondary to any other is apt to impress us as secondary to ourselves. The result is often comical—at least in the eyes of the foreigners concerned, who cannot perceive why a good Yankee who has made an honest fortune should share the aristocratic prejudice of societies which regard the fact that a man is engaged in business as a reason why he should not be invited to dinner. But there is no doubt that he does so, which has

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a good deal to do with the artless preference of American girls who marry abroad for husbands who, whatever their personal merits, are duly equipped with titles. Accordingly, we Americans are given to innocent wonder as to how self-respecting Englishmen can admit themselves to belong to the middle class—which involves admission that a class in existence is superior. And when it comes to the analogous French term *bourgeois*, we find it so far from congenial that you need not look far for examples of uses of it among ourselves as contumelious as if we were all dukes and peers.

For this prejudice of ours against the name of *bourgeoisie* there is an obvious reason, not generally remarked. Our impressions of French society are generally indirect. They are derived either from accounts of it furnished by compatriots who have enjoyed the privilege of seeing it with greater or less intimacy; or else from books written by the French themselves. In general, our compatriots who have seen French life belong to one of four classes: diplomatists, artists, people of some pretence to fashion, and residents in the American colony of Paris. All four of these classes see French society from angles not favorable to *bourgeois* sympathy. Diplomatists have their own special world, closely related to the actual possessors of political power everywhere, and accustomed—whatever the personal origin of its members—to share the sentiments as well as to assist in the functions of sovereignty, whose concern with the middle classes has a quality of benevolent patronage. American artists share and rather exaggerate the prejudices against the humdrum and thrifty virtues of respectable middle-class life which have always animated the temper of Europeans devoted to the fine arts. Pretenders to fashion would sacrifice this meaning of their existence—so far as it has any—if they did not share the prejudices of the noble society to which they ingenuously aspire. And "colonists," particularly if their access to foreign society is limited, preserve their self-respect by excessive cultivation of all prejudices which flourish at home. Americans in France, accordingly, whether diplomatic, artistic, fashionable, or colonial, are very apt to speak of *bourgeois*—people of whom their knowledge is usually external—as of inferior beings.

When it comes to the impressions of France which we derive from French writers, the case proves similar. Broadly speaking, these writers are of two classes. The first, and the elder, consists of those writers of memoirs who have so long ornamented French literature; the second, and more modern, consists of the novelists and dramatists whose work has been so plenteous and so admirable during the last hundred years. In general, the writers of memoirs have been aristocrats, with all the prejudices of their class; in general, the writers of novels and plays have been eminent personages in the world of fine art, with equally pronounced prejudices of a somewhat different complexion. The prejudices of both agree in regarding the *bourgeoisie* externally and with imperfect cordiality. Accordingly, the more familiar French accounts of this social class harmonize with those furnished us by compatriots. They present it to us as on the whole sordid, uninteresting, and vulgar; at best they dispose us to regard it as what the cant of a few years ago used to call Philistine.

Hampered with such inevitable prepossessions as these influences involve, I was somewhat startled by the simplicity with which so many of my French friends spoke of themselves as *bourgeois*. To their minds the term evidently suggested nothing which involved the smallest sacrifice of self-respect. The word seemed to them no more invidious than the word *Yankee* would seem to an honest gentleman of Boston. It implied only what any candid man is willing to admit anywhere—a simple statement of incontestable fact. In any society which has reached the state of civilized organization there must always be various kinds of people. In most countries there have been more or less acknowledged governing classes—priestly, military, bureaucratic, noble, and the like. In all societies there have inevitably been laboring classes. In all healthy societies there have been classes between the two. Such classes exist to-day in England and in France, extending from everybody engaged in the learned professions, in finance, or in commerce, to the smallest shopkeepers. In England such people call themselves of the middle class; in France they call themselves *bourgeois*. That is the whole story.

It would be the whole story, at least, for anybody but ourselves of America. The accidents of our political and social history have prevented the growth in our country

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of any rigid class system. In consequence, our professional men and our chief men of business have always flourished in regions where no military or landed aristocracy has kept their aspirations in check. They have been apt to develop, accordingly, together with the sound middle-class virtues necessary to their existence anywhere else, a rather unusual degree of that wholesome self-confidence which is among the stronger virtues of foreigners of rank. Yet anyone who knows the actual structure of American society, past and present, must admit, even among our republican selves, the existence—at any given time—of certain classes whose circumstances have allowed them a range of freedom not open to those who were less able or less fortunate. We have always had our leaders of the professions, in former times perhaps more secure of general esteem than has been the case since the Civil War. We have always had our honorable men of wealth, rather more conspicuous in our recent period of national expansion and prosperity than they used to be in simpler times. And we have always had our laboring classes, as well. Between these two extremes of our social system, there have always existed other classes, not so fortunate as the one, more so than the other. The flexibility of our system has prevented these worthy people from admitting to themselves precisely the position they perforce occupy. Yet obviously it is neither so influential as that of some compatriots nor so submerged as that of others. Like that of both the other classes, meanwhile, it is completely compatible with self-respect and with edifying conduct of life. The fact that we have no accepted name for it doubtless reveals a sensitive weakness in our national temper; but it cannot disguise, even from ourselves in honest moments, that most of us, and most of our acquaintance, are neither "captains of industry" nor "knights of labor." And all that the term middle class implies in England, or the term *bourgeois* in France, is that such a class, inevitable in any civilized society, has the candor to acknowledge its existence. The characteristic vice of such a class is doubtless vulgarity. But this no more means that, as a class, the *bourgeois* are vulgar than the fact of any other characteristic vice comprises the whole character of the class which it tends to weaken. One might as soon pretend that all aristocracy is heartlessly insolent, all art shamelessly licentious, all capital cynically rapacious, all labor stupidly brutal.

So far from comprehensively characteristic, indeed, is the occasional vulgarity of the French *bourgeoisie*, that anyone who should approach them without prepossession would hardly perceive it for himself. His first impression would more probably be that which is implied in the very frankness with which they describe themselves as *bourgeois*. He would hardly fail to recognize, with admiration, the general simplicity of their temper, their cheerful readiness to admit the circumstances of their lives and to adapt their lives to their circumstances, without a touch of either pretentiousness or of false shame. If they entertain him in their homes, for example, they do so according to their means. Very likely, they make an occasion of his visit; if they did not, they would be falling into the pretentiousness of making believe that such visits occurred every day, or into the worse error of aggressive neglect of hospitality. But a man whose means are limited, and whose daily life is simple, would never dream of making the circumstances of your reception inharmonious with the surroundings in which he receives you. Everyone has his own scale of life, prudently adapted as a rule to the means at his command. Everyone lives and entertains accordingly.

The next impression of an unprejudiced visitor might well be that these new friends are remarkable for intellectual honesty. Of course they have their prejudices; if they had not they would lack one of the most profoundly attractive qualities of human nature. And their prejudices, in various ways, may not readily coincide with your own. At least, however, these prejudices are honestly cherished and fearlessly expressed, though always with courtesy. Some are matters of manners, some of conviction, some of limitation or environment, and none are inconsistent with a rather stimulating degree of intellectual activity. The French mind is alert and logical; otherwise French society and French universities, to go no further, could not persist so systematically as they do. And this alert and logical habit combines with unconscious prejudice in the candor with which the *bourgeois*, of whatever shade, consider both the details of their daily affairs and any questions which chance

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to arise for discussion. The pervasive frugality and thrift of French life is implicit evidence of the quality I have in mind. More direct evidence of it anyone would find in talk with the French which should rise to the dignity of an exchange of ideas. Cherishing his prejudices as premises, a French *bourgeois* will unpretentiously, honestly endeavor either to reconcile any new suggestion with his system, or else to prove the suggestion mistaken, in fact or in reasoning. As marked as their virtue of simplicity is that of the honesty with which they confront the circumstances and the problems of earthly existence.

Meanwhile, a third quality, of inspiring strength, could hardly fail to impress you. This is one which any visitor to the universities must already have felt in the character and the conduct of both teachers and students—devoted, unremitting industry in the serious work of life. On the surface, perhaps, the French still preserve something of the gayety which has made foreigners suppose them to be agreeably frivolous. When you grow to know them, at least among the *bourgeoisie*, this characteristic is no longer salient. Rather you find yourself constantly surprised that so many people, with honest simplicity of heart, can devote themselves so assiduously to the far from alluring duties—professional, domestic, or whatever else—of daily, weekly, yearly existence. However gay a friend may be concerning trivial matters, you may be sure that he will take life, at heart, in earnest; and that when it comes to hard work, he will attack it with a persistent vigor which might sometimes set a Yankee to wondering whether our lucky compatriots have any notion of how lovingly they cherish our national aptitude for dawdling. I do not remember that I ever saw a French boy whittle a stick; I doubt whether you could quite make one understand why anybody should like to.

This honesty, simplicity, and industry of the French *bourgeois* could not help resulting in an impression so widely remote from one of vulgarity as to be rather one of dignity. And together with this comes another —a shade more precise—which if possible is further from vulgarity still. The French *bourgeois* have a quality for which I know no better English term than one which almost suggests aristocratic grace—the term good-breeding. To put the matter otherwise, there is a familiar French word which so resembles a familiar English one that it has given rise to much misconception. This word is *gentilhomme*. It looks remarkably like *gentleman*, and indeed it literally means neither more nor less than that. In France, however, the word has retained its original meaning; it signifies *gentleman* only in that limited English sense which would confine it to men of gentle or noble birth. It implies not moral quality but social rank; and the familiar title of Molière's comedy—"Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme"—is consequently a humorous contradiction in terms. No frank *bourgeois* would ever pretend to be a *gentilhomme;* to do so would be to deny that he was *bourgeois*, and thus not only to make himself ridiculous, but also to sacrifice his self-respect. In our later English sense of the word *gentleman*, we find a different conception—a conception which concerns character so much more than condition that the French themselves sometimes borrow the English word for precise expression of a meaning not completely conveyed by any of their own. This lack in their vocabulary, the while, is not for lack of the thing which the word should name. For if there be better gentlemen on earth than you shall find far and wide among the *bourgeoisie* of France, it has never been my good fortune to meet them.

I doubt, indeed, whether you could anywhere find a social class more solidly, more profoundly, more quietly, more admirably persistent than these same *bourgeois* of the present day. It is a commonplace that the middle class must be the core of any nation, comparatively spared from the overripeness of aristocracy, and from the crudity which must everywhere be the lot of the masses. The better you come to know the middle classes—the *bourgeoisie*—of France, the deeper must grow your conviction that a nation of which the core is so sound must be essentially wholesome.

Of course, a social class so comprehensive as the *bourgeoisie*, extending from the summit of professional life to the base of shopkeeping, cannot be rashly generalized. There are many varieties of it, particularly where it approaches some other phase of society. The richer *bourgeois*, for example, and the more influential—particularly in Paris—tend toward a scale and manner of life very like that of aristocracy. If, in the process, they begin to lose something of their

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simplicity, they may perhaps fall into a certain ostentation. But this is chiefly what happens to the newly rich anywhere. The marvel in France is not that it exists; but rather that it is not more frequent and palpable. The reason is that so many *bourgeois* fortunes seem to be solid and, in their way, hereditary. So long as people are living in the manner to which they were born, you may always trust them to live with confident ease of mood and manner, free from the distortions of undue self-consciousness.

Again, particularly among those university people whose work is concerned with matters of literature or of the fine arts, you will often find the temper and the conditions of *bourgeois* life tending to merge with those of the world of fine arts. There is a considerable frontier on the borders of Philistia and Bohemia, and the region is pleasant to ramble about. For the solid virtues whose enemies miscall them Philistine tend to correct the vagrancies which, in full Bohemia appear excessive to unsympathetic observers; and the volatile impulses of Bohemia tend to counteract the want of breeze which might make the inner atmosphere of Philistia a little stifling to one who did not find it congenial.

Again still, there are regions in the world of *bourgeoisie* which are not wholly remote from the wholesome old condition of peasantry out of which they have grown. Among my memories of France there is none more pleasant, nor any more full of such sentiment as makes me feel the *bourgeoisie* remarkable for good-breeding,—a gentler quality than gentle birth itself,—than my memory of the manner in which a *bourgeois* friend welcomed me to his home. And there, treated with that affectionate respect which the French so delightfully show their parents, was the old mother, still in the neat dress of the region where every country lass had worn it fifty years ago. She had very little to say; but no one could have seemed happier or kinder, more at ease, less self-conscious, as she ate a little meal specially prepared for her rather exacting taste and habit.

In general, the while, one's impression of the *bourgeoisie* is not of its frontiers, but rather of the sound heart of it. Perhaps the most vividly typical of my memories concerning this is of a delightful dinner in a provincial town. A manufacturer had invited us to his house. On going thither, we found it hidden behind his large factory buildings, and accessible only through the walled enclosure where they had grown up about it. Indeed, the whole approach was so far from what one is conventionally used to that one began to wonder whether one was not unwittingly bound for some sort of picnic. The house, when we got there, looked rather small—partly, I suppose, in contrast to the big factory buildings so near it. The moment you got within its doors, however, it proved commodious, comfortable, and, above all, in thoroughly good taste. There was not too much of anything; but everything was worth while. The pictures, for example, were real works of art—by the right men, too. There were plenty of books, evidently in use, and all of the sort worth reading—not of the teasing kind which one finds in American railway stations and country houses; yet they did not seem a bit priggish, either. The dinner was memorable, both for its quality and for the skilful service thereof by two or three trim maids. Apart from the good cheer the chief difference between this occasion and a similar one at home was that, inasmuch as the occasion was not formal, the men appeared in frock coats instead of in evening clothes, and the women wore high-necked dresses. This is general among the French everywhere, by the way. What we call evening dress they seem to regard rather as a costume appropriate only for occasions of ceremony. The talk was animated, easy, and wide in its range. And after dinner, in the long summer twilight, before we were summoned to the drawing-room for some excellent music, we sat and smoked in a library built on an arch over the mill-stream. And we looked through a large window at the swirling current, as it dashed along between walls and banks heavy with verdure, and disappeared, not far off, under a bridge, still within our host's premises, which had spanned it—he told me—for more than six hundred years.

He had inherited his property, his duties, and his house, I was given to understand. He was devoting his life to the care of them. He would pass them on to his children, just as any great nobleman might pass on to his heirs the hereditary possessions which chance had placed for a while in his care. No social type could have seemed more admirably permanent. In the fine little details of accomplishment, of impulse, of manner,

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you could not have found a better gentleman than your host. And yet he was in no respect a *gentilhomme*. He was of the class which the old-fashioned aristocrats of France traditionally disdained as *bourgeois moyens*. His house was accessible, in all probability, only to people whose origin and whose personal traditions resembled his own. You felt there, beyond all things else, that you were in the very heart of the *bourgeoisie* of France; and furthermore, that there are few pleasanter places, and no better ones, in all this wicked world.

Not the least feature of your impression, the while, was that these surroundings have a quality of surprising fixity. Among the French *bourgeoisie* you find yourself in a world of hereditary tradition, as stoutly cherished as the more widely known traditions of aristocracy, or as the more vagrant traditions of art. And any class which is animated by attachment to its hereditary traditions must inevitably be, to some extent, a class apart—a separate thing; not quite a caste, of course, but not free from caste virtues and caste prejudices. The virtue which has distinguished the *bourgeoisie* from time immemorial is probably the virtue most dear to the middle class of England, as well as to the better sort of Americans, among whom middle-class manners have grown to something like the assurance of aristocratic feeling. In a word, we may call it respectability—a somewhat excessive observance of regularity in the conduct of life, a somewhat austere disapproval even of minor vagaries. This quality is not instantly attractive to people whose taste for it chances not to be ancestral. They think it dull at best, as no doubt it is if you do not happen to enjoy it. But though you may prefer to be respectably dull, you resent being called so. As a natural result, the most deep prejudice of the *bourgeoisie* is of the self-protecting kind which entertains a certain suspicion of the classes which environ it.

These, as we have seen, are the aristocracy and the artists. Between them and their *bourgeois* neighbors there seems to persist an immemorial hereditary distrust. The traditional privileges of aristocracy permitted them, and tended to make them pretend to delight in, a freedom of personal conduct extremely unwelcome to the staid respectability of *bourgeois* sentiment. The somewhat anarchistic impulse of artists to assert their individuality amid the benumbing monotony of humdrum custom has tended, from time immemorial, to excite them to similar manifestations of personal freedom from conventionalities. Both aristocrats and artists have accordingly been accustomed, as we have seen, to represent the *bourgeoisie* in a far from friendly spirit. What is less evident to casual foreigners is that this sentiment of distrust and dislike is mutual. Your typical *bourgeois* regards your aristocrat or your artist with as little cordiality as is evident in the more familiar opinions of aristocrats or of artists concerning the *bourgeoisie*.

The strength of this prejudice was oddly evinced in a little talk I chanced to have with a French friend whose traditions were of the most admirable *bourgeois* kind. The matter under discussion reminded me of a wise remark lately made me by another friend, who happened to possess a thoroughly authentic title. I repeated the observation, accordingly. It seemed to impress my *bourgeois* friend favorably, for he eagerly asked me from whom I had heard it. I told him, asking in return whether he did not think it admirable. The name of the originator of the epigram appeared to have altered his estimate thereof. It had a vein of good sense, he said, even of wit; but it was too noble. "C'est trop noble," was his final opinion.

On the whole, however, the course of modern history seems tending, in France as well as throughout the older regions of Europe, toward modification of these immemorial prejudices. The barrier between the aristocracy and that part of the *bourgeoisie* which most nearly approaches aristocracy is hardly so high as it used to be. For this there are several evident reasons. The privileges of aristocracy have long been withdrawn; for several generations all classes in France have been equal in the sight of the law. And, partly from a rigidity of principle or prejudice which has tended to result in imperfect flexibility of intelligence, the aristocracy has so generally withdrawn itself from public affairs that, as a class, it retains no vestige of political power. Its importance is only social. Now this phase of its importance seems to have been rather rudely shaken by the course of French history during the past hundred years. There remain, no doubt, authentic titles of the old *régime;* but Napoleon created titles by the hundred, and

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titles were created under the Restoration and under Louis Philippe, and more still by the second empire. Again, if I am not in error, every son of a baron is himself a baron, too, and so on. Furthermore, there is no serious obstacle at this moment—any more than there is in America—to the assumption of a title by anybody. A highly respectable citizen of Boston is known to have been christened by the name of Marquis. Without scrutiny of official record, a stranger in France might well be at pains to know whether the same title on a French visiting card has any more venerable authority. The true aristocracy of France knows itself, of course, by heart; but hardly anybody else knows it with much certainty. And so far as general social importance goes, the frequency of French titles and the variety of their origin—even when they are authentic—have probably done amalgamating work.

The increasing fortunes of many *bourgeois*, the while, and the preponderance of political influence which has been enjoyed by the *bourgeoisie* throughout the past century have done their work as well. Marriages between the two classes—such alliances as you will remember in "Mademoiselle de la Seiglière" and in "Le Gendre de Monsieur Poirier"—have perhaps grown more frequent. And everybody knows that titled Frenchmen have often married eligible foreigners. The failing of the old aristocratic fortunes, too, has tended to sacrifice of prejudice in other matters than that of marriage. Particularly of recent years, men of birth have had the good sense to drop some of their outworn notions concerning occupation; and frankly to devote their still vigorous energies to lucrative and respectable careers which their grandfathers would have disdained. In many ways, accordingly, the aristocratic class of France is beginning to reveal itself to the *bourgeoisie* as more deserving of personal respect than *bourgeois* traditions used to presume. Still more certainly, as the two classes tend more cordially to mingle, the aristocracy seem beginning to recognize in their *bourgeois* neighbors qualities, ideas, and merits far more resembling their own than they had been apt to suppose. For all this, the real aristocrats still retain, I think, a somewhat excessive degree of their ancestral disdain of any traditional inferior. Hereditary *gentilshommes*, they do not yet quite willingly admit that these *bourgeois*, with whom circumstances are occasionally forcing them into close relations, are as good gentlemen as themselves. When all is said and done, however, you can hardly help feeling that each class is growing more aware of its community of interest with the other. They must stand or fall together.

The relations of the *bourgeoisie* with the other social class most near them—with artists in the broadest sense of the term—seemed to me, on the whole, rather less cordial. The world of French art, in fact, though the most familiar phase of French society to foreigners in general, who know France chiefly from books or pictures, is probably the phase of French society which foreigners are least apt to understand. I am by no means sure, indeed, that I came to any accurate understanding of its position myself. I am sure, however, that my impressions of it were at once unexpected and distinct.

Broadly speaking, French artists of every kind—literary, plastic, dramatic, musical—are apt to be of *bourgeois* origin, and are even more apt to be temperamentally impatient of the respectable restraint of conduct which characterizes *bourgeois* life in general. They are by no means frivolous or trivial in their artistic lives. The fervently maintained academic standards of France in all matters of fine art compel them to a degree of technical excellence which nothing but hard, prolonged, whole-hearted work can attain. Keen critical scrutiny combines with incessant competition, on all sides, to keep them unremittently devoted to their tasks. Whether they submit to academic convention or rebel against it, the case is the same. As artists they are as impressively and as seriously devoted to their duties as university professors are to theirs. You cannot know Frenchmen anywhere, in fact, without reverent acknowledgment of their inexhaustible industry. The moment you find yourself among artists of the better sort, furthermore, you cannot fail to be impressed by the fervent earnestness of their artistic purpose. Whatever the result of their efforts, they give themselves to their art with all their hearts. Like any other human beings, they fall into little groups, schools, sets, among themselves, each with its virtues and vices, its powers and its limitations. Yet somehow as you contemplate French society in its entirety, in its general structure, the artists, as

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a class, seem distinctly apart from anybody else. They are not aristocrats; they are not *bourgeois*. They are as good gentlemen as either; and as honest men. But they form a kind of separate class, so distinct from the others—and often so far from instant sympathy with the others—that you can hardly help feeling their temper concerning the others to be tinged rather with defiance than with cordiality.

Apparently, at the same time, they have a society of their own as firm and as systematic in its structure as that of the aristocracy or that of the *bourgeoisie*—mingling on its frontier with each, yet definitely different from either. Analogies in such cases as this are apt to be misleading, and perhaps invidious. Yet I can find no better means of indicating the position which artists, as a class, seem to occupy in France than by comparing it with that occupied in England and in America by professional actors—themselves often artists, in their own kind, of memorable importance. There is no reason why a dramatic artist should not be a person of unsullied private character—as indeed is frequently the case. There is also no reason why a person of anything but unsullied character should not be an excellent dramatic artist. This commonplace is equally true of any other earthly occupation, from the papacy to grave-digging. Just why it should be assumed that the typical actor leaves something to be desired in point of personal conduct I cannot pretend to say. That the assumption exists, particularly among austerely respectable people, is beyond dispute; and so is the fact that, however cordially and unreservedly actors are sometimes received in English and American society, they are usually received in a manner which betrays general consciousness that they somehow form a class apart—with manners and morals, traditions and principles, of their own.

Something closely analogous seems true of art in France throughout all its phases. The instantly obvious difference is that the artists of France are not only far more numerous than the actors of England and of America. They are far more skilful throughout the range of their professions; they are more intensely industrious, more persistently in earnest. Their masterpieces, whether you enjoy them or not, are more nearly excellent, more firmly memorable. And the social world which they form for themselves is more systematic and more punctilious than is the mor- unhampered Bohemia of the English-speaking stage. For all this, the world of French art seems Bohemian still. It may sometimes mimic aristocratic grace or *bourgeois* respectability. On the surface it is as orderly as either. At heart, however, it cherishes something like the Rabelaisian maxim, *Fais ce que voudras*. For which it pays the not unwilling penalty of tacit recognition that it is distinct from either of the other social regions on which it borders, and with the denizens of which it often mingles.

Some such view of French artists as this goes far to explain why, as one grows to know French life, the accounts of it in French literature and the reproductions of it on the French stage are apt to appear so external. French men of letters undoubtedly know their France inconceivably better than any foreigner can ever know it. Beyond doubt, too, their earnestness and their skill, stimulated by intense criticism and competition, combine to make their efforts to portray French life sincerely faithful. And yet, when all is said and done, these efforts are inevitably efforts to portray a state of society external to their sympathies and to many circumstances of their daily lives. Something of the sort must of course be true of all art anywhere which is concerned with the portrayal of other than artistic atmospheres. It seems, however, exceptionally true in modern France; and the general temper of the work which French writers and artists put forth year by year rather emphasizes than obliterates the line which separates them, in sympathy, from the *bourgeoisie*. This is one reason, I believe, why we foreigners who have known France mostly through its admirable literature have been so apt to misconceive the deeper temper of every-day French life.

The better sort of people in France may generally be classed either in one of the three groups on which we have touched—the nobility, the *bourgeoisie*, and the artists—or on the borders which separate them from one another. As you grow more familiar with any of these groups, you become aware that within itself it has a pretty rigid structure. As you grow to know something of all three, you come to feel that in their almost hierarchical structure they are not

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only very like each other, but remarkably like the universities as well. You begin, in short, to perceive, throughout French society, the native characteristic of French temper which is least evident to foreigners in general. For all the revolutions which have made the French history of the past century so disquiet, the French love of order and of system, the domestic conservatism of French impulse, has kept the general structure of French private life far more persistent, more traditional, and less flexible than we are apt to imagine.

Something of what I have in mind is implied in the instantly obvious difference between French visiting cards and those used in England and in America. To all appearances, the fact that my own card bore nothing but my name was apt to excite surprise among my French friends. The nature of my temporary appointment at the universities gave me, as we have seen, a fairly defined position in the French university system—a respectable degree of official rank. Any Frenchman in this position would have had his precise quality stated on his card as regularly as his name. Not to have it there would imply, on his part, some such personal eccentricity as occasionally impels Americans to wear their hair long or to affect visiting cards which bear facsimiles of their signatures. To French minds unfamiliar with other than French custom, I discovered, the simplicity of my visiting card actually conveyed the impression that I was an ardent apostle of social equality. This was rather comically revealed to me one afternoon over a cup of tea. Without quite understanding whither some pleasant chat was leading the company, I found myself confronted with something as near as politeness would allow to a direct inquiry as to why it was my custom to refuse honorary distinctions. This was evidently meant to afford me an opportunity of stating the qualities which my visiting card did not reveal. That I returned some elusive answer seemed, on the whole, to commend me to my French friends. Extreme directness of attack or reply is still unwelcome to the civilized tradition of France. After all, it was my affair, and not theirs. Whoever might use a French qualification on his card might presumably use a better one still at home, where his merits were better known and probably better rewarded. If not, it was doubtless because he was disposed to protest against official and other social hierarchy in much such temper as induced Monsieur de Lafayette to discard both his marquisate and his particle of nobility. Such eccentricity is creditable to the principle of the individual who displays it. Whether it is equally creditable to his good sense is another question. What remains beyond question is that it does not seriously impair the dignity of the system which it chooses to ignore.

The dignities and distinctions stated on French visiting cards and the like—on formal announcements of bereavement, for example—are of various kinds. They range from titles of nobility and of military rank to the mere intimation that a man is practising a learned profession. In general, they tend to indicate with precision his place in the class of society to which he chances to belong—noble, *bourgeois*, or artistic. Occasionally, however, they indicate his place in some recognized social system apart from all three phases of personal station, and indeed embracing all three together. Of these the two most evident are the Legion of Honor and the Institute.

The Legion of Honor, to be sure, has become so comprehensive that the right to wear a red ribbon in one's button-hole has been pleasantly declared to be more frequent in France than lack of this privilege. In all seriousness, this order, at least in its simplest form, is bestowed with almost prodigal generosity on evident merit in all ranges of French life—political, military or naval, artistic, financial, learned, or whatever else. You are not often in a company of a dozen Frenchmen of the better sort where two or three red ribbons and perhaps a red button are not worn. There are moods in which you would believe a distinction so general to make little appeal to the imagination; but such a mood is not characteristically French. The Legion of Honor has been refused, I believe, in occasional instances where eccentricity of temper, or lack of sympathy with the government which chanced to prevail, rendered it unwelcome to a man who had deserved this widely diffused distinction. In general, however, it is not only eagerly welcomed and ardently sought; it is honorably sought and welcomed as well. Whoever grows to know modern French society, I think, must be surprised to recall the changing sentiments with which he regards the

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bit of red ribbon familiar to every traveller's eye. At first it seems comically general; then it seems puzzlingly various—worn of right by a bewilderingly contradictory diversity of persons: noble and simple, learned and ignorant, accomplished and uncouth. Finally, without pretending that it has not fallen, now and again, on unworthy breasts, you grow to feel that there are few presumptions in the world more certain than that a man who has won this decoration has really shown himself superior to other men about him. This may be as a shopkeeper; it may be as an actor; it may be as a poet; it may be as a soldier; it may be as a diplomatist; it may almost be as a saint. The Legion of Honor is as catholic as the Church in its relation to all ranges of human life and conduct. But the dignity it confers is essentially a true one. Men who have attained decoration have generally done something well enough to deserve honorable recognition; and the very range of decoration implies the deep human truth that honorable work anywhere, in whatever phase of occupation or of society, is in itself a reverent thing. You may say clever things about the rain of the ribbon rather than the reign. You may smile, if you like, at the childish vanity of a nation which can breed mature men who care whether their black coats are relieved by red specks or not. The Legion of Honor is not misnamed; it implies two impulses deep in the emotional nature of the French, high and low alike: an instinctive love of order, of system, and a fervent belief that honor should be given where honor is due.

Open, like the Legion of Honor, to all Frenchmen who may justly aspire for it, is the more specific dignity of the Institute. This venerable learned society consists of several separate academies—of Political Science, of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, and the like—of which the dominant one is the famous "immortal" literary academy of forty members, the Académie Française. Certain familiar facts about this throw light on French character. In principle, any Frenchman, of whatever social rank, who has attained the highest distinction in art, in learning, in letters, is eligible. There has been, I believe, no period in its eminent history when it has not counted among its members noblemen, *bourgeois*, and artists alike. But membership in it does not come without the seeking. The French are too alertly honest to tolerate the kind of affectation most humorously prevalent among ourselves—that of pretending indifference to public honor, and of assuming that respectable people are bound to behave in daily life as if everybody would like to be a Cincinnatus. When death makes a vacancy in the Academy, whoever believes himself to merit the earthly, or Parisian, immortality thus for the moment accessible, proceeds to inquire, of himself and of his friends, concerning the precise aspect of his chances for it. If these chances seem in any degree promising, he courageously offers himself as a candidate. What the preliminary processes of such candidacy may be I do not know. The crucial part of it is a series of some thirty-nine personal calls on the surviving members of the Academy, from each of whom the candidate formally requests the favor of his vote. Sometimes this is cordially promised; sometimes the answer is politely guarded. The visits do not secure the votes; but without them, I believe, no votes could be secured.

Whatever the personal prejudices of an academician—and these must certainly be widely various—most academicians concur in obedience to the extremely catholic traditions which preserve the vitality of the Academy. Of course it is academic; it could not exist without sturdy maintenance of standards bound to impress vagrant artistic impulse as rigid and repellent, and bound to be resentfully abused by many intelligent people who are restive under restraint, or who come to believe themselves meritoriously disappointed. But these standards do not confine the membership of the Academy to any one class of society or of personal character. There is always, I believe, at least one eminent ecclesiastic among its members; when I was in France this was the venerable Cardinal Bishop of Autun, who has since been succeeded by Cardinal Mathieu. There are always noblemen there who have distinguished themselves in learning. The Duc d'Aumale, a royal prince, held his membership of the Academy among his dearest honors. There are men of letters, too, scholars and playwrights, of whatever origin. At the two public meetings of the Academy which I had the privilege of attending the presiding member chanced to be an accomplished

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dramatist. The permanent secretary was M. Gaston Boissier, that happily immortal scholar whose works have for more than fifty years made modern folk understand, as no one ever understood without them, what the human life of ancient Rome was like in the days when the republic passed into the empire, and the empire surged on to its ruin.

The ceremony of receiving a new member into the Academy is interesting and characteristic. In the hall under the dome of the Institute—that dome so familiar to every eye in Paris which has looked across the Seine from the quay of the Louvre—a fortunate company is assembled which has had the privilege of invitation. Every seat is occupied; for the hall is not very large, and the interest in the occasion is eager. In the company, if you know anything of your Paris, you will recognize people of all ranks and stations—noble, fashionable, learned, artistic, diplomatic, even respectably obscure. There will be clergymen there, and actresses from the Théâtre Français; bearers of historic names and the wives of professors who began their career in some Breton *lycée;* ambassadors and sculptors; journalists and generals. At a given moment the members of the Institute enter, with almost ostentatious informality, the semicircle of benches reserved for all the academies alike. On these occasions there seems no distinction between the immortal Académie Française and its less eminent fellows. On the presiding bench, in the green uniform of the Academy, the principal officers of the day take their places—the member who happens at that moment to preside, the permanent secretary, and a third. The other academicians seat themselves anywhere among their fellow-members of the institute. Only those who appear in some official capacity—like the secretaries of the lesser academies—generally wear their uniforms. The aspect of the company is that of a group of gentlemen, on pleasantly equal terms, who are separated from the public by a formal barrier implying the momentary inaccessibility of their eminence, and permitting them serenely to ignore the presence of anyone but themselves.

This medley of formality and simplicity pervades the whole ceremony. In a very few formal words—hardly more than "La parole est à M. X"—the presiding officer announces that the fortunate candidate for immortality is expected to speak. The candidate accordingly rises from his seat, somewhere on the benches, between two uniformed academicians who have been charged with the pleasant duty of introducing him; and proceeds to deliver in impeccable French a formal and not very audible eulogy on the deceased academician whom he has been chosen to succeed. At the close of this masterpiece of mortuary eloquence the presiding officer proceeds to the official business of the occasion. And this is the most surprising part of it all.

As a foreigner, unfamiliar with academic tradition, I was prepared for some almost ritual ceremony, of lastingly impressive dignity. Instead, the presiding officer only opened a carefully written manuscript, which he proceeded to read in the simplest imaginable way. It proved to be an almost cruelly candid account of just how, in spite of his incontestable merits, the manifold faults and infirmities of the candidate had impressed the academicians who had been called on to consider his case. With due allowance for the beautiful precision of its language and the extreme aptitude of its thrusts, it reminded me—so far as I could follow it—of the sort of discourse with which neophytes used to be received into college societies when I was a student at Harvard. Generalized, it was nothing more nor less than a sublimated process of initiation at which everybody—and most of all the victim—was confidently and justly expected to smile. If you had not known what it was all coming to, you would have been disposed to expect that the luckless man in question was about to be condemned, at best, to oblivion. Instead, it closed with the words—pronounced with something like a sigh of comic resignation—"Vous êtes reçu." Wherewith the whole ceremony ended, and the happiness of immortality was conferred on one more honorable gentleman of France.

Among themselves, it is said, the academicians pride themselves on maintaining absolute equality. They are called immortals in jest; so long as their earthly immortality persists, they make believe that they are immortal in earnest; and immortality doubtless confers freedom from the inconvenience not only of human vexation but also of human rank. Anywhere else, a royal prince, like the Duc d'Aumale, would be addressed as Altesse; a bishop as Mon-

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seigneur. Here, all alike are addressed simply as Monsieur. Noblemen, *bourgeois*, and artists alike—royalties, dignitaries of the church, and writers of comedy—are just fellow-beings, like blessed spirits before the throne of grace, or American college boys at last admitted to Greek-letter mysteries. The analogy goes deep. This class of immortal equals is a class apart. It is a brotherhood given to such mutual affection and dissension as animates brotherly life in its domestic phase; but banded together, so long as fraternity exists, in common resentment of unfraternal meddling from without. And the ingenuous completeness with which this highest of French intellectual dignities at once admits the eternal boyishness of human nature, and, with boyish generosity, holds itself open to any aspirant who can prove his deserts, combines with the fact of its recognized social dominance in all three social classes—noble, *bourgeois*, and artistic alike—to make it perhaps the most profoundly characteristic social fact in France.

At least, I believe, it is the most profoundly characteristic of those portions of French life to which the name "society" can fairly be applied in any limited sense. It recognizes, it assimilates, it harmonizes within itself, aristocracy, *bourgeoisie*, and art. It implies, more than anything else, what they possess, and what they must perforce cherish, together and in common. It leaves out of sight, as any such organization must leave, the masses of the people. And nowadays these masses are matters of such conspicuous interest that those are not wanting who should pretend them ten times more important than their comparatively few fellow-men who have managed, in one way or another, to emerge above the general level of humanity.

Of the masses in France I saw very little. One heard, of course, a good deal about them from friends who were eagerly interested in politics, in economics, or in philanthropy; but one's knowledge was at best a fairly intelligent kind of hearsay. From this I derived one or two general impressions. Taken by and large, I am disposed to think, the unskilled laborers of France are worthily stupid to a degree which must astonish anybody whose general estimate of French character is derived from the alert intelligence exhibited by the more intellectual and civilized classes. Certainly what I happened to see in travel of the peasantry and of the lower classes in the cities went far to justify the caricatures with which we are familiar in comic journals or on the stage. Of recent years, on the other hand, I was led to believe, the skilled labor of France has developed a degree and a kind of intelligence which is both impressive and misleading. Skilled laborers have been intellectually trained beyond any condition in their previous history; they have been immensely stimulated, in both thought and feeling, by the political and economic circumstances which have everywhere marked the perplexing history of recent times; and, being without prepossessing traditions, they seem at this moment less hampered by hereditary prejudice, more frankly curious, and to all appearances more open-minded than any other kind of Frenchmen.

This apparent open-mindedness of skilled labor in France has deeply impressed many of the educated French whose personal sympathies are philanthropic or radical. It goes far to justify, at least in honest argument, the startling tendency to socialism so evident throughout the world to-day, and so extremely prevalent among French people of a position which would lead you to expect that they would regard social revolution with suspicion. What we need to revive the world, they seem to believe, is freedom from the tyranny of prejudice—generous openness of mind. Among the established classes—noble, *bourgeois*, artistic, alike—they look for this in vain. In meetings of skilled workmen, assembled to discuss any topic of social consequence, they find it. A company of devout *bourgeois*, one of my friends told me, will not listen to a speech from an honest free-thinker; they will execrate him, shout him down —"ils le conspuent." A company of free-thinking trades-unionists will listen to the unwelcome convictions of an honest priest as respectfully as if he were preaching what they hold better than law or Gospel. What is more, they will answer him with fair argument, or something as near it as their powers can command. They will weigh what is said on either side. Wherefore, your socialist concludes, salvation is to be sought among the intelligent masses.

Perhaps so. Only the future can tell. To my mind, this inspiring candor of the better kind of laboring men seemed rather

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a normal phase of social youth. In earlier days they never thought at all. Stimulated to thought, they begin to see, with the unqualified precision of juvenility, how many ways there are of confronting problems, and how much better the way they may chance to prefer must be than any other. Still innocent of the inexorable test of responsibility, they display to an inspiring degree the infant virtues of the irresponsible. Give them their way, let them feel the benumbing perplexity of responsible power; and who knows but you shall find your generous confidence resulting in the worst jolt yet known out of the frying-pan into the fire?

At all events, one fact seems fairly clear. The lower classes, stupid or graced with the candor of open minds, are apt instinctively to distrust the upper classes. And this tendency is beginning, in some degree, to diminish the mutual distrust of the upper among themselves. In the face of what nobody can deny to be a common danger, nobles, *bourgeois*, and artists alike seem somewhat more willing than of old to recognize the interests and the ideals which, each in their own way, they traditionally cherish in common.

This tendency to concentration among the higher classes of French society, however, is as yet impalpable. It may not really exist at all. My sympathetic wish to perceive it may have led me into the error of supposing it conceivable. What is surely no error is that all the upper classes have in common more qualities, more strength, more virtue, in the good old sense of the term, than any of them are as yet quite ready to admit. Among noblemen, among *bourgeois*, among artists, you can recognize everywhere that honesty of purpose, that dignity of character, that self-abnegating devotion to duty which combine in the character of a true gentleman. If those whose ideals are truly in harmony can ever learn to speak a common language of the heart, there is little to fear.

The less to fear, I believe, because the more one sees of France the less apparent is that social aspect of France which external prejudice is apt to suppose the most deeply characteristic. In certain aspects, no doubt, French society is morally corrupt. No civilized society has yet gladdened this planet without considerable corruption to counterbalance its merits. You might as soon expect a human organism to flourish free from all trace of disease or of decay. This does not mean that we should not do our best, socially and personally, to down the microbes. But no sane man expects the end of microbes so long as anything be left for microbes to prey on. They are a sad condition of existence. The real question is whether an organism, social or individual, has the kind of strength which shall combat them victoriously.

Undoubtedly there is a popular impression that French society is morally diseased. On a question so delicate as this, furthermore, it is hard to pronounce a confident opinion which should go far to contradict this commonplace assumption. One fact, nevertheless, remains true. The more you see of French people as they live among themselves, in whatever station, the less your attention is called to such irregular, if interesting, social phenomena as foreign gossip had led you to expect. On the contrary, the more you see of the French, the more deeply you are impressed not only with the general regularity of their lives, but with the surprising fact that this general regularity seems to have a very strong hold on their affections. It can hardly be long, indeed, before you begin to wonder whether anyone can get near to the heart of them without sympathetic understanding of the intensity with which they cherish their domestic relations. This must be evident, I think, to anyone who has the privilege of seeing much of their family life.

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LONGFELLOW

By Henry van Dyke

In a great land, a new land, a land full of labor and riches and confusion,
Where there were many running to and fro, and shouting, and striving together,
In the midst of the hurry and the troubled noise, I heard the voice of one singing.

"What are you doing there, O man, singing quietly amid all this tumult?
This is the time for new inventions, mighty shoutings, and blowings of the trumpet."
But he answered, "I am only shepherding my sheep with music."

So he went along his chosen way, keeping his little flock around him;
And he paused to listen, now and then, beside the antique fountains,
Where the faces of forgotten gods were refreshed with musically falling waters;

Or he sat for a while at the blacksmith's door, and heard the cling-clang of the anvils;
Or he rested beneath old steeples full of bells, that showered their chimes upon him;
Or he walked along the edges of the sea, drinking in the long roar of the billows;

Or he sunned himself in the pine-scented shipyard, amid the tattoo of the mallets;
Or he leaned on the rail of the bridge, letting his thoughts flow with the whispering river;
He hearkened also to ancient tales, and made them young again with his singing.

Then I saw the faces of men and women and children silently turning toward him;
The youth setting out on the journey of life, and the old man waiting beside the last mile-stone;
The toiler sweating beneath his load; and the happy mother rocking her cradle;

The lonely sailor on far-off seas; and the gray-minded scholar in his book-room;
The mill-hand bound to a clacking machine; and the hunter in the forest;
And the solitary soul hiding friendless in the wilderness of the city;

Many human faces, full of care and longing, were drawn irresistibly toward him,
By the charm of something known to every heart, yet very strange and lovely,
And at the sound of that singing wonderfully all their faces were lightened.

"Why do you listen, O you people, to this old and world-worn music?
This is not for you, in the splendor of a new age, in the democratic triumph!
Listen to the clashing cymbals, the big drums, the brazen trumpets of your poets."

But the people made no answer, following in their hearts the simpler music:
For it seemed to them, noise-weary, nothing could be better worth the hearing
Than the melodies which brought sweet order into life's confusion.

So the shepherd sang his way along, until he came unto a mountain:
And I know not surely whether it was called Parnassus,
But he climbed it out of sight, and still I heard the voice of one singing.

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DRAGON'S BLOOD

By Carter Goodloe

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

I

THEY both declined to go with Kimbrough down the river to Minatitlan—Miss Harriman with polite, diplomatic evasions; Mrs. Kimbrough, after a glance at her guest's pale, indifferent face, instantly and uncompromisingly. Kimbrough felt rather aggrieved at being thus deserted by his womenkind, and said so. He didn't want to make the two days' journey in a dugout canoe—for it was the dry season and the naphtha-launch was out of commission—or hang around the little Mexican town for days waiting for cablegrams from his chief in Louisville. Only an unkind Fate made it necessary for him to go, and he felt that Fate might be a little less severe could he divert her attention slightly from himself to two charming companions. He offered humbly to tie up whenever they should feel the least tired, and to spend the night at the Hacienda de Ramos, whose cook and spring-beds were famous from one end of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec to the other. But to no avail.

"It's quite impossible, Max," explained his wife that night when Miss Harriman had gone to her room, leaving them alone in the fragrant corridor. "Don't you see she is simply too unhappy and indifferent and physically tired to want to do stunts just now? Let her have time to rest and get interested in things down here and—and forget a little."

"You say it was Hamilton?" inquired Kimbrough after a moment's silence.

"Yes—incredible as it seems, it was Craig Hamilton. I always liked him so much—I can't understand even yet how it could have happened. I have had it all from different ones who have written—it was obvious enough for that—for all their friends to be talking of it. How any man in his right senses could have had a chance at her and not followed it up——"

"Well, *did* he have a chance?"

Mrs. Kimbrough shook her head pityingly in the soft darkness.

"Of course you'll stand up for him—men always do. But I'm afraid there's no getting around this, Max. Lucy Norcross wrote me all about it. He had paid her the most open, devoted attention, and she had accepted it, and, with a girl like Constance that meant everything, and then he suddenly made a right about face and completely neglected her for May Redmond. When I heard of it I wrote her to come down and spend the winter with us and she accepted. Three days before she left their engagement was announced."

"Too bad," said Kimbrough sympathetically, knocking the ash from his cigar. "Is she hard hit, do you think?"

"She cared for him, I am sure; and the worst is May's treachery. They were the greatest friends, and May knew—she must have known. That's what makes it so hard for Constance. She is so fair and square herself that the whole thing has shocked and sickened her."

"Poor little girl!" said Kimbrough softly again. "It's hard luck, and we must cheer her up."

"Oh, we sha'n't hear her complain; you can be sure of that. Her pride was badly hurt, but it will carry her through. She is only changed somehow. She used to be brilliant and rather hard, I thought; but even in the few days she has been here I can feel that she is—different."

"The lazy life down here will do her good. Her nerves are all unstrung. I can see that."

"Yes; unless it is too quiet and she has too much time to think. Max, you must bring back a man or two—some one to interest and arouse her. Get that nice young Englishman, Wingate, from the Remolino hacienda, or Irving, of the Rio Vista plantation. Later on—at Christmas—we can invite several more up, but just now she is in no mood for a house party."

"All right," assented Kimbrough, rising

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lazily. "I have to make an early start in the morning, Edie, so I think I'll turn in."

When Mrs. Kimbrough and Constance seated themselves to Wong's kidney *sauté* and griddle-cakes the next morning Kimbrough was three hours on his way down the river.

"I'm sorry the poor boy had to go off just now," sighed Mrs. Kimbrough, pouring out a cup of the famous El Paraiso coffee for her guest; "but we will not be as lonely as you might imagine. The Tres Rios hacienda is only eight miles away through the jungle, and seventeen by river—" Miss Harriman opened her gray eyes a little —"so we frequently see the people from over there. And then it is quite wonderful the passing up and down the river—the Mortons may come up any day on their way to the Solo Suchil, and young Nevin is forever going down to the Vuelta plantation to see that little Conway girl; her father's the manager of the Vuelta sugar plant. And then the mail canoes go jogging up and down all the time, and the steamer comes up once or twice a week—if the river isn't too low."

"It sounds quite exciting," smiled Constance palely.

"Well, it isn't Twenty-third Street and Broadway," observed Mrs. Kimbrough, smiling back, "and after all, it will be nice to have you all to myself for a while. There is so much I want to hear about. We must have some of our good, old-fashioned talks."

But it seemed as if Constance did not care to talk. For the most part she passed the long, dazzlingly bright days in the shady copper-screened corridor, where the brilliant birds flew back and forth ceaselessly, scarcely knowing they were not at liberty. She would spend hours lying on a divan or sunk in the depths of a wicker chair, covered with the soft, spotted skin of the isthmian tiger, her hands folded, her eyes fixed on the wide brown river that rolled by, not a hundred yards from the corridor steps. In the late afternoon she and Mrs. Kimbrough would pass through the double screen doors and wander into the garden to gather baskets of gardenias and roses, or saunter down through the great grove of banana-trees to the peon quarters for a look at the little brown babies toddling about in the deep grass.

A week of this idle, strange life wrought some beneficent change in the girl. Her dark-gray eyes lost their sombre look; she seemed less passive, more interested in everything. Kimbrough noted the change instantly. He reached the landing-steps late in the afternoon, and Edith and Constance were waiting for him, thanks to the blasts which Florentino had blown upon his conch-shell from far below the last vuelta.

He was followed up the steps by a tall, good-looking young man about twenty-eight or thirty years of age, apparently. His close-cropped brown hair curled in almost classic rings about a brow much tanned, and from beneath which two Irish blue eyes looked out with a happy, rather inconsequential expression. The straight nose, pleasant mouth, and good chin completed a countenance at once ingratiating and vaguely disappointing.

"Here's Kennedy, Edie," called out Kimbrough, striding up the steps to the terrace, where his wife and Constance stood. "He ought to be on his way to La Seiba, but I kidnapped him and brought him along."

"I was a willing victim, Mrs. Kimbrough," laughed Kennedy, jumping up the last three steps as he spoke.

"That was very clever of Max," said Mrs. Kimbrough, with such a brilliant smile of welcome that Kimbrough wondered uneasily whether it could be artificial—a suspicion later amply confirmed.

"Let me introduce you to my friend, Miss Harriman. Constance, this is Mr. Kennedy, of La Seiba plantation. There's another Spanish name for you to remember. Arthur, tell her why your hacienda is called La Seiba," she commanded, slipping her hand through her husband's arm and starting toward the house, Kennedy and Miss Harriman following.

"It's because there are so many *seiba* trees on the place," elucidated Kennedy obediently. Constance laughed, and Mrs. Kimbrough turned her head sharply. It was the first time she had heard the girl laugh naturally in the ten days of her visit.

"That might be a more satisfactory explanation if I had the least notion what a *seiba* tree is," she said.

"I shall have to get Mrs. Kimbrough to bring you up to La Seiba so you can meet the *seiba* tree on its own ground, so to speak," laughed Kennedy.

In the meantime Mrs. Kimbrough was talking in a low, rather reproachful tone to her husband.

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"But I couldn't get anybody *but* Kennedy. Wingate had fifty new peons to take to Remolino, and Irving wasn't at Minatitlan at all, and you had told me to be sure and bring someone," Kimbrough remonstrated plaintively.

"But Max—anybody but Arthur Kennedy!"

"I thought you merely wanted someone to amuse Constance. I didn't know you were preparing to marry her off——" began Kimbrough stiffly, when Kennedy's voice broke in upon their conversation.

"I say, Mrs. Kimbrough, Miss Harriman doesn't know a *seiba* tree when she sees one. Won't you bring her up to La Seiba some time so she can be introduced to the whole family? They are all there, root and branch!"

"What an atrocious pun!" and Constance laughed again.

That was the beginning of her better spirits. Mrs. Kimbrough was delighted to see the girl throw off some of her listlessness and enjoy herself. Kennedy was most amusing and companionable, there could be no denying. Together he and Miss Harriman rode day after day through the shadowy fincas, fragrant with faint, penetratingly sweet perfume of the coffee blooms, up and down wild acclivities, over narrow little bridges which trembled beneath the cautious steps of their ponies, through some deep baranca to the river's edge, or up and up to the crest of some sunstruck hill, from where they could get a glimpse of the whole wonderful, flowering isthmus.

Sometimes these excursions would be made in the early morning hours, and then they would start forth while the dawn was still gray and the dew lay like rain on the broad leaves of the banana-trees and a million birds chattered in the groves. Or they would let the heat of the day drift by while they lounged in the corridor laughing and talking, and would set forth in the late afternoon to be gone until the sudden, soft darkness overtook them and the moon lighted them home.

In the evenings there was always the cool screened corridor and talk and laughter and cards, or Constance's guitar, or the gramaphone that played all the latest airs from light operas never to be heard in that far country. The wide corridor afforded a very good place for dancing, and when the chairs and tables and divans were pushed out of the way and the gramaphone set going to the last Broadway topical song, Constance and Kennedy enjoyed many a two-step and waltz under the tropical moon.

Kennedy's business, which had at first seemed so pressing as to be likely to limit his visit at El Paraiso to a day or two, receded diurnally before the encroachments of new interests and pleasures which were, to Mrs. Kimbrough's mind at least, too obviously engrossing him. The multifarious duties awaiting him at La Seiba apparently diminished in importance in a mysterious but delightful fashion, until even Kimbrough, aware of Kennedy's overdue reports to his company and the inefficiency of this Mexican *superintendente*, became uneasy at his prolonged stay—an uneasiness which it was obviously impossible to impart to either of his guests.

Kennedy did, indeed, on several occasions, make tentative preparations to leave which were usually broached in the morning and unfailingly abandoned before night. Kimbrough's polite generalization that he would send him on up the river in a canoe at any time he might feel compelled to leave, was met by a grateful obtuseness that rather irritated Edith.

"He really ought to go on—I'm sure they need him up at La Seiba, Max," she observed to Kimbrough one afternoon. They were seated on the corridor from where they had a very good view of Constance and Kennedy strolling about the garden. Kennedy, who had just fashioned a wreath of gardenias, was fastening it in Constance's hair, and they were laughing like children.

"Oh, let them enjoy themselves, Edie! He's bound to go on pretty soon. Besides, I thought you wanted him to amuse Constance—and, by Jove, she looks a hundred per cent. better than she did a week ago!"

"I don't want him to be too amusing," said Edith impressively, and she got up and went into the house to speak to Wong about the dinner.

As for Kennedy, the days went by and he seemed literally unable to make up his mind to leave. He knew that a dozen important things awaited his immediate attention at the hacienda, that Kimbrough must be wondering at his prolonged stay, that it was worse than foolish for him to linger, that honor itself demanded that he should go.

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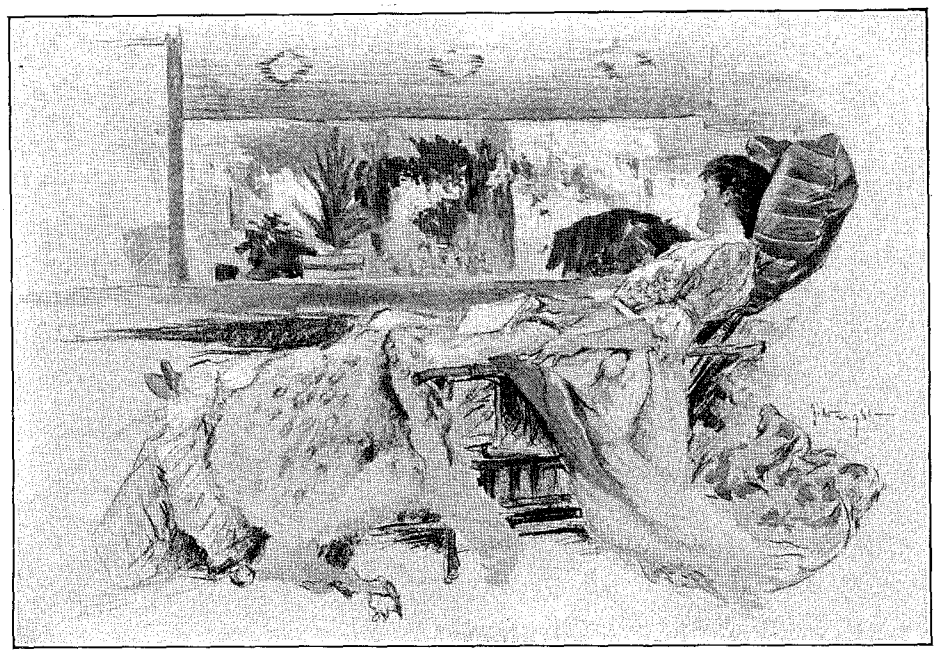

She would spend hours sunk in the depths of a wicker chair.—Page 467.

And yet he stayed. It had been almost two years since he had gone back to the States—since he had seen a girl like Constance Harriman. The rides and talks with her, the vivid days and cool evenings in her company were intense and long-foregone delights—too much prized, too dangerously pleasant, he told himself over and over, but too rare to be lightly given up. There would be long months of abstinence later, he argued, when he could do penance for this feast of the senses. Besides, Constance liked him and, without knowing exactly how or why, he felt that she needed a friend. She appealed to him in some subtle way, and before this mute exordium he was powerless to leave her.

Their sympathies and tastes had numberless points of contact, constantly augmented by Constance's eagerness to know and understand this strange tropical life and Kennedy's keen pleasure in depicting it to her. Three years on the isthmus had made a pretty good Mexican of him, and he could tell her of all the amusing and interesting phases of his semitropical life.

"I like it down here—I like the life and the country—although I'm not sure it is overly good for one." They were walking their horses on a narrow sandy strip of land that stretched along the river for half a mile, and Kennedy was talking. "The mañana habit fastens on one inevitably and then one loses one's standard of ideals somehow."

"It seems to me as if one might preserve one's standard of ideals more easily down here than in the big, seething world we know—there must be so few 'assaults of the devil' to withstand in this peaceful, flowery land," objected Constance, smiling a little.

"Ah, you think so because you don't know the life here," returned Kennedy quickly. "The loneliness makes one reckless. Often one is ready to swear that there is no such thing as right and wrong down here. Were you ever high up in the Madison Square tower at night? No, of course not—well, it's an illuminating experience, and sufficiently dangerous. One feels as if the old, inherited order of things had suddenly passed away, as if one had severed all connection with the things of this earth, and were made a law unto himself; there is an exhilarating sense of detachment, of irresponsibility high up there in the air, and it's that same sort of feeling which strikes a fellow here in this out-of-the-world spot." He looked at the girl riding beside him, and then quickly out to the brown, tumbling river.

"I should think that feeling might prove as much of an incentive to some great act

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as to one of lawlessness or recklessness," said Constance gravely.

"Yes—I suppose it depends on the fundamental character of the person. It's a sort of test—a piece of moral litmus paper," and Kennedy laughed uneasily. "I'm afraid I'm turning the wrong color now," he went on with affected gayety. "You see I ought to have been at La Seiba a week and more ago. By Jove, I suppose I shall have to go on up in the canoe with Kimbrough day after tomorrow. I have a suspicion that that sudden call of his up the Coatzacoalcos is partly due to his desire to get me back to work. He's such a thorough-going chap himself that it makes him unhappy to see me loafing around when he knows I'm badly needed at the hacienda. Enrique is such a duffer of a *superintendente!*" He flicked his pony meditatively and stared out over the river again.

"Of course you must go 'where duty calls you,'" said Constance lightly, but she felt a curious sinking of the heart. Kennedy was very good to look at, and had been constantly with her for ten days; there was a boyish good-humor about him, a reserve of physical strength, a sure knowledge of the place and people which had made their little excursions most agreeable.

"I knew you would say that, but I was hoping you wouldn't!" Kennedy's voice broke in on her thoughts and there was a whimsical note of disappointment in it. "Well, of course I'm going, but first we are to have our great ride through the jungle tomorrow over to Tres Rios, and then I'm coming back in five weeks for Christmas, you know. Mrs. Kimbrough invited me this morning and I accepted with joy."

"Oh, I *am* so glad!" she said impulsively.

Kennedy turned half-way round in his saddle, and looked at the girl. His face was a little pale.

"Do you mean that?" he asked.

"Of course," she said lightly, but she gave him back his look.

II

THE next morning they set out after a very early breakfast; Florentino, armed with an immense machete, preceding them on foot to cut a path where the jungle growth should prove too dense for even the sure-footed little ponies to squirm through. He looked like some great bronze giant as he swung ahead of them, his white cotton trousers rolled up to the thighs, the blouse lying open on the broad chest, a sombrero rakishly tilted over one liquid brown eye.

Their way lay first through the coffee fincas, where already the pickers were busily at work. After a mile and a half they left their fragrant path and struck across the finca into the jungle. It was but the beginning of the dry season and few visitors had passed over the trail to El Paraiso in several months, consequently the undergrowth was luxuriant and at points almost impenetrable. Florentino swung his machete to such good purpose, however, that they proceeded, though slowly. Once when they found the road completely choked by three great trees which had fallen across it, they had to make a long détour. It was eleven o'clock when they got back to the trail, and the sun struck down so fiercely wherever the great trees stood a little apart that Kennedy proposed a halt and rest.

"We aren't more than half a mile from the Tres Rios fincas now," he said. "We can go through them like a shot and get up to the house in time for luncheon. I think we had better stop here a bit. There's a place I want you to see, Miss Harriman—it's my favorite show place, just beyond the next vuelta."

They rode on for a few moments, and then suddenly, beyond a sharp turn in the trail, they came out into an open circular space, so lovely and curious that it drew a little cry of delight from Constance. Great palms of many different sorts—sago, royal, fan-palms—were grouped about as though by design, while overhead hung a lacy network of some fantastic tropical vine. The fragrant silence and solitude of the place were broken only by the whir and song of birds as they darted in and out.

"It always makes me think of a church, somehow," began Kennedy in a whisper.

"Yes; it looks for all the world like a chancel decorated for a wedding by Thorley or Fleischman. I shouldn't be a bit surprised any minute to hear the vested choir begin 'O Perfect Love,'" said Constance, laughing.

They slid off their horses, which Florentino, led a little way up the trail, and threw themselves on the soft ground.

"There's something else it reminds me of, too." Kennedy clasped his hands behind

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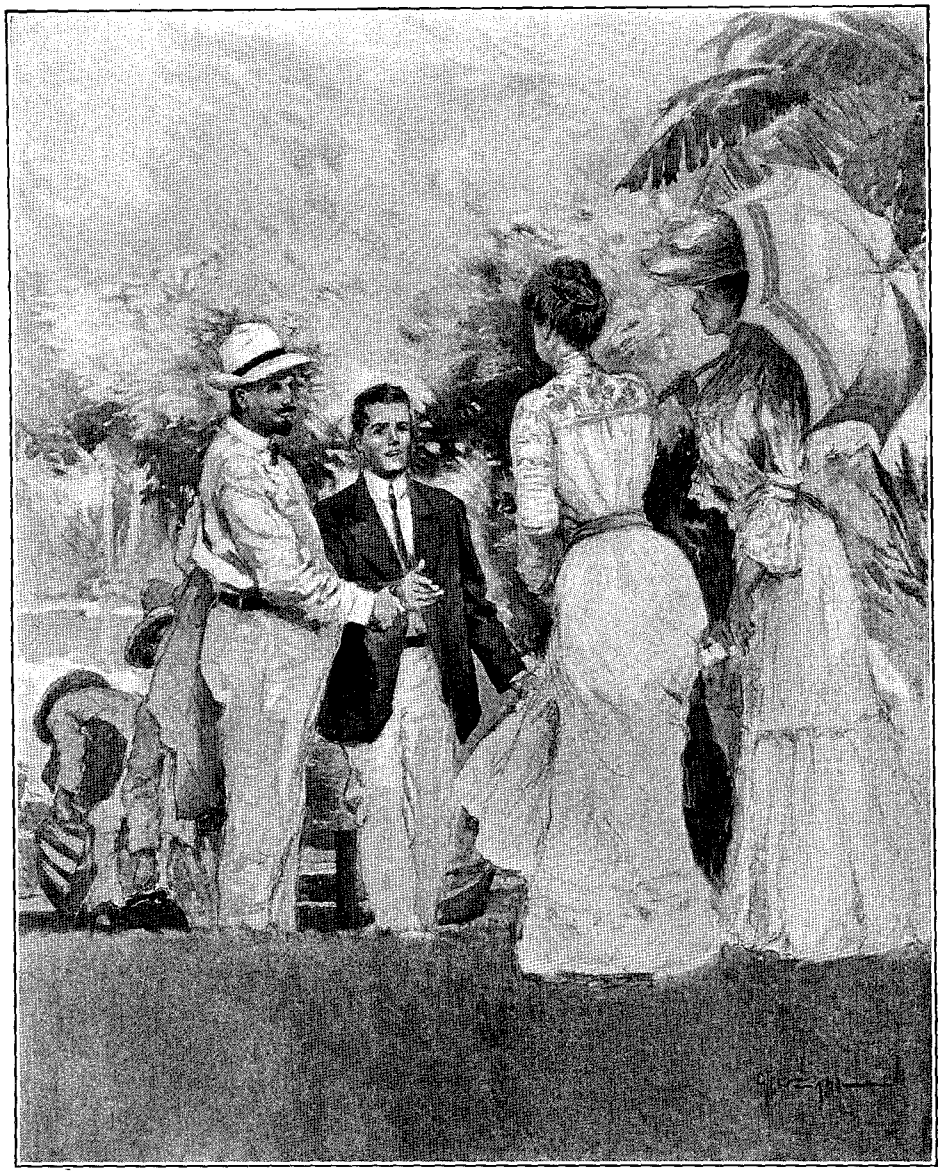

"I was a willing victim, Mrs. Kimbrough," laughed Kennedy.—Page 467.

his head and gazed up at the brilliant birds circling about. "It makes me think of that scene in 'Siegfried' where he is in the forest listening to the birds. Now, if we too had only had a taste of the dragon's blood we might understand what they were chattering about."

"The dragon's blood! I think we all get a taste of it sooner or later," said Constance. She spoke in a low tone, turning her face, away from Kennedy. He looked at her in silence for a second and then, leaning forward on his elbow, he put out a hand and laid it on hers.

"Have you already had your taste?" he asked.

"Yes, and now I, too, understand many things which were meaningless to me before. That is the only consolation—that we can understand and—and sympathize and perhaps—help."

"It seems too cruel that you should have

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to learn! You should have lived in happy ignorance," began Kennedy hotly, but the girl interrupted him.

"No, no, don't say that! No matter how bitter the dragon's blood is, it is better to *know*—not to stumble along in the dark, missing one's opportunities to set things straight, to help a little."

"You talk like an inexperienced schoolgirl—or a Christian martyr." Kennedy spoke impatiently. "Are you going to spend your life 'setting things straight'? You had better take the 'goods the gods provide you' and be happy. '*Carpe diem*' is a good enough motto for me——" he broke off, laughing, and then he went on aggressively: "I told you this life made one reckless—everything seems so far away. You couldn't play the game of 'consequences' down here to save your life."

The girl shook her head, smiling a little.

"No matter how far off things seem, 'consequences' have a way of coming very near."

"Well, I know one awful consequence of staying here any longer, and that is that there won't be any luncheon left if we don't hurry," laughed Kennedy, springing up. He called to Florentino to lead the ponies back and mounted Constance, his hands lingering a little over their work of arranging her skirt and gathering up her bridle.

It was late—later than Kennedy had intended—when they started back for El Paraiso. They had lingered over luncheon with young Raymond, the manager of Tres Rios, and then Constance and pretty little Mrs. Raymond had insisted on a short siesta, and then there were the tienda and the beneficio and the peon villages to see, so that it was four o'clock when they waved their farewells as they rode away through the finca.

At the edge of the jungle Florentino, with many apologies to the patron, advised a slightly different route, which, though it meant rougher riding, would save distance and time. Kennedy demurred on Constance's account, but she eagerly seconded Florentino's suggestion and, turning to the right, followed his lead into the dense wood. Some secret trepidation, some vague premonition, made her anxious to get back to El Paraiso.

They had ridden steadily for a couple of hours when suddenly an exclamation from the peon Florentino, who kept thirty or forty yards ahead of them, caused them to hurry forward. He was standing on the steep bank of a turbulent little stream, waving an ineffectual arm toward the wreck of a bridge.

"El puente!" he cried tragically.

Kennedy slid off his pony and gazed ruefully at the scene.

"Confound that rotten bridge! Never mind, Miss Harriman, the tree that does duty for a foot-bridge is still left. I'll carry you over on that and Florentino will take the ponies."

Unmindful of her protests, he lifted her down and threw the reins to the peon, who mounted Kennedy's pony and plunged into the stream, leading the other.

For a second Constance struggled to regain her feet and then, conscious that she was making Kennedy's task, already sufficiently difficult, more so, she lay quietly in his arms while he made his way across the foot-wide tree trunk. He walked with such sureness and swiftness that Constance felt no fear, rejoicing suddenly in his strength and audacity. On the other side he made no motion to put her down and, looking up to question him, her eyes met his. Her face paled beneath his gaze. In it there was such a look of reckless, triumphant possession that she shrank from him.

"Don't be afraid—I love you," he said quietly. He carried her over to where the ponies were waiting—Florentino had left them and plunged on ahead into the forest—and lifted her to her saddle. Suddenly Kennedy put his face down and pressed his lips against her sleeve.

"Don't, don't!" said Constance, trembling a little.

"Why not?" he demanded. "I love you."

"But—but I hardly know you—two weeks ago I—I had never heard your name——"

"Two weeks ago—why that's a lifetime!" he said and laughed excitedly. "Two weeks ago! Why, I never lived until then! I have forgotten every blessed thing that ever happened to me before that——" He stopped abruptly, his eyes blazing, but his face going curiously white. He looked at the girl intently. "If—if you should hear things about me, remember nothing matters—my life began the day I saw you—and don't forget what I told you about this life down here—the loneliness makes one reckless, mad for sympathy——"

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Drawn by George Wright.

He walked with such sureness and swiftness that Constance felt no fear.—Page 472.

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"Hush!" said the girl softly, but she was smiling a little. "I can't let you talk like this!"

"Heaven knows I have tried not to, but —will you let me tell you everything when I come back Christmas?"

"Yes, yes; but not now—not a word!"

She touched her pony lightly, and in silence they took up the trail again through the jungle. On and on they rode, twisting and turning amid the India-rubber and banana trees and giant palms that hindered their way, under the strange, drooping foliage of the great amate trees, through which sifted the last rays of the afternoon sun. The darkness had overtaken them, the darkness suffused with the white radiance of a big tropical moon, which had risen somewhere beyond the great forest trees and the broad river, when they struck once more into the coffee fincas of El Paraiso. The path was wide and clear here, and, leaving Florentino far behind, singing as he strode along, they galloped down the fragrant avenues of coffee trees, brushing, as they passed, the shining leaves nodding level with their heads and the white, star-like blossoms with their faint Oriental perfume.

III

"I'm glad you enjoyed the day so much." Mrs. Kimbrough spoke perfunctorily. It was late, and she was moving rather uneasily about Miss Harriman's room while Constance braided her hair for the night. "Arthur Kennedy is a nice boy," she hazarded at length.

"Yes," assented the girl. She was afraid to say more lest the happiness in her voice should betray her—she had not got used to being happy again. She blushed so hotly that she hid her face from Edith under pretence of opening one of the long windows.

"It's too bad that he is needed at La Seiba. It is so lonely here for you that I would be glad to have him stay and amuse you, but Max says his reports are frightfully overdue, and that he ought to go on up to the hacienda and—and really, Constance, you are much too attractive for an engaged man to hang about——" She spoke breathlessly and there was a pause before Miss Harriman answered from the window.

"Oh, so he is engaged?" She asked the question so coolly that Mrs. Kimbrough felt a sudden sensation of relief. After all, the little revelation which somehow she had rather dreaded to make and had put off from day to day, she scarcely knew why, was of no importance to Constance.

"Why, yes," she said briskly. "He's been engaged for a couple of years to Mary Emerson, of St. Louis. She's a splendid girl. I saw a little of her when I visited there two years ago. I've always meant to ask her down to visit me some time, I took such a fancy to her. And then I heard she was engaged to Arthur. I'm afraid she's too good for him, for, although I like him, and he is very jolly and a good enough manager, still I've always felt there was something weak about him. You see how he's hung about here instead of going on up to La Seiba as he really should have done—but it was just like him to be fascinated by your *beaux yeux*—he couldn't help it to save his life——"

Miss Harriman put up a hand to hide a little yawn.

"Edie, I'm going to be horribly rude and put you out," she said. "We can talk about Mr. Kennedy's engagement to-morrow after he and Max have gone. Just now, please, remember that I've ridden sixteen miles through the jungle and every civilized bone in my body aches."

When she was quite alone she closed the door carefully and going over to the open window she knelt down and gazed out into the darkness. The moon was high in the heavens now and poured its white light down upon her. The warm silence of the night was unbroken save for the faint tinkle of an jarana far down the river road, in the peon quarters or the soft whir of some belated bird winging to its nest.

She knelt there for hours, her new self—the self she had only known since she had tasted the dragon's blood—battling with the old. She went over it all slowly, painfully, turning her face valiantly from that new happiness she had but caught a glimpse of and trying to look fairly and squarely at what lay before her. She had taken what she had no right to—unknowingly, but no less cruelly; if he had done wrong consciously, she had unconsciously, and someone would suffer for it. She remembered, with a sharp pang, how she had suffered, and now another girl would suffer through her! She knew what that meant; she had

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been through it; she could never deceive herself by any profession of ignorance. In the soft darkness her thoughts turned with a strange tenderness and pity to that unknown girl, whose fate she held in her hand and who was not there to defend herself. Were her professions to Kennedy, only that morning, meaningless? She had told him that the only consolation for the bitterness of knowledge was comprehending sympathy, the desire to help. She shivered a little as the night wind blew over her. After all, it was not too late—she could draw back—renunciation was not impossible——

When she got stiffly to her feet the first light of the dawning day was struggling through the night shadows. She moved toward a desk in a corner of the room.

"I must be quick or he and Max will start," she said softly to herself. She seated herself and drew out paper and pen. For a moment she sat there helplessly staring at the blank sheet, and then she bent over her task. When she had finished she read it over swiftly.

I have just heard from Edith what it was inevitable I should hear, and what I wish you had told me. I do not blame you too much, for I understand—perhaps better than you think possible—your temptation. All that you have ever told me of your life here comes back to me and explains how this has happened.

We shall not see each other again, for when Max gives you this note—I shall tell him to keep it until you reach La Seiba—I shall be far from here. You must forget me and remember only your loyalty to the girl who trusted you and loved you long before I had ever seen you. This will be the easier for you to do, for when I leave to-morrow I shall take with me Edith's promise to have her here for Christmas. Edith will be glad to help us make this reparation, I know. When you come back to El Paraiso she will be here in my place. May it be the happiest Christmas of your life!

When she had finished reading the hastily written page she pencilled a line to Kimbrough, and slipping across the wide hall, she pushed the two envelopes under his door.

The cool dawn was flooding her room when she regained it. Once more she knelt by the open window looking out on the coming day as she had gazed into the night. But she was no longer troubled. From within and without came the sounds of awakening life, while from the garden below the benumbing sweetness of gardenias and roses floated up and mingled with the morning air.

IN THE WOODS

By Olive Tilford Dargan

THIS is the haunted forest, and I lay
  My head where slept a gnome but yesternight;
  The moss is drowsy yet with his breath's might
That laid it in the swoon of elden day;
In yonder oak there rustles and away
  A dryad that once kissed a dreaming wight
  And made him hers; and swart magicians plight
Their souls to darkness where yon yew trees sway.

Ay, 'tis the haunted forest; nor evermore
  Shall we the magic read of bough and bud,
Forever vibrant with the primal power
  That touched the first dim wave on nature's flood
Fair mysteries that guard the house of God,
  And bid us knock, but never ope the door.

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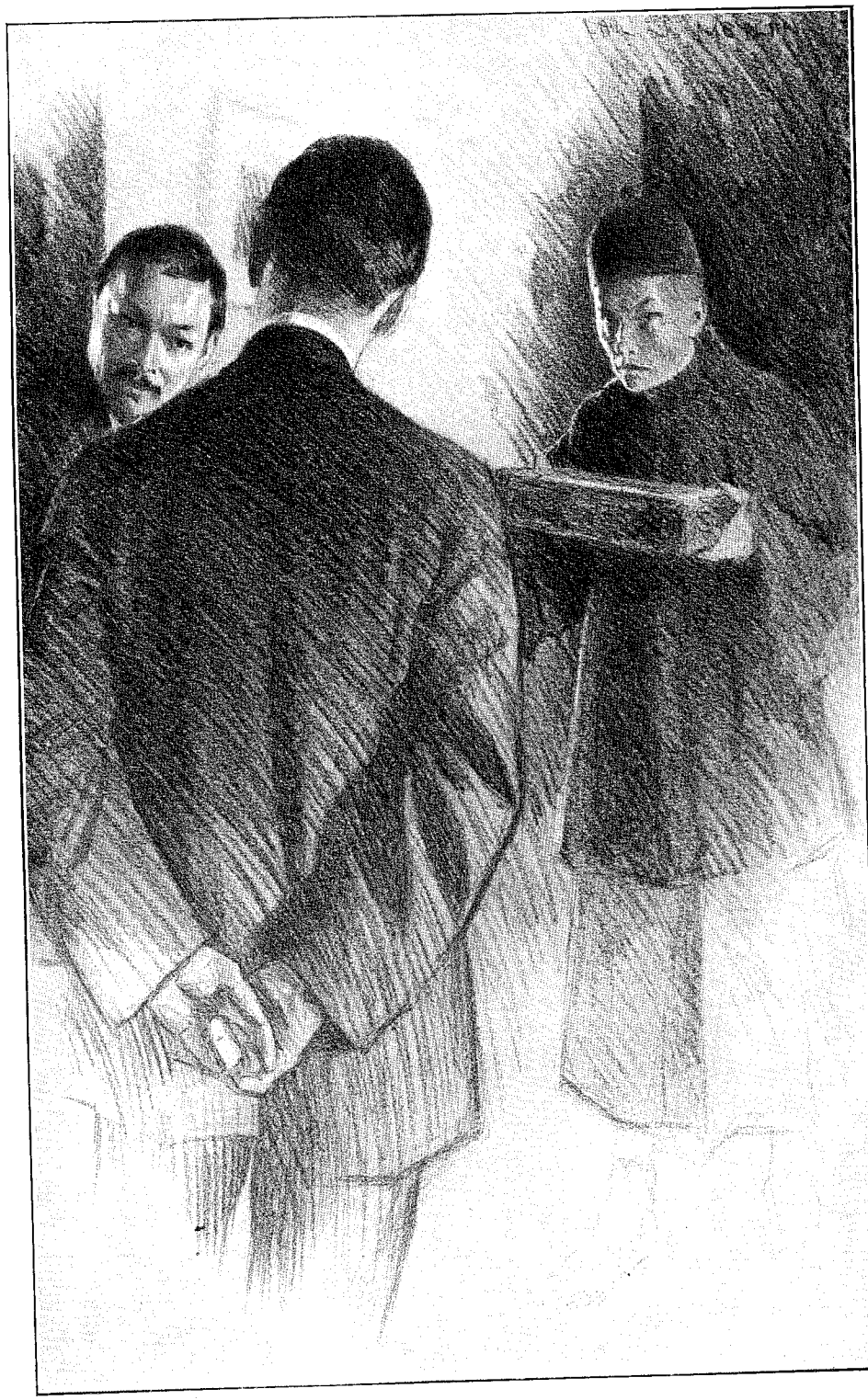

Drawn by Paul J. Meylan.

A servant brought in a large flat box.—Page 479.

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THE ROSEBACK PLATE

By Winfield Scott Moody

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL J. MEYLAN

EVER since the incident of the Pickwick ladle, which turned out to be a reproduction, Mrs. Peter Wyckoff had cherished a gentle melancholy. She did not accuse herself of priggishness in her taste for antiquities, yet she confessed to a strange desire to possess some actual treasure, not to be duplicated or not to be matched in beauty and variety outside a museum.

"I did think we had got a really valuable original, for a while, Peter," she sighed, as she regarded her husband across the coffee-cups one evening in the early spring of 1905.

"But we may find something else," responded the optimistic member of the family. "You never can tell when it may turn up. What sort of thing were you thinking of—furniture, or silver, or china? I know where there are some old spoons and a little teapot that the dealer swears were made by Paul Revere's own hands. But he wants too much money for them."

"That's really the trouble," she admitted. "And, of course, here in America we haven't the chance to find things that people in Europe have who can prowl around among odds and ends. The little *débris* in Paris or Florence, for instance, is all so interesting. And though all our things are nice, and we love them, yet it does seem as if we hadn't anything which we couldn't go out and replace with something equally good of its own kind if we had the money. What I want is one real museum piece, some one precious thing which we could be proud to show even to a great collector."

"It's true that the old things are growing scarcer every day, as John Rorke says," reflected Peter. "The old nations are learning new tricks. Consider the atrocities of 'art' which Japan is turning out, now. Even Russia and China, which are the last of 'em to move, are getting shaken out of their old ways."

"Is there any real war news to-night?" she asked.

"Not a drop," he answered.

If anybody's memory chance to run as far back as the early spring of 1905 (in these years of many events and swift forgetfulness) he will recall that the arms of Russia and Japan were then practically at a deadlock. The war news had been hidden away on the inside pages of the *Elector* for several weeks, and there were no visible signs of life in it one morning when the city editor of that influential journal called Mr. Peter Wyckoff to his desk.

"Here's a 'tip' that has been sent in," he said, referring to a memorandum in his hand, "which may have something interesting behind it, though the fact isn't much. Some old Chinese or other is accused of smuggling, and he's up at the Chinese Consulate in Ninth Street now, trying to squirm out of it. Better go up there and see what it is all about. You seem to be fond of the Chinese."

When Peter rang the bell at the Consulate the door was opened by a Chinese house-servant in something as near a state of perturbation as such a stolid individual ever betrays. Peter, inquiring for the consul, stepped inside the door of the drawing-room, the servant being in too great confusion to guide him elsewhere; and he found himself in the presence of four men. One was the consul, Mr. Ting, with whom Peter had a newspaper man's acquaintance. The second was an unmistakable Irishman in the uniform of a United States customs inspector. The other two men were Chinese. The elder wore Oriental dress, and his silk cap was topped with a tall ornament of carved carnelian. The younger Chinese wore Western clothing and had dispensed with his cue. As his eyes met Peter's they both stared in the sudden surprise of unexpected recognition.

Peter bowed profoundly to the grave old consul.

"Good-morning, Mr. Ting," said he. "I have called to see you in reference to some Custom-house misunderstanding which I am told you can explain. But will you allow me to speak to an old classmate of mine whom I haven't seen since we were at Yale, years ago?"

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The consul bowed in turn, with a look of surprise. Peter and the younger Chinese shook hands warmly.

"This is great luck, Liang," he said. "I'm delighted to see you in America again, and hope you'll let me know if I can be of the slightest service to you." He turned to the consul. "I didn't mean to intrude on a private conversation, Mr. Ting, but the boy showed me in here. Shall I wait elsewhere?"

As Peter spoke, the door-bell rang again, and the noiseless servant showed another man into the room. Peter instantly recognized the official interpreter of the consulate, a tall, smoothly shaven Irishman, whose interesting face showed the mark of the expert detective overlaid with something of Oriental astuteness and authority. This was Mr. Thomas O'Hara, who after years of experience in his official place, knew quite as many tricks of the Chinese in New York as the consul himself, and whose practical efficiency far outran the measure of his title.

O'Hara gave respectful greeting to Mr. Ting and the two strangers. Then he turned to the Custom-house inspector with the curtness of a superior officer. In a few words the inspector stated his case: The old Chinese had very valuable objects of art in his baggage which he had not declared for duty, and, since all Chinese looked alike to this diligent servant of the customs, he was bent on sending the old mandarin to Ellis Island preparatory to deporting him back to China, and to confiscate his boxes.

But the inspector knew O'Hara. It appeared that O'Hara was a universal power, able even in a black coat to overawe the brass buttons of Federal office. He listened to the inspector's tale; then conversed in Chinese with the consul for a few moments. The result was that the inspector departed, apologetic and convinced that he had made a mistake; and O'Hara was presented with much ceremony to the old Chinese, who was no less a personage than Prince Liang Tung Ho, on his travels in America, attended by his son, Liang Shen, and clothed with an authority corresponding with that of an ambassador, which relieved him from any responsibility to the customs' requirements of Uncle Sam, although the old Chinese was registered simply as Mr. Liang at the Holland House, and his incognito was to be respected by the newspapers.

All this was conveyed to Mr. Peter Wyckoff, together with the hint that any mention in print of the Custom-house misunderstanding would be deeply regretted by the Son of Heaven and his unworthy servant, the aforesaid noble traveller incognito, so that Peter reported "no story" to the city editor, with such explanations as were necessary. Whereupon the incident at the Consulate was officially closed.

But in his private and unofficial capacity Peter called on the two travellers that evening. He found them lodged with some degree of splendor, and his old classmate a bit matured in the six or seven years since their commencement day. The elder Liang confessed to slight fatigue after what had been to him a rather trying day—his first experience of uncompromising Western democracy. His son interpreted for a few minutes, when the prince retired to his bedchamber and left the younger man with Peter, after delivering a request in Chinese which was acknowledged with great formality and respect.

In the hour that followed Peter gave some general account of himself and his fortunes to his classmate, and in return he learned that young Liang, in addition to the prime good luck of having kept his head on his shoulders during the recent ticklish period in Chinese imperial politics, had maintained and advanced his position in what the Chinese believe corresponds to the diplomatic service of other nations. At present, he was in attendance upon and in cooperation with his father in a political mission whose scope he was not at liberty to disclose, but which involved a protracted stay in America. Liang concluded:

"It may be that soon you will know more about it—enough to guess the whole. But for the present, we are simply two travellers who are interested in your country. My father is here for the first time. Naturally, he finds much that is very strange in his eyes. I hope to make his experiences bear more lightly on him, for I understand the Western manners." (If Liang smiled at the word "manners" his face did not show it.) "And in relation to the incident this morning he wishes me to express to you, again, his thanks for your courtesy in keeping the matter out of the paper, and he begs your acceptance of a slight token of his appreciation."

With this, the young Chinese brought forward a little silk case, which he opened, dis-

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playing a shallow cup of grayish stone, its edge deeply carved in a formal pattern. "A little jade dish for your cigar ashes," he smiled. "This is what we call 'pork-fat' color. Do you take any interest in Chinese things?"

Peter's eyes shone with delight as he tried to express his thanks for the bit of jade, together with his protests against having his share in the incident at the Consulate regarded seriously. "I think I care more for your Chinese porcelains, and things like this cup than for all the pictures that ever came out of France," he said. "I know it's a one-sided sort of taste, but I feel that way, and so does Mrs. Wyckoff. Let me thank you for her, too."

Liang bowed. "My father's pleasure and mine are doubled, then," he said with that flavor of formality in phrase which hangs about all Oriental compliments like the odor of sandal-wood in an old cabinet.

"It's pretty hard luck that your father's first impressions of America should have been made so disagreeable by that cheeky Custom-house man," continued Peter. "But they are a difficult lot for strangers to deal with. Did he seem to be after a tip?"

"Oh, no," returned Liang, quietly; "he proposed to send us back to China under your exclusion laws, and to confiscate our baggage, which he said contained dutiable goods which we were trying to smuggle."

Peter did not follow the subject of the exclusion laws. "Trying to smuggle!" he repeated. "Why, you are not merchants."

"But we do not carry European trunks," conceded Liang, "and doubtless our boxes do look as though they contained merchandise. As a matter of fact, we have brought many pieces of porcelain, silks, carvings, and other things of the land, which are intended for gifts to persons of importance in America," he went on; "for that is one of our customs when travelling. The particular thing which aroused the inspector's zeal was a very beautiful old plate which he chanced to find in one of the cases."

Liang turned toward a doorway in the corner of the room, and gave an order in Chinese. In a few moments a servant brought in a large flat box made of some dark wood, elaborately finished with carved panels and little handles and fastenings of wrought brass. Liang unlocked it and pushed back the sliding cover.

Secured by silken straps in a thickly padded nest of embroidered satin, lay a deep plate or charger seven or eight inches in diameter, which Peter instantly recognized as similar to certain of the greatest treasures in the collection of old Chinese porcelains in the Metropolitan Museum, which boasts the finest collection of this kind in the world. Liang lifted it out. "This is a very fine old plate," he said. "Don't you think so?"

Peter took it in his hands. It was what the learned collectors call an "eggshell roseback plate with seven borders," exquisitely thin, and representing the highest perfection of Chinese porcelain in the beautiful *famille rose*. The face of the plate was ornamented with vitreous enamels in the softest tones of pink and pale yellow, and gilding. On the face a series of elaborate borders encircled the central decoration, a scene of domestic life in China, and the entire curve of the back was covered with a deep rose-color, so that the light shining through it diffused a marvellous glow over the coloring of the face.

"What a wonderful thing!" exclaimed Peter. "The colors are so soft, and yet so brilliant. How old is it?"

"Oh, I suppose it was made late in the seventeenth century," said Liang. "This is of Ki'en Lung's time, when the art was at high-water mark. This kind of thing, with the rosy back—the rose-color was produced from gold—was made particularly for the European market; the French admired it very much. You see, these pinks and yellows are over the glaze; they were burned in by a second fixing in small kilns at a lower temperature than that required to bake the plate itself. Ah, yes," he admitted, "it is very beautiful. Nobody knows how to get quite so fine a rose-color as this now. I suppose your Custom-house friend thought I should get a large price for this one."

Peter's gaze lingered lovingly on the fragile masterpiece. "That is worthy to be an emperor's gift to his friend, surely," he mused. "But do you mean to say," he went on laughingly, "that you've got your baggage full of such things? It's like a story out of the 'Arabian Nights.' But then, you are the only great people who have any background of mystery and romance left."

The Chinese smiled gravely. "My father will be gratified to hear that my American friend admires our civilization and our works of art," he said. "And from what you tell

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me of your profession, I think it possible that we may see each other again, before the summer is past. And you may be sure it is very pleasant to me to renew one of the friendships of university days. Have you kept track of many of the men in our old division?" Thus the talk drifted to memories of undergraduate life, and it was so late when Peter got home that Edith's curtain lecture was averted only by an exhibition of the jade cup, and a careful description of the glories of the roseback plate.

One fine morning in June the war news reappeared with a flourish on the first page of the newspapers. President Roosevelt had consulted the ambassadors of Russia and Japan, and had invited the two governments to send special envoys to confer with each other in America, in the interests of peace. This action was criticised severely by all the local authorities on international law and courtesy in every country grocery store and at every boarding-house table in this happy land of free speech. Condign disaster was predicted as sure to follow such impetuous intervention. Nobody may say, even now, just how the impulse came—what royal personage first whispered to the President—nor need anybody care. Russia sulked, but showed no disposition to declare war upon the United States in consequence of the suggestion, and on being pressed to accept, did so. Japan thanked us kindly for the suggestion, and took pleasure in falling in with it. And so, with fitting deliberation, it was agreed that the plenipotentiaries of Russia and Japan should meet in Washington to match their wits, while their arms remained at deadlock on the Manchurian mountains. And as an after-thought, since Washington is not habitable in the hot weather, the Portsmouth Navy Yard was designated as a convenient rendezvous for the distinguished visitors.

As soon as this had been definitely decided, in July, the managing editor of the *Elector* made his plans. "Mr. Wyckoff," he said, "I want you to take charge of this Portsmouth story. I'll send Babbitt and Erskine to help you, and we will arrange for our own wire from the hotel right into the office here, when things get going; but you will have to stay down there from next Monday until the break-up. I've engaged quarters for you at the Wentworth. Better make your arrangements at home to be away for six weeks, at least. It'll be the hardest work you ever had; you will find 'em very shifty, and not easy milkers, at all. The Russians hate newspaper men, but if Rosen tells you a thing squarely, it'll be true. As to the Japs—they're an unknown quantity all around. But, of course, it's the biggest story of the year, and a summer at the Wentworth will have some compensations. Good luck to you!"

When Peter went home and told Edith she clasped her hands.

"But what am I going to do all summer?" she protested.

Peter answered her complaint with a smile. "Why not come along?" he suggested. "You have to go to the country, any way; and we can close the apartment for as long as we choose."

"Oh," she cried, her eyes very round, "won't it be fun! Just think of staying in that lovely old town—why, it's the Tom Bailey place, Peter! And I've always wanted to see a really old-fashioned New England town; and I've never been in one—except Boston, and that's rather large," she added reflectively.

"Yes; and think of the houses full of old furniture and china," said Peter. "Think of the fun of browsing around in such a place as that. But I guess you'll have to do all the hunting—unless I'm mistaken, I shall have to sit right down by the side of that job at the Wentworth and never leave it, night or day."

So it came to pass that the last week in July found them in the drowsy old town which had never suffered such an invasion before, since its foundation. Peter's newspaper, like the others, had engaged rooms for its representatives at the Wentworth Hotel, where the envoys were to be housed and entertained by the State of New Hampshire, but not a single nook which a hotel clerk's imagination could classify as a room remained unbespoken under all its various sprawling roofs. So Edith had to be contented with quarters in a hotel named for another historic governor, and Peter came over to see her, just as it used to be when they were engaged. The envoys were to arrive early in August, so Peter and Edith had about a week in which to spy out the land.

Neither of these two young people had ever found the chance, until now, to explore an unspoiled New England town. Together

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they walked through the deeply shaded, quiet old streets, and beheld with their eyes the prim, green-shuttered, fan-lighted doorways of the houses, approached by two or three worn stone steps. "O Peter!" cried Edith one morning as they came upon a low, many-roofed old house tucked away at an angle with the street, and in their glance at the narrow window saw a woman's face, thin and shadowy, peering out beside a half-drawn curtain; "do see that! It might be the very house with the seven gables itself, only that was in Salem! But how faded and remote it all seems, doesn't it? And just *look* at that lovely old knocker on the door! Oh, these are the real old-fashioned Americans who live here, I'm sure—just like the people who came over here two hundred years ago to be free to worship and to live away from all the brawl and sordidness of cities! Isn't it like a dream?"

As she spoke, a lank, sandy-haired young man stepped around the corner of the house. "Mornin'," he said blandly. "Excuse my speakin', but I see you was strangers, and thought you might be interested in antiques —I make a speci*al*ty o' such things, and ef you sh'd ever care to look through my c'lection, I'd like to hand ye a ca'd."

Edith stood dumb with surprise. Peter took the card inscribed with the name and business of Joel H. Coffin.

"Ye see," went on Mr. Coffin, "me and my brothers keep the biggest pa't of our stock in the haouse, here, but we've got a store, too, daown by the dock, where we ketch the folks comin' in on the boat. Ef you and your lady sh'd be lookin' for ginooine old antiques, I wish ye'd give us a call."

Slowly recognizing the fact that the leading industries in most old New England towns are now the keeping of summer boarders and the selling of "antiques," Peter and Edith made their way toward the water-front. Beyond the shining expanse of the river widening to the bay, the long, green slope of Kittery Point was crowned by that sprawling white barrack, the Wentworth Hotel, where the foreign visitors were to live during the Peace Conference. And so far as everybody else was concerned, also, this place was the nerve-centre of everything. Nobody will ever know what the envoys thought of the naval stores building, in the Navy Yard, where they held their meetings. It was a gaunt, gray pile of lumber which looked like a grain elevator, in which a few rooms had been put in formal masquerade of mahogany furniture and Eastern carpets and draperies. No greater contrast with the stately palaces of Russia or the artistic structures of Japan could be imagined; but doubtless diplomatic tact never allowed itself to be surprised at the appearance of the Summer Palace of the American mediator.

The Wentworth is a good type of the American country hotel of the older fashion—like some of the oldest of the big wooden taverns with piazzas two stories high, to be found in the White Mountains, or the Berkshires, or along the coast. Architecturally ugly, and painful in detail of furniture and decoration, its great extent was packed full and overflowing with the most varied and picturesque crowd ever gathered in New England. Besides the Russian and Japanese envoys and their suites, including scores of *attachés*, interpreters, and servants, almost every European power was represented, if not avowedly, no less actually, in the cosmopolitan throng which moved about the long, lofty piazzas, lounged upon the chairs and divans under the electric chandelier in the big office, spun about the country in automobiles, strolled along the winding roads, and starred the quiet vistas of the old town with unaccustomed bits of vivid color in foreign uniforms or strange apparel of many kinds. A number of ladies accompanied the Russians, and these, together with the host of American matrons and their tall daughters, who inspected the foreign officers with frank interest, were like the sparkling bubbles thrown up from the surface of this deep caldron whose boiling was so narrowly watched by newspaper men assembled from the four corners of the earth.

Peter speedily made the acquaintance of a few correspondents from English, French, and German newspapers, besides the alert company of men from every important journal in America. As he listened to the first greetings of the foreign correspondents who were renewing friendships dating back to Ladysmith, or Hong Kong, or Cuba, or Paris, he realized even more fully the importance of the present occasion, and he found he needed to call out all his reserve of acuteness and patience to winnow out the little wheat of real news from the dusty cloud of rumors which filled the air. Each

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day the official spokesman of the Russian and Japanese envoys conveyed a number of carefully worded sentences to the newspaper men, which Peter soon discovered to be capable of as many different interpretations as one chose. Every correspondent saw the news through his own eyes; the report which went to San Francisco was different from the Chicago man's idea of it, and from that of the correspondent from New Orleans or Boston or St. Louis or New York. The Japanese reporters wrote out despatches couched in such elegant phrases as are not known in Western newspaper offices; the French and German correspondents cabled their several impressions; the Englishmen told their own stories.

Peter found a valuable counsellor in the chief correspondent of the London *Century*, one Dr. Arthur Henry, whose work had taken him to the remotest capitals, and whose tact and astuteness had made him known as "the most influential white man in the Far East." This correspondent, who was habitually received in Oriental countries with the honors accorded to a plenipotentiary, was a slender, fair-haired man, with an air of gentle boredom and the constitution of a steel cable. Apparently he was endowed with unearthly powers of intuition; actually, he was an acute and discreet man who possessed very fully the confidence of persons able to give him the most accurate information, and who never in the slightest degree betrayed that confidence; he never printed without leave. This man, with perhaps half a dozen correspondents from leading American newspapers, soon drifted together into a sort of informal board of strategy; and Peter found that the result of these daily conferences was the nearest possible approach to an accurate *résumé* of the actual happenings in the big conference chamber over at the navy yard.

For the first week after the arrival of the Russian and Japanese envoys, their departure from the hotel in the morning and their return in the afternoon were the occasion for a great crush of people on the piazza. Count Witte and Baron Rosen, the Russian ambassador, Baron Komura, and Minister Takahira naturally held the centre of the stage; but after a few days the great American public ceased to take special interest in these leading figures, and the young women began to amuse themselves with a tiny Japanese princelet, whose admiration for all Western arts and graces was in inverse ratio to his stature. And so the summer days slipped away in the hotel; the girls played with the Japanese doll and flirted with half a dozen of the French and Russian *attachés*, or begged an occasional newspaper man who fell into their net to explain to them why the Portsmouth Navy Yard was situated in the town of Kittery and in the State of Maine. Old ladies and gentlemen played bridge for six hours at a sitting. The rows of big motor-cars in front of the long piazza stood like a regiment of warrior beetles with bulging eyes and armored backs; a few intrepid spirits played tennis in the broiling sun on the little knoll that rose between the hotel and the blue, glittering sea; the room on the ground-floor filled with telegraph instruments which chattered softly every now and then among themselves was never deserted, day or night, by half a dozen operators ready to sound the general *reveille* should occasion rise; the long stretch of the back piazza, thickly sown with little tables, was never without a few thirsty mortals; while always, everywhere the air was full of something indefinable, vague, elusive, yet sharply perceptible by the journalistic sense—the Spirit of News.

Edith and Peter found time during the succession of long, bright days to go treasure hunting in Portsmouth. They ransacked the shop of Mr. Joel H. Coffin, and discovered that there were three half-brothers in the Coffin family (making one brother and a half, as Edith reflected), each of whom seemed more guileful than the others. They listened to the eloquence of the aged Deacon Woodhouse, an *antiquaire* who never wore a coat and swathed his patriarchal throat in a soft stock which was considered to be white; they rummaged among the wares of a deaf old gentleman who possessed more rickety furniture and broken dishes than any dealer they had ever seen. One afternoon they were lingering on his door-stone, shouting their polite farewells, when a small, dark man who was passing, paused and bowed to Peter.

"Why, Liang!" he cried, "what are you doing here?" and in a moment he guessed the answer to his own question.

"You know I told you we might meet again before the summer was over," said the young Chinese, when he had been presented to Edith. "As you see, we are here;

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both my father and I are lodged in the Wentworth. We come to represent the interest of our government in this conference, though no special prominence is given to our presence. It is better so; your friend Dr. Henry understands it all."

"I begin to think there is nothing Dr. Henry does not understand," replied Peter meekly. "I hope everything is going to your satisfaction?"

"I scarcely think they have come to any question of great importance as yet," said Liang. "It is always necessary to clear the ground and then to set up your own structure big enough to allow of something being taken away at the request of the other side." He smiled faintly. "But, believe me, I will not let you go ignorant of anything of value which comes to me. Meantime, what are you doing here—looking for curios?"

Peter laughed a little sheepishly. "Yes; but it would be hopeless to search here for anything which would interest you. We have been looking at that old platter," and he pointed to a big oval dish decorated in many colors with birds, flowers, fruit, and glittering green leaves. It had been broken and mended with many clumsy flat rivets.

Liang inspected it gravely. "That is Chinese repair work," he said; "but I do not think it is very old. Still, some of the color is good. It is hard to find the finest pieces now. But I can see you are interested in the wares of China," he added politely. "I should like to look at your collection."

It was early in the third week in August when something happened. Nobody knew how the word came, but the wireless, invisible message was unmistakable. The Japanese correspondents rushed away into corners and reappeared with long despatches for the cable; the German and French representatives looked mysterious and pulled their mustaches importantly; the small but tempestuous "commissioner" from the Philadelphia *Trumpeter* made no secret of his mental distress. He wrote a head-line for his despatch in a bold, clear hand—"There can be no Peace"—and ostentatiously dashing down the sheets beside the operator, paced dejectedly out upon the back piazza and drank alone, oppressed by his gloom. Tom Eggleston, of the San Francisco *Eagle*, was the first man to put his finger on the exact cause of the ebullition. "I believe it's Saghalien," he said to Peter, as they walked on the piazza. "I got it last night from Sato that the Saghalien question was coming up to-day, and now they've split on it."

"Is it about Saghalien?" asked Peter, as they met Dr. Henry.

The grave man nodded. "Nothing is settled yet; but that is the point they are sticking on, now. It does look rather bad, I must say," he added as he turned up the staircase toward Baron Rosen's apartment.

The statement issued that evening by Mr. Sato, the spokesman of the Japanese envoys, was a masterpiece of indirection. After studying it for ten minutes Peter felt more uncertain than ever. The Russian bulletin was equally vague. It was a bad night for the newspaper man.

The next day came the word that the matter of Saghalien had been passed over for the time being, to be brought up later as unfinished business. Mr. Sato's smile diffused itself all over his face; the Continental journalists took heart of grace; even the dejected diplomatist from the *Trumpeter* forebore to send frantic telegrams to his paper. Everybody breathed freer.

But it was not for long. Two days later came the most sinister whispers. All was lost. Both sides were inflexible on the question of the cost of the war, the most serious problem in the whole situation. Neither would yield; and the conference must break up. The Russians had ordered their servants to pack their luggage. The Japanese minister had been in consultation with the passenger agents of steamship lines. Professor De Maartens, the great expert in international law, had already left the place.

Dr. Henry wore a very sober face. "It's impossible to tell," he said. "These people are professional intriguers, but their demands clash so seriously that I don't see where either side will begin to yield. But —they haven't actually refused to debate any longer. And there is always hope, you know."

Baron Rosen sent voluminous despatches to St. Petersburg; Count Witte followed them with others, longer. Minister Takahira sent despatches to Tokyo and to Oyster Bay. The next day Baron Rosen went to Oyster Bay in person and returned three days later, silent and glum. And as the long hours dragged on, the whole great hotel hummed with doubt, hope, questionings, laughter, anxiety, derision, contradictions.

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The newspaper men were at their wits' end. Nobody could feel sure of his own information; the feverishness of the situation affected everybody. A group of *attachés*, brilliant with decorations, sat around a table laden with everything drinkable, from vodka to Scotch whiskey. Dr. Henry paused by them for a moment. He knew half of the men personally, and the others knew all about him. "I'm thirsty," he said in French, "but not for any of this."

A black-bearded Russian laughed jovially. "I know," he answered; "but you remember what they said to you in Madrid, do you not? *Manana*, my friend. *Continuez, continuez!*"

And this state of things went on for a week, seven days, a hundred and sixty-eight hours—an infinity of time—until everybody had lost sleep, followed a hundred false trails, and found his nerves as tense as fiddlestrings. The American journalist, as a rule, is endowed with a sense of humor; it is one of his most precious possessions. In spite of this, almost every man felt as strained and nervous as though the whole outcome of the war between Russia and Japan rested on his individual shoulders. He tried to shake it off, but it bore him down like a diver's armor.

When this condition had persisted long enough Nature reasserted herself, and in a way characteristic of the American temperament. The men began to joke about it.

"Did you hear that the Mikado was coming to Oyster Bay to consult the President?" asked the Chicago *Morning* correspondent of his neighbor. "They tell me that the Russian Minister of Finance has bought a house in Washington," said another. "*I* heard that General Nogi has been invited to go to Kronstadt on the only Russian ship left to explain things to the grand duke," said a third. A hundred reports flew about the hotel, scarcely less absurd than these.

"It's awful, the way these foreigners do lie," groaned Eggleston, the correspondent of the *Eagle*, to Peter as they sat for their coffee after dinner with Dr. Henry at a little table on the back piazza. "I must say I'm getting tired of it, and I think it's time for us Americans to start a few stories of our own. How can we do it?"

Dr. Henry sighed. "Your enthusiasm is greater than mine," he said. "I've got enough to remember as it is."

"That's all right," persisted Eggleston; "but I shall go stark crazy if this thing goes on and I don't hit back. I'll tell you what—let's invent a secret order, and wear ribbons like the Europeans, and give all these grand dukes and samurais something to wonder at. What do you say?"

"Thought your Government didn't have those things," suggested Henry.

"Don't you care about that," retorted Eggleston. "The grand dukes don't know that; or if they do, they'll be all the more surprised. The way these chaps jump around from one story to another is like a man with St. Vitus's dance. I believe little Sato has got it; he can turn more somersaults in his bulletins than any circus man I ever saw."

"And it's funny," said Peter, "that you can't put your finger on one fact for the last ten days. I should think both the Russians and Japs must have sprung from Crete, originally—don't you know the proverb they have in Italy, 'All Cretans are liars'?"

"There you are!" cried Eggleston in childlike joy. "There's your name. Let's found the Order of St. Vitus of Crete. We're all eligible, for there isn't one of us who hasn't sent at least one story to his paper which wasn't true. We'll get up a little ribbon and all wear it down to dinner. Better get about a dozen fellows so as to make it look formidable."

They made out a list of the newspaper men, each of whom was taken into the joke and agreed to carry it out. The next day Edith made the ribbons of the new order, a very narrow white bow with a tiny silken knot of yellow. And that night the ten all dressed for dinner, and marched down in a body wearing their ribbons in their coats and an air of utter unconsciousness.

It was only another evidence of the general tension that so simple a trick could have caused any special comment. But as it happened, both Count Witte and Baron Komura noticed the new ribbon about the same time. It was worn by the gravest and most trustworthy of the correspondents; Dr. Henry made occasion to approach Baron Rosen and talk with him for a few moments. Every man preserved the strictest gravity, and not one wearer of the new ribbon seemed to know that he was an object of curiosity.

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At a time when everybody was on the *qui vive*, and when, in the minds of the foreign diplomatists, trifles were burdened with significance, the white ribbons of the newspaper men created a genuine sensation which grew like a rolling snowball for two days. A few more American correspondents were taken into the joke, together with one Frenchman and one German, and the incident seemed to be assuming serious proportions in the eyes of the foreigners. Everybody whispered and speculated; a new anxiety was injected into the situation. What did it signify? One or two of the Japanese correspondents sent off messages to Tokyo; Mr. Sato betrayed a curiosity which he was too polite to voice. The Russians eyed the new ribbons very sharply. Several of the men wearing them were asked leading questions, which they evaded with ostentatious seriousness. The news of some new development spread through the hotel, and the little white ribbons attracted everybody's attention. All the men remained solemn as owls, and only laughed after they had gone to their own rooms.

On the evening of the third day Dr. Henry received a hint from an officer high in the Russian councils that the unknown order had been the subject of comment that day during the conference of the envoys, and he was asked if it were true that a new party had been organized in America among the political *literati*, and if he thought any of the foreign governments would be interested in the incident. This seemed to be carrying the joke too far, so he gave the officer some notion of the facts in the case; and it took all the Russian's *aplomb* to avoid showing his embarrassment. A meeting of the order was hastily called, Dr. Henry told what had happened, and amid much laughter it was agreed that the Japanese diplomatists, through Mr. Sato, should be informed of the harmless nature of the order. The man who talked with Mr. Sato offered to elect him to membership, but that ingenious diplomatist waved them away. "Ah, no," he said; "it would be most delightful and a great honor, but, unhappily, I am not eligible to membership—I am too truthful!"

The next morning as Peter left the breakfast-room he met Mr. Liang in the big hall. The young Chinese seemed to be laboring under strong embarrassment and perplexity. In a moment he blurted out:

"I am in a dilemma; and I throw myself on your generosity to help me out. I have just heard the true explanation of the new order which has created such interest and misgiving among us foreigners. I understand perfectly, now; I can see a joke. But here is my perplexity. My father has taken this thing very seriously, and he has spent a whole day in preparing a despatch to send back to Pekin in reference to it. Now, he must not do this, for it might make him ridiculous. Will you help me? Will you explain to him?"

Peter swallowed his laughter. "Why, of course, Liang," he said; "but why don't you tell him yourself? Then he need not know I suspect he was taken in."

"Ah, but you do not quite understand. In China, it is not fitting—indeed, it is forbidden—for a son to instruct his father. I cannot disregard this rule of our life. Besides, I doubt whether my father would believe that I was right. But he would surely believe you, who are an American and a member of the order, and who could thus set matters right very speedily and save us both great sorrow."

The young Chinese spoke with a depth of feeling grotesquely out of keeping, as it seemed to Peter, with the absurdity of the situation. He laid his hand on Liang's shoulder.

"My dear fellow," he said, "take me to your father at once and I will do my best to make it clear to him without his guessing that I knew he had been so far deceived."

It was not exactly an easy matter for Peter to explain the situation to the old Chinese prince, and at the same time "save his face" completely; but he finally conveyed an idea of the great strain under which all the correspondents had been laboring, and succeeded in giving the necessary hint without seeming to tell the elder Chinese anything he didn't already know. As the facts in the case dawned upon the old man, he straightened himself slightly and bowed. He spoke a few words to his son and smiled in evident relief.

"My father says," bowed Liang, "that he is much interested in what you have told him. He thinks that your Occidental jokes seem to be comparable to Oriental proverbs, as shells for kernels of great wisdom."

When Peter went to his room in the hotel that day before luncheon he found a large package on his table, with a note from

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Liang. In a fine flow of Chinese compliments, the elder Liang begged to present the accompanying slight token of his Emperor's regard to Mr. Peter Wyckoff, as a Chevalier of the Order of St. Vitus of Crete. He opened the package and to his amazement recognized the carved wooden box containing the magnificent roseback plate which young Liang had shown him during his call upon the Chinese travellers in New York.

Peter lifted out the wonderful old charger and gazed upon its brilliant coloring and exquisite elaboration of detail. The leaf-shaped panel in the centre of the plate was encircled by seven separate borders of the most intricate design. The patterns of the bands in such plates are almost entirely suggested by the patterns of rich woven and brocaded silks. It was like an embroidery in porcelain. In his admiration of this gem among ceramics, Peter almost forgot Edith, but suddenly the memory of her desire for just such a treasure as this, to be the particular jewel of their whole collection, flashed upon him. He hastily replaced it in its case, and carefully fastening the old brass locks, ran down the stairs to carry it to her.

On the piazza he met Dr. Henry, whose eyes were brighter than for many days.

"It's wonderful," said he; "but I believe it's going through."

Peter glanced down at the old box he carried. "What's going through?" he asked.

Henry looked at him curiously. "Why, the peace," he answered. "I can't tell you any more now, but meet me here at five o'clock. I am to see Mr. Takahira again at four, as soon as he returns from the navy yard." He was off, and Peter, after a moment's thought, sped over to Portsmouth and laid the plate before Edith's wondering enraptured eyes. "The roseback plate!" he said.

"Just such a thing as we longed for most!" she cried, when she could speak.

"And not to be got except by some such extraordinary accident as this!" he answered.

At five o'clock the newspaper men heard how the unexpected had happened—how Japan, with unheard of magnanimity, had yielded all the disputed points. A little later, all the hotel had the news of the peace. Three days afterward the armistice was signed. And then the great crowd melted away like an April cloud in a strong wind. In two days the envoys had departed, their suites following, the correspondents were scattered in every direction, and the big hotel was suddenly hollow and full of echoes.

Dr. Henry, Tom Eggleston, Jules La Gois, the correspondent of the Paris *Petit Bleu*, and young Mr. Liang dined with the Wyckoffs in New York one week from the peace. In spite of grave doubts as to her eligibility, Mrs. Wyckoff was made an honorary member of the Order of St. Vitus of Crete and wore her ribbon as proudly as the others. In the centre of the table, surrounded by little sprays of olive-leaves, its beautiful enamels shining in the soft candle-light, rested the Roseback Plate.

"To our next meeting!" said these couriers of peace and war, as the champagne foamed up. But Edith's happy gaze rose no higher than the centre-piece.

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THE ANTEROOM

By William Hervey Woods

THE door behind us closed,
Silent as sunset; for no alien sound
May break the stillness of that peace profound
Where, round the hall disposed,
The mothers lay; and some with hands outspread,
And some with warm arms round a childish head,
'Neath shadowy arches dozed.

They lay down worn and old,
As Time had left them; but the while they slept
A silent change across their faces crept,
Like young day's rose of gold
On the gray cheeks of night, and slumbers sooth
All the old glories of their vanished youth
Restored them manifold.

No shrinèd saints were they,
But meekly ranged them with that womanhood
On earth too weary to be greatly good,
And toiling on alway,
Their highest heaven, their hopes of being blest,
Grew but to this—that God would grant them rest—
And now at rest they lay.

The lofty roof was dim,
If roof there was; for wisps and shapes of things
With wind-blown hair and clouds of moving wings
High overhead did swim
When I looked up, and sometimes childlike eyes
Looked down upon me, grave, and strangely wise,
Under a halo's rim.

Three pictured windows showed
Morning, and eve, and moonlit midnight high,
Each storied true, but each a dying sky—
And where the softest glowed,
That saffron window named "The Star of Even,"
A stairway clomb; they said it clomb to heaven,
And once was angels' road.

Fireflies lit up the gloom
And drowsy winds went waving to and fro
A thousand roses now about to blow,
And in the dusky room,
Or room or garden—round each sleeper's bed
Dream-faces shone, and golden visions spread,
Woven in Slumber's loom.

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And yet not wholly still
Was that still place, nor alway wrapped in sleep
Those quiet shapes; their folded trances deep
They loosed and left at will;
Sometimes a child laughed; once a bell struck one,
And a voice cried, "The night is just begun,
Sleep on—your dreams fulfil."

So one by one they win
At last to heaven; for evermore there went
Round all the throng a thrill, a wonderment—
I heard a song begin,
Remote, unspeakable; a door swung wide,
And some glad mother waking, glorified,
Arose and entered in.

WINTER GARDENS

By Frederick Peterson

WE entered the lists at Ashby-de-la-Zouch with wheel and handle-bar instead of horse and lance. Our course had lain up through Evesham and Broadway, Stratford, Warwick, Kenilworth, Coventry, and Nuneaton, until at length we came to quaint old Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in Leicestershire, to rest in an ancient hostelry whose register had been innocent of names for years—so far off the beaten track of tourists the village lies—in spite of its reminiscences of Wordsworth, and of its having been the scene of the Gentle and Joyous Passage of Arms of Ashby, in which Wilfred of Ivanhoe carried off all the honors. Our host showed us with pride the name of one vagrant American who had visited the hotel ten years before.

The straggling, meandering streets of the village are not picturesque, but there is a fine monument in the centre of the town, the only monument I remember to have seen erected to a woman philanthropist (Lady Edith Maud Hastings).

The inn, with a pretty park and some sulphur baths, was well kept, as if that were the end and aim of its existence, not the entertainment of visitors who might or might not arrive, and the cellar was filled with precious old port and Madeira covered with the cobwebs and dust of seventy years.

In a park within sight of the ruined castle of Ashby, where Prince John held his banquet after the tournament, modern tourneys of ball and bat are held.

Hard by in Charnwood Forest, the traveller may visit the nunnery of Grâce-Dieu, falling to decay, and a monastery, founded by Henry II, of the Cistercian Order, still standing in that treeless forest, beaten by the storms of immemorial winters on its bleak height, but still alive with monkish rites and ceremonies. We came to this undiscovered country not by accident, but purely by design, for in the shadow of St. Patrick's Cathedral in the previous winter we had pored over the pages of the "Memorials of Coleorton" and decided to go and see with our own eyes what had become of Wordsworth's winter garden in a hundred years.

I asked a distinguished landscape architect once if he knew of any winter gardens in America. He replied that he knew of one in Pittsburg, but that such a garden is enormously expensive because of the vast amount of glass required to cover it! So

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An avenue of lime-trees at Coleorton, just a hundred years old, leading from the winter garden.

The urn and inscription placed at the end of the avenue by Wordsworth, who prophesied:

"And be not slow a stately growth to rear
Of pillars, branching off from year to year
Till they have learned to frame a darksome aisle."

even he must learn from this what a winter garden really is. My own interest in gardening is a therapeutic one. I often prescribe it as an antidote to the American disease, neurasthenia, but I also practise what I preach, thus doubling my pleasure in it.

As far as I know, it was Addison who first constructed a winter garden, and as he describes it so beautifully in his letter No. 477, Sept. 6, 1711, I cannot do better for my readers, including, I hope, the landscape architects, than quote him freely as follows:

"I have often wondered that those who are like myself and love to live in gardens have never thought of contriving a winter garden which would consist of such trees only as never cast their leaves. We have

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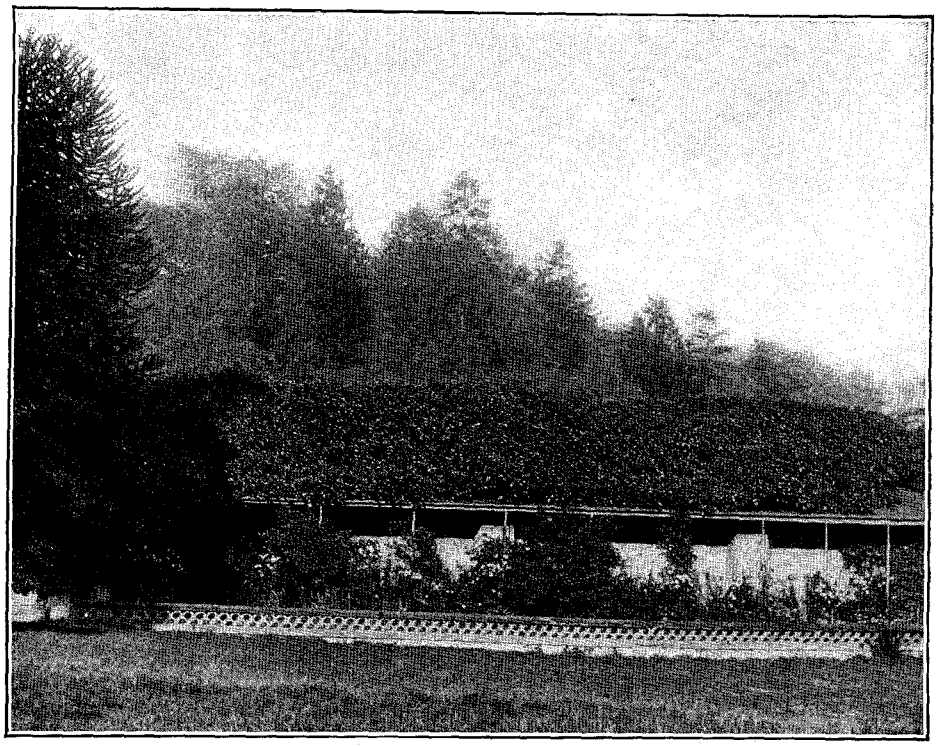

A glade and flower border beside the wall of the terrace in the winter garden at Coleorton.

often little snatches of sunshine in the most uncomfortable parts of the year, and have frequently several days in November and January that are as agreeable as any in the finest months. At such times, therefore, I think there could not be a greater pleasure than to walk in such a winter garden as I have proposed. In the summer season the whole country blooms, and is a kind of garden, for which reason we are not so sensible of those beauties that at this time may be anywhere met with; but when Nature is in her desolation, and presents us with nothing but bleak and barren prospects, there is something unspeakably cheerful in a spot of ground which is covered with trees that smile amidst all the rigor of winter and give us a view of the most gay season in the midst of that which is the most dead and melancholy. I have so far indulged myself in this thought, that I have set apart a whole acre of ground for the executing of it. The walls are covered with ivy instead of vines. The laurel, the hornbeam, and the holly, with many other trees and plants of the same nature, grow so thick in it that you cannot imagine a more lively scene. The glowing redness of the berries, with which they are hung at this time, vies with the verdure of their leaves and are apt to inspire the heart of the beholder with that vernal delight which you have somewhere taken notice of in your former papers. It is very pleasant, at the same time, to see the several kinds of birds retiring into this little green spot, and enjoying themselves among the branches and foliage, when my great garden, which I have mentioned before to you, does not afford a single leaf for their shelter."

It was probably from reading this letter of Addison's that Sir George and Lady Beaumont were inspired to create upon their great estate, Coleorton, a few miles from Ashby-de-la-Zouch, a winter garden of the same nature. Sir George Beaumont had invited Wordsworth to come and live for a time in the farmer's house adjacent to the manor, and the invitation was accepted by the Wordsworths in 1806 and 1807. Lady Beaumont invited Wordsworth to lay out her winter garden in an old quarry not

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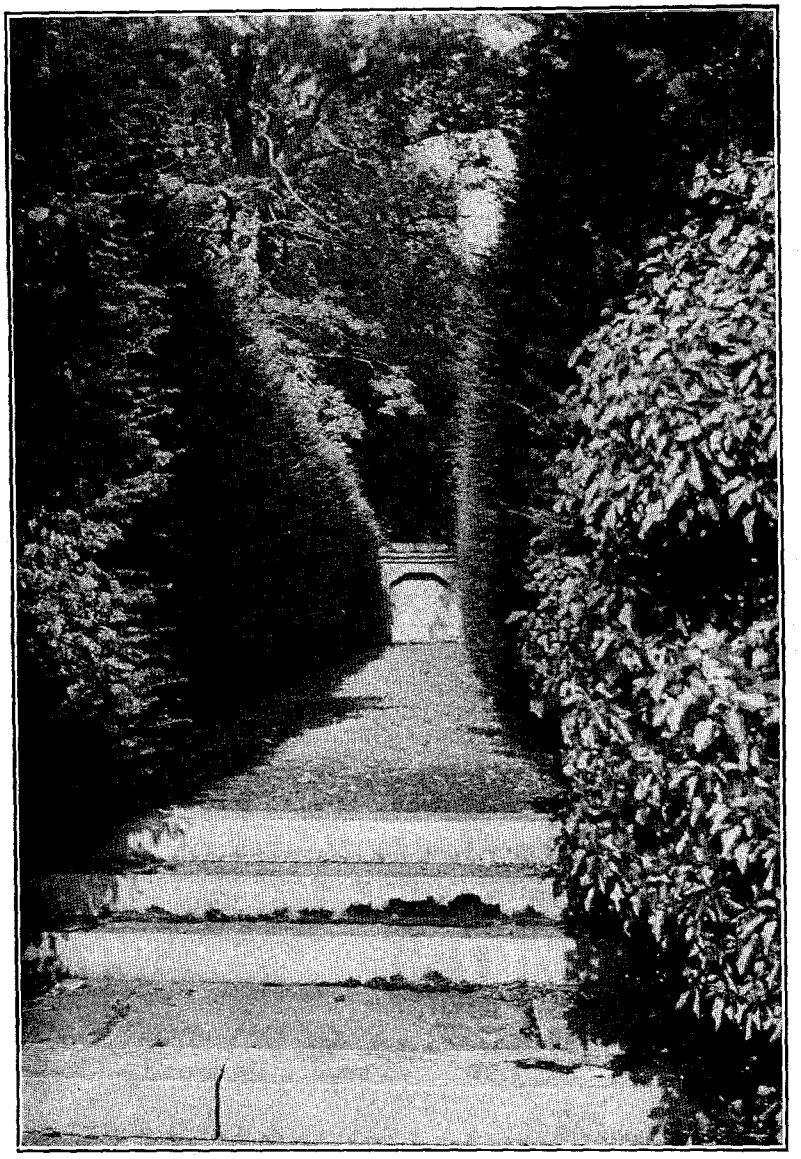

A grass-grown alley.

On the stone at the end is graven an inscription of Wordsworth's written for the spot at Coleorton.

far from the manor, and that offer he accepted with gratification in a letter of December 6, 1806, closing, "I have now written you the longest letter I ever wrote in my life." This letter and several others dealing with the same matter, together with Wordsworth's proposed plan of the winter garden, are printed in "Memorials of Coleorton," 2 vols., Riverside Press, 1887.

The mansion of Coleorton stands on an eminence with a wide, sweeping view to the southward, from a high-walled terrace, of the old Charnwood Forest hills and dales. From this high-walled terrace one looks down into the winter garden. Wordsworth suggested a line of evergreen shrubs, intermingled with cypress, and behind these a row of firs which should grow to majestic proportions as a kind of fence all around the garden, so as to give it the greatest ap-

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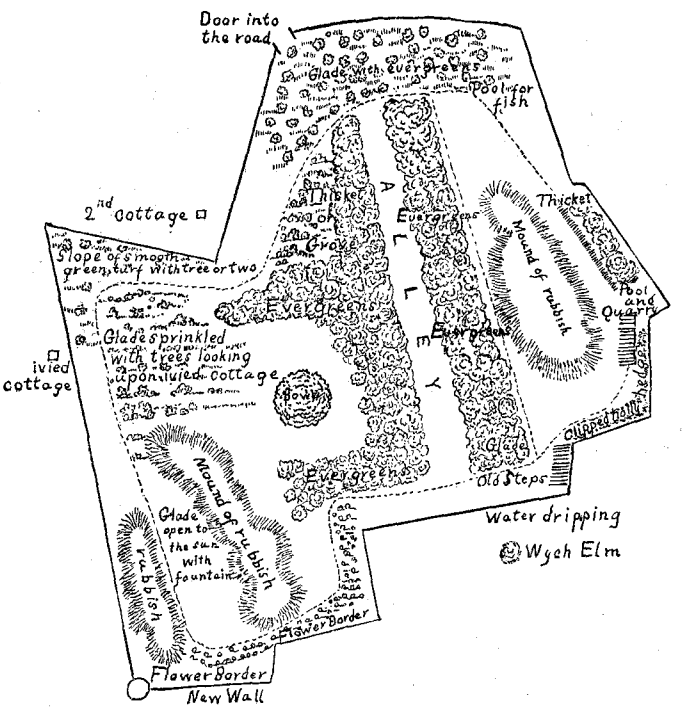
pearance of depth, shelter, and seclusion. This, he said, was essential to the *feeling* of the place, that of a spot winter could not touch, which should present no image of chilliness, decay, or desolation. To this end deciduous trees must be excluded, whatever variety and brilliancy of color their foliage, intermingled with evergreens, might give at certain seasons. The garden, thus shut in by a double row of evergreen shrubs and trees, should have but one opening, and this presenting the best view of the most interesting distant object (like the view-distancing tree in Japanese gardening). The wall at one side, with its recesses, buttresses, and towers, should be covered here and there with ivy and pyracanthus, or any other winter plants that bear scarlet berries or rich and luxuriant leaves. The mounds of rubbish should be thickly planted. A perpendicular bank at one part should be planted along the top, in addition to the double evergreen fence, with ivy, periwinkle, and other beautiful and brilliant trailing plants, to hang down and leave the earth visible in different places. In the sides of the bank also might start juniper and yew, with a sprinkling of primrose. On the other side, at the remains of the little quarry, the bank should be scratched, so as to lay bare in a bold way more of the sandstone, and then grown over with trailing plants and juniper, box, and yew-tree. In an unsightly corner the ugly old retaining wall should be covered with a hedge of hollies or some other evergreen, to be cropped to make a wall of verdure rising to the roots of the fir-trees at its top. Such form of boundary would here revive the artificial character of the place in a pleasing way. The parts of the whole boundary should melt into each other quietly or form spirited contrasts. The space of boundary between the unsightly corner and the new stone wall should be diversified by the steps



PLAN OF THE WINTER GARDEN

Wordsworth's winter garden at Sir George Beaumont's estate, Coleorton.

Plan drawn by the poet himself.

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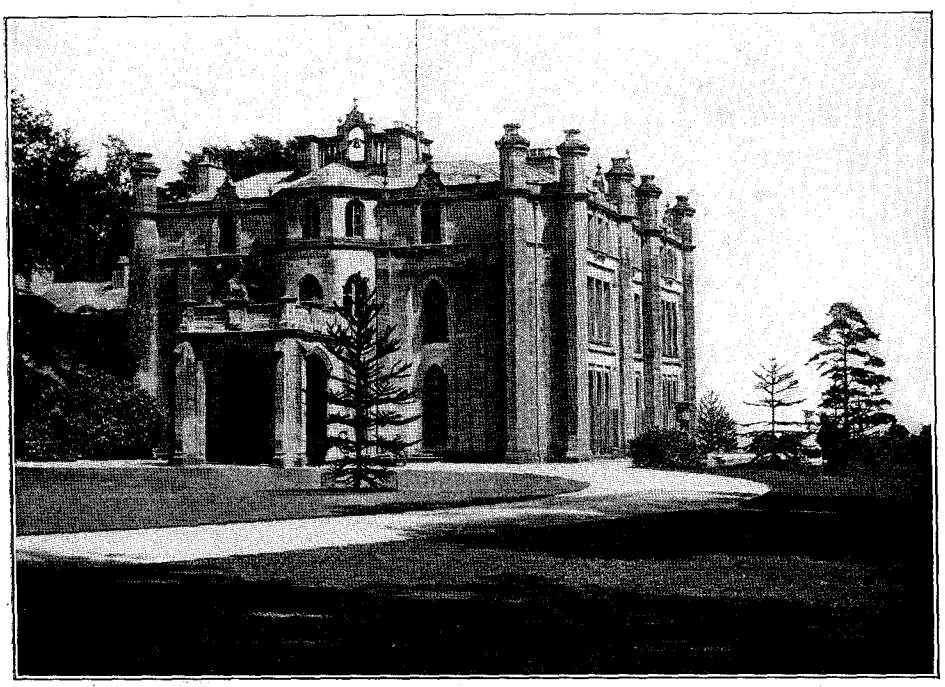
that descend into the garden and by a little water brought to trickle down the bank about the roots of the wych-elm, so as to make if not a waterfall, at least a dripping of water, round which might flourish vivid masses of water plants, a refreshing and beautiful sight in the dead time of the year, and which when cased in ice form one of the most enchanting appearances that are peculiar to winter. At the wall which is the most artificial should be the most splendid and ornamental part of the garden; between the path and the wall a border edged with box, to receive the earliest and latest flowers; within, close to the box, a row of snowdrops, and behind that a row of crocuses, which would succeed each other. Close under the wall should be a fringe of white lilies, and in front of them a row of daffodils, which would also succeed each other. The middle part of the border should be richly tufted over with hepatica, jonquils, hyacinths, polyanthuses, auriculas, mezereon, and other spring flowers and shrubs; and, for autumn, Michaelmas daisy, winter cherry, china-asters, Michaelmas and Christmas rose, etc. The path should wind around the garden, mostly near the boundary-line. Thus Wordsworth planned for the circumference of the winter garden. A glance at his plan will show how he proposed to treat the acre more or less of space contained inside the wall of evergreens. It will be seen that there was to be a glade open to the sun, a glade with evergreens, a slope of smooth green turf with a tree or two, a glade sprinkled with trees and a long alley. These various divisions were in themselves to be separated by evergreens. In one should be a fountain, or even but a thread of water, in case water were scarce. The poet had a great fondness for the sound of running water and for its sparkling play among bright flowers. In the unvaried and secluded glade of evergreens should be a basin of water inhabited by two gold or silver fish, that should be the genii of the pool and place—only monotony of green color all around, a green grass floor, the open sky above, and the two mute inhabitants! In the little quarry should be a pool of water to reflect the rocks with their hang-



The mansion of Coleorton, taken from the side of the approach.

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The fountain, with a thread of water, in Wordsworth's winter garden.

ing plants, the evergreens above the rocks, and high above all of them the naked spire of the chapel near by. On the ridge of rubbish at the top trees should be planted, but the sides of the ridge seeded to grass. The alley was to be the real feature of the winter garden, straight and long, shaded with evergreens, preferably laurel, the floor perfectly level, not gravelled but green and mossy, the whole effect to be soothing, cloistral, and unstirring to the mind. The upper end of this alley was to appear closed in by trees, the lower end to be terminated by a bank of green turf to catch and reflect the sunshine. About the middle of the alley a blind path should lead to a bower at the side, such as is described in Chaucer's "The Flower and the Leaf," a parlor of verdure paved with white pebbles in a careless mosaic, a mossed circular seat, a stone table in the midst, and evergreen walls and ceilings. He thought it might be possible

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to make a cell or cavern or grotto on the stony side of the quarry.

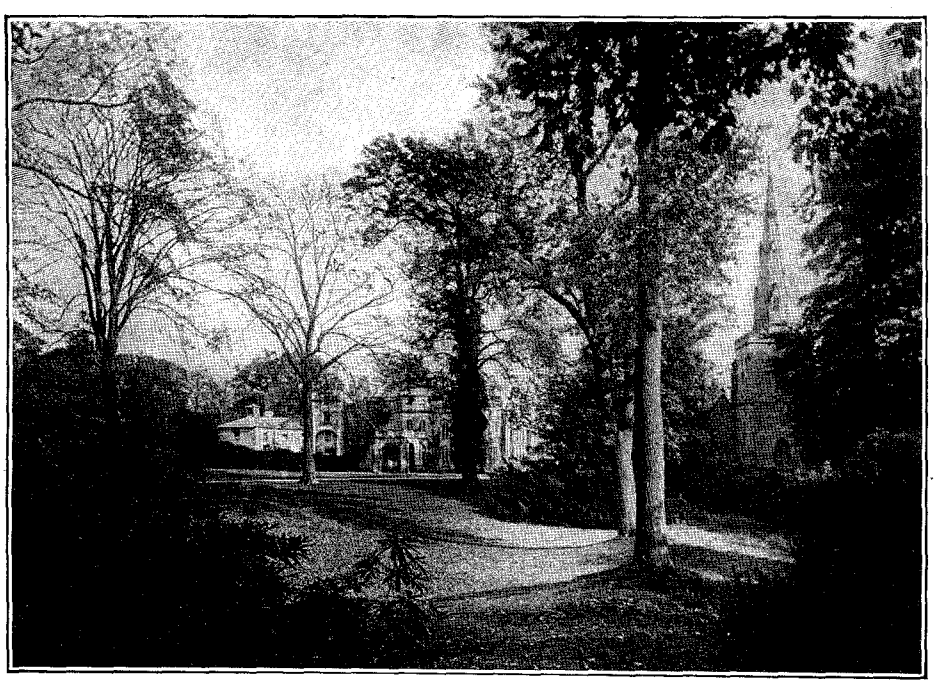
Thus, as Wordsworth planned it, was this garden constructed and consecrated to Winter. He thought that in six years it would be beautiful. "Fifty years would make it a paradise. O that I could convert my little Dorothy into a fairy to realize the whole in half a day." And it was just a hundred years after its creation that two vagrant Americans came to look at it, perhaps to try to copy it, or at least start a propaganda for thus beautifying the earth and country life in winter.

The accompanying photographs were taken at the time of their visit, and will serve to give some idea of the winter garden. It is not generally known that Coleorton really possesses more memorials of Wordsworth than the grounds at Rydal Mount or of Fox Howe. No lover of Wordsworth can afford to pass over Ashby-de-la-Zouch and this estate of the Beaumonts. Glance through his collected poems and note how many relate to the Beaumonts and Coleorton. Three of them are graven as inscriptions in stone in the alley and various portions of the garden. Several of his poems and sonnets were composed here. Sir George Beaumont's painting, "Peele Castle in a Storm," hangs in the gallery at Coleorton, which gave rise to the poem with the immortal lines:

> The light that never was, on sea or land,
> The consecration, and the Poet's dream.

The poem, however, with which to close this description is a sonnet to Lady Beaumont on the very subject of the winter garden:

Lady! the songs of spring were in the grove
While I was shaping beds for winter flowers;
While I was planting green unfading bowers,
And shrubs—to hang upon the warm alcove,
And sheltering wall; and still, as Fancy wove
The dream, to time and nature's blended powers
I gave this paradise for winter hours,
A labyrinth, Lady! which your feet shall rove.
Yes! when the sun of life more feebly shines,
Becoming thoughts, I trust, of solemn gloom
Or of high gladness you shall hither bring;
And these perennial bowers and murmuring pines
Be gracious as the music and the bloom
And all the mighty ravishment of spring.



Approach to mansion at Coleorton.

The church is on the estate; the spire is visible from one part of the winter garden.

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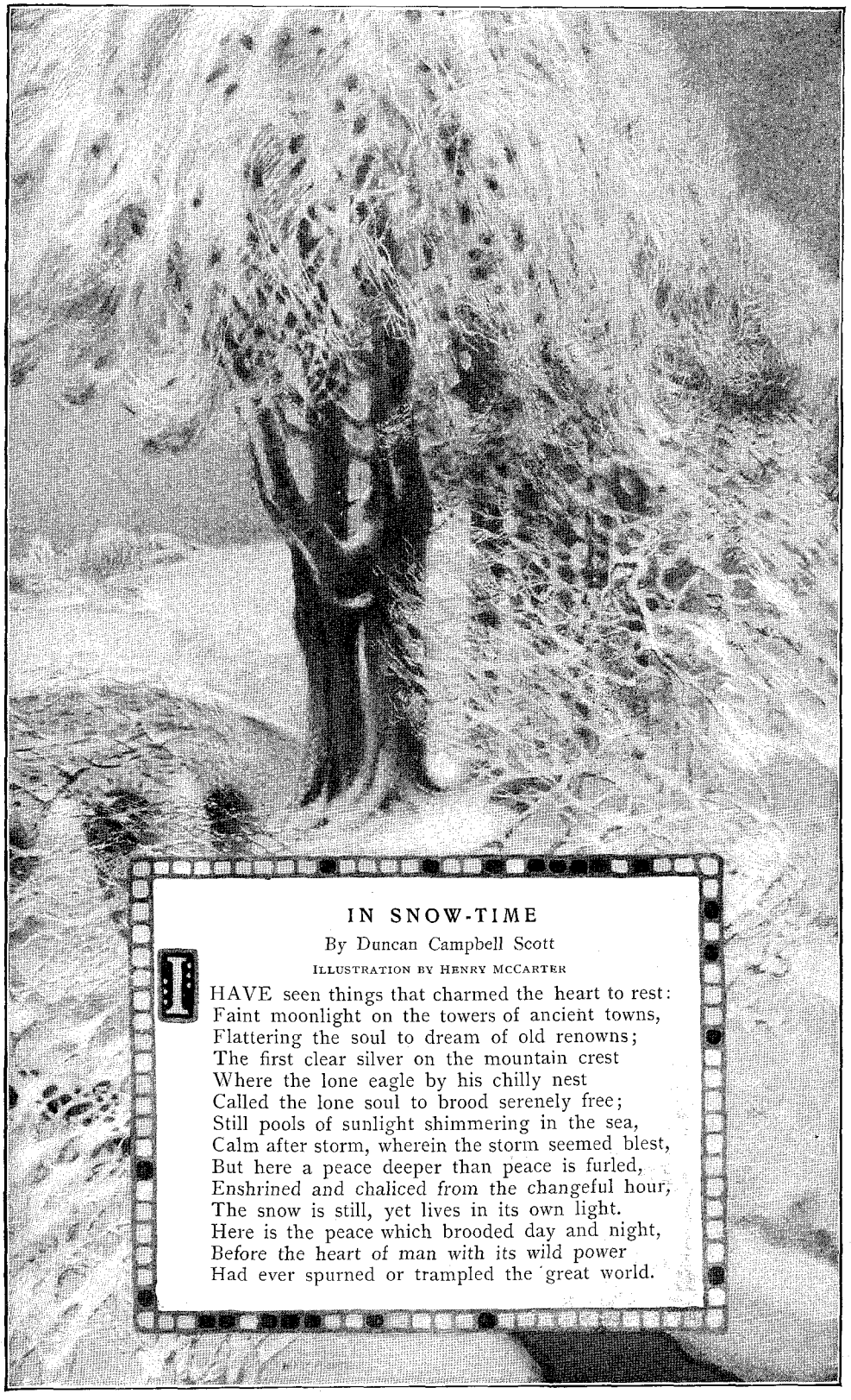

IN SNOW-TIME

By Duncan Campbell Scott

ILLUSTRATION BY HENRY MCCARTER

I HAVE seen things that charmed the heart to rest:
Faint moonlight on the towers of ancient towns,
Flattering the soul to dream of old renowns;
The first clear silver on the mountain crest
Where the lone eagle by his chilly nest
Called the lone soul to brood serenely free;
Still pools of sunlight shimmering in the sea,
Calm after storm, wherein the storm seemed blest,
But here a peace deeper than peace is furled,
Enshrined and chaliced from the changeful hour,
The snow is still, yet lives in its own light.
Here is the peace which brooded day and night,
Before the heart of man with its wild power
Had ever spurned or trampled the great world.

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THE "OPEN DOOR" IN MANCHURIA

By Thomas F. Millard

ALTHOUGH the political circumstances which attend the present occupation of Manchuria by Japan and Russia are of great international importance, and must, in time, determine the condition and status of all activities within the country, certain commercial aspects of the military *régime* have extraordinary significance to trading nations interested in the future of the Far East. As Russia is not, at least just now, an aggressive commercial power, and her presence in northern Manchuria involves no substantial difference from the situation during the years which preceded the late war, the chief interest lies in the actions of Japan.

Since Japan's commercial exploitation of Manchuria is only part of a general plan, embracing Korea as well as the home dominions and other portions of the Orient, it seems necessary to take a glance at the principal elements included in this movement. To put the matter succinctly, the Japanese Government has organized itself into a national promotion and development company. By means of an elaborate and complicated system of protective tariffs and subsidies applied to nearly all forms of industrial, commercial, and financial activity, it is trying to throw the full weight of the national energy into a trade conquest of Asia. The government practically controls the great financial institutions of the nation, all the great shipping lines, all the railways, many large industries, and has some interest in or hold upon most important undertakings. Striking as some of the present manifestations of this scheme are, and involving a departure, in modern times, from the usual functions of a government, for this discussion it will suffice to mention specifically only those which are designed to apply specially to Manchuria.

Among the factors applicable to a development of the foreign commerce of any nation are transportation and such regulations affecting trade as customs and other tariffs. It has often been pointed out by students of Japan's industrial and economic position that her geographical location gives her a great advantage over all Western nations in trade with China and Korea in the matter of transportation; and some have contended that this advantage would offset certain handicaps under which she must always labor, apparently, unless she acquires extensive continental possessions. Under these circumstances it was thought by many that Japan could afford to forego discriminations in her favor in entering the continent, and this argument has tended to diminish Western commercial uneasiness in regard to portions of Asia falling temporarily or permanently under her control. Japanese commercial enterprises in Manchuria during and since the war throw some light upon these questions, and perhaps afford a basis for some conclusions as to the real purport of her policy.

During the war with Russia the great Japanese shipping companies were chiefly occupied in transporting troops and munitions, and when the war ended the return of the armies to Japan provided business for a considerable time. But after the war, with the tide of transport setting almost entirely toward Japan, the shipping companies found their vessels returning to Manchuria with light cargoes or none at all. With the direct encouragement of the government, extraordinary efforts were made to stimulate Japanese emigration, tens of thousands, with their belongings, being carried free. But the chief use to which the transport fleet has been put is bringing Japanese goods to Manchuria. These goods were carried under various conditions, shifting as the country evolved from a war status. In the beginning it appears that Japanese traders, or some of them, were charged a low rate of freight on their merchandise; but when even with this help they failed to prosper as the government wished, and showed signs of discouragement, steps were taken to give them further assistance, with a result that a somewhat extraordinary programme was advanced. This programme was openly and fully discussed by the Japanese press,

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and some of its details formulated into official gazettes. For purpose of directing, under the government, an energetic campaign to monopolize the foreign trade of Manchuria (for no secret was made of the object of the scheme), what is known as the Manchurian Export Guild was formed. It included most of the greater commercial guilds in Japan, such as the Osaka Boseki, Miye Boseki, Kanakin Seishoku, Tenima Ormomo, and the Okayama Boseki. It was announced that the Mitsui Company was to act as general agents for the guilds and the government, through its branches in Manchuria and China; and the Yokohama Specie Bank, the government fiscal agent in Manchuria, was to lend its cooperation. These details are significant, for it is said that the imperial family owns a controlling interest in the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, largest of the great shipping companies, and a share in the Mitsui house, which, in its various ramifications, is the greatest commercial power in the empire; while the relations of the Yokohama Specie Bank to the currency in Manchuria, which I will mention again, make it a necessary adjunct to the plan as a whole. The purpose of the government respecting trade in Manchuria, as widely printed in the newspapers of Japan, was summed up in four articles, which follow:

Article I. The Government to guarantee a loan of yen 6,000,000 at 4 per cent., to be advanced to Japanese merchants doing business in Manchuria.

Article II. Japanese goods destined for Manchuria to be delivered upon credit under certain limitations.

Article III. The Chinese Eastern Railway (formerly South Manchurian Railway) to carry such goods free, or at one-half the usual rate, for one year.

Article IV. Marine freightage in Japanese ships carrying Japanese goods to Manchuria to be free, or at one-half the usual rate, for one year.

There were a number of supplementary provisions regarding the details for working out the plan, such as a rebate of interest as an encouragement to extra effort. Few will deny, as an abstract proposition, that a government may legitimately undertake to advance its national commerce by such methods as are here outlined; for although merchants may be allowed a rate of interest below the market, the difference must be paid by someone, and to say that goods are carried free does not mean that it costs nothing to convey them. In this case it merely means that these ordinary expenses attendant upon the transaction of business are temporarily shifted from certain classes of the community on to others, the presumption here being that the cost of the experiment will be merged into general taxation. Either this must be true, or there lurks in the project a design to in some way load the cost upon elements external to the nation.

The Chinese Eastern Railway extends from a point in Central Manchuria to Port Arthur, with branches to Dalny and Newchwang. Whether the railway from Antung to Moukden, which Japan is to continue to operate, is to be included in the arrangement is not stated; but while probably this road will be conducted under a different name, there is no reason to doubt that it, as well as the Japanese railways in Korea, will be also utilized whenever it is convenient. Thus it will be seen that all of several routes of transportation between Japan and Manchuria, and penetrating into the country, are controlled over their entire length by the Japanese Government. Assuming that Japan is permitted to remain, as she now actually is, the absolute sovereign of Korea, it will not be feasible for foreign powers to object to any regulations she may make regarding the operation of railways in Korea. If Japan wishes, in countries under her sovereignty, to carry all Japanese goods free of charge, and to impose a heavy tariff on all foreign goods, in order to encourage home industries, it might be considered unusual; but it is difficult to see just how international objection could logically be made, since many governments resort to devices fully as unfair with the same general object, and the right of a nation to regulate its internal affairs is unquestioned. The Japanese Government now owns the railways in Japan and Korea, and the revenues drawn from them are only an item in the national income, to be raised or lowered as the government sees fit. If Japan should adopt the policy of operating her railways at a loss, charging the deficit upon other revenues, it is purely her own business.

As Japan's position in Manchuria is not, however, recognized as one of sovereignty, but is outwardly assumed by herself to be

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merely temporary and preliminary to a complete restoration of the sovereignty of China, it is clear that Japanese railway interests there are on a different basis from those in Japan and Korea. There Japan's governmental functions, after the period of occupation has ended (if it ever ends), do not, or should not apply. All the great trading nations have commercial treaties with China which entitle them to "most-favored-nation" treatment; which means, reduced to practice, that a nation having such a treaty is entitled everywhere in the Chinese Empire to any commercial opportunities enjoyed by any other foreign nation, and shall not be discriminated against in favor of any foreign nation. In all the treaties granting to foreign corporations the right to build and operate railways in China, it is understood that these railways must give equal facilities to all foreign nations. Some of the railway conventions exacted from China at a time when she was particularly helpless and ignorant of such things were ambiguous in this and other important matters; but this tendency was long ago noted by the diplomacy of the world and steps taken, by mutual exchange of views, to guarantee international equity. Most persons will recall Mr. Hay's successful effort to secure definite assurance from Germany that the Shan-tung Railway would not be operated so as to discriminate against the merchandise of other foreign nations, and the international agreement respecting the "open door" which resulted from his action. Nothing can be clearer than that Japan's position as a railway operator in Manchuria is as a corporation, not a government; and as a corporation she is amenable, or should be, to the laws and treaties of China.

When, therefore, Japan announces an intention to permit the transport of Japanese products and goods over a railway in Manchuria free of all charges, while other foreign products must pay, it looks like setting at naught the Hay agreement. It is true that, in the published accounts of the proposals, these special privileges were to extend over a period of only one year. The policy was announced in 1906, and probably had in mind the fact that the extreme limit of the military occupation expires in the spring of 1907. It may be, as this seems to indicate, that Japan realizes that to continue such a policy after the period of occupation has expired will be difficult, and likely to draw international criticism; which throws into rather a strong light her intention to use her temporary control of the country to advance her national interests there. And since Japanese statesmen and diplomats have repeatedly denied, in the most specific terms, that the government is disposed to take such advantage at the possible expense of other competitive nations, and that its actions in Manchuria have had such an effect, it is pertinent to examine some phases of Japanese administration since the termination of hostilities.

The success of the Japanese during the war in keeping events in Manchuria, except such as they chose to make public, from the general knowledge of the world, has been so widely commented upon that it need only be referred to for most persons to recall it. This policy was continued after the treaty of peace had been ratified and the dispersal of the opposing armies had begun. But, as months passed, it became evident that Manchuria was as closely locked, especially in the part held by the Japanese, as it was during the war. The chief commercial ingress to the country has always been from the south, so, while the same conditions prevailed to some extent in the Russian sphere, the closing of it was not so generally and immediately felt. No sooner was the conclusion of peace announced, than Chinese and foreign commercial houses whose trade in Manchuria had been interrupted by the war, and who had accumulated large stocks of goods ordinarily consumed there, prepared to resume business, naturally anticipating a great demand. Other foreigners who had property and private interests in the country wished to come to look after them, and discover how they had fared. Such persons found the door to Manchuria shut. Not only were obstacles placed in the way of goods entering the country, but no foreigner could travel without a passport issued by the Japanese military authorities, which it was next to impossible to obtain. As an inevitable effect of a prolonged war is to deplete the resources of a land which is the scene of it, and exhaust commodities therein, it is usual in such cases to facilitate the introduction of supplies of all kinds, and to deprecate as contrary to humanitarian spirit any disposition to prolong the hardships of non-combatants in a war zone, or to

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make of their necessities a speculative opportunity. It can hardly be pretended, with any show of reason, that a military necessity for such restrictions existed after hostilities ended. What, then, were the reasons for continuation of a strict military exclusion?

It was not to be expected that trading firms in China, which had already suffered considerable detriment by the war, would permit an indefinite extension of the embargo upon trade without protest. Western chancelleries might be temporarily satisfied by vague talk about a necessary interregnum, but practical business men felt that their interests were being injured, perhaps permanently. The stagnation in certain lines caused by the Japanese closure became so acute that the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce, having, after long delay and with considerable difficulty, secured permission from the Japanese Government, sent a committee to Manchuria to investigate conditions. This committee made, in due time, a report, portions of which were subsequently published; and some time afterward the British China Association forwarded to the British minister at Peking some recommendations based upon it. As these recommendations introduce a matter of great importance, I reproduce the more pertinent published portions here:

"1. The diplomatic corps should take steps to have the Chinese customs established at Tairen (Dalny), with a view to preventing Japanese commodities from being imported to various places in Manchuria without the payment of import duties and *likin*.

"2. Necessary steps should be taken to put a stop to the illegal trade conducted in Manchuria through the Korean frontier.

"3. The Chinese Government should be advised to take steps to remove the obstacles placed on the junk trade on the Liao River, on account of the railway bridge thrown across the river by the Japanese authorities."

This leads to an examination of the conditions under which foreign commodities are presumed to enter Manchuria. Prior to the late war there was but one maritime custom-house in Manchuria, Newchwang being then the only place open to foreign trade. So all dutiable goods entering the country, except those coming through the Siberian land frontier and those introduced by smugglers, passed through the custom-house at Newchwang. When a concession was granted for Russia to build a railway through Manchuria, it was provided that custom-houses be established on the Russian frontier; but in the disorderly times which followed nothing was done toward carrying out this provision, and it remains to be adjusted. However, under conditions as they formerly existed, it was a matter of small practical importance, as the trade across the Siberian frontier was not of a character to compete seriously with foreign trade entering the country from the south. So, although the question cropped up periodically, there was no strong pressure from any source to compel action.

With the advent of the Japanese the situation entirely changed. All of Korea and some parts of Manchuria have been occupied by them for nearly three years now, which is long enough to permit some reasonable conclusions to be drawn concerning Japan's commercial policy. Basing my opinion on a study of conditions, and as diligent inquiry as I was able to make, I am convinced that from almost the moment a locality was occupied by Japanese armies it has been the deliberate and calculated effort of Japan to use her possession of these territories to establish and advance her commercial interests. In order to accomplish this she has excluded, as far as has been practicable, all competitors, either actual or prospective, while at the same time throwing open the country to her own nationals. She has impeded, by numerous petty devices, usually cloaked by a pretence of military necessity, the ingress and transport in Manchuria of foreign commodities which have long had a large sale, and which are required for the use of the Chinese population; and while such foreign commodities as were permitted to enter passed through the Chinese custom-house, similar commodities from Japan were permitted to enter duty free through Dalny and Antung. As the Japanese authorities in Manchuria and the government at Tokio deny that Japanese merchandise has been brought into Manchuria free of duty, it is, of course, not possible to obtain exact information of the extent of this evasion; but it is positively known to be considerable. To protests made by foreigners who felt that this kind of competition was illegal and unfair, the Japanese authorities at first replied that the importation of supplies through Port Arthur, Dalny, and

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Antung was solely for military uses, and that they were not of a commercial character; then, when the withdrawal of the greater part of the army has invalidated this excuse, the usual reply is a general denial.

The restrictions upon internal trade complained of by other foreign merchants, and also by the Chinese, usually arise out of irregularities in connection with or evasion of the *likin*. From the time they occupied the country the Japanese have paid no attention, either officially or privately, to the local taxes, and it is interesting to examine some of the effects of this disposition, particularly upon the Chinese commercial classes. The *likin*, which are universal throughout China, are analogous to municipal, county, and township taxes in the United States, or *octroi* in some European countries, in that they are for the purpose of raising local revenues apart from those imposed by the national and provincial governments, although some part of them usually find their way to higher quarters. The system is complex, wasteful, and full of abuses; but fuller discussion of it is not needed in this connection. Some of its methods, especially in larger municipalities, correspond to the licensing system so generally employed in Europe and America. The Japanese traders who swarmed into Manchuria in the trail of the armies, and who have been enormously augmented since the war ended, have consistently refused to pay the *likin* from the beginning. At first, or as soon as anything like order was restored after a locality had been swept by the battle zone, the local Chinese officials made some attempts to collect taxes from Japanese traders, and upon refusal, made representations to the military authorities, who invariably either ignored the matter or sustained their own nationals. So the condition became established, and during the last year Chinese officials have usually contented themselves by making an occasional demand for form's sake.

But the Chinese trader still has to pay his taxes, which puts him at a disadvantage with his Japanese competitor. In every town and city in southern Manchuria can be seen to-day numbers of Japanese shops doing business alongside the Chinese stores, and selling practically the same commodities. To the extent that these articles are of foreign origin, the Japanese trader often has the advantage of offering some similar article made in Japan, and which has been imported free of duty and, perhaps, also of transport charges; and he is also free from local taxation, which in this, as in most countries, is an appreciable burden upon commerce. It is no wonder that the Chinese regard this new competitor with concern, which is not lessened by the fact that in some cases the Japanese is also living rent free through having usurped the premises of Chinese. I know of many instances where Chinese owners have, under such circumstances, lost their property altogether, and sometimes have lost their lives trying to recover it.

To many readers of these comments the effects of Japanese evasion of internal commercial regulations upon other foreign interests in the country will, perhaps, outweigh their effects upon the Chinese. While many petty Japanese traders have come to Manchuria on their own initiative and operate independently, a majority of them are really only agents of the large Japanese commercial houses, which are backed by the government. As a rule, these small traders have not themselves the means to come, or to purchase and import stocks of merchandise. As I have indicated, the government has often provided them with the means of getting here, and also some capital and credit. But while this assistance of the government is given the outward form of an endeavor to help Japanese of all classes to make a beginning in a new country, it is really, when analyzed, only a scheme to aid the big Japanese corporations associated with the government to exploit Manchuria. In the conditions surrounding the extension of government assistance, many of the minor regulations clearly indicate this fundamental intent; such as the limitation of the interest rebate to firms doing a minimum business of 5,000,000 yen a year. Since none but great firms can expect to do such a business, it is evident that the small merchant will not get the benefit of this provision. The Mitsui Bussan Kaisha, entrusted by the government and guilds with the supervision of the national exploitation scheme in Manchuria, was established there before the war; and almost immediately after the armies dislodged the Russians it took steps to extend its relations. To-day this company covers southern Manchuria with a web of branch houses and minor agents, which work hand

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in glove with the Japanese civil and military authorities, and are abetted and supported by them on every possible occasion, and in every practical way. It is impossible, in any intelligent estimation of commercial forces at work there, to ignore or minimize the relations which exist between the Japanese Government and leading Japanese financial, industrial, and commercial enterprises, which are frequently so close as to make them almost identical.

I have gathered so many pointed incidents bearing upon internal trade conditions during the military *régime* that it is not practicable to refer specifically to all of them, but a few may serve to illustrate some elements of the situation. There is a *likin* upon foreign commodities traversing the interior, and there are regular stations for collecting it, as elsewhere in China. During the Japanese occupation this tax has been enforced as usual upon all foreign goods, except Japanese, which are exempted by reason of the same general policy that exempts Japanese subjects from ordinary processes of Chinese law. Until quite recently, since it was announced to the world that Chinese local autonomy is restored, and an attempt made to give some outward evidences of the change, the Japanese commercial houses operating in Manchuria were open and bold in defying Chinese regulations. On some commodities produced in the country there is an export *likin*, as on bean cake and bean products. Japan is the largest consumer of these products, as it happens, and the exportation of bean cake to Japan has been heretofore chiefly handled by foreign and Chinese merchant and shipping firms. Foremost among the Japanese competitors for this business in the mercantile and transportation fields are the Mitsui Bussan Kaisha and two of the great Japanese shipping companies. During the war there was difficulty about marketing the bean products, and when peace came nearly two crops had accumulated and were awaiting shipment. Soon after the Japanese occupation of Moukden and Tie-ling, which is the centre of the bean trade, the Mitsui Bussan Kaisha sent agents through the country to buy the bean cake, which was brought to Newchwang and shipped oversea, it is alleged, without any *likin* being paid. As this method gave the Mitsui company an enormous advantage over other exporting firms which had to pay the tax, it quickly attracted attention, and a demand was made upon the Chinese officials that the *likin* on bean products be rescinded until normal conditions are restored, so as to place Chinese and foreign exporters on an equality with the Japanese. When the Japanese authorities learned of this demand they refused to permit any modification of the regulations, and denied that Japanese exporters had not paid the tax. There seems small reason to doubt, however, that large quantities of bean products purchased by the Mitsui company were moved without paying the *likin*, although after the complaint of other exporters the violation of Chinese regulations at Newchwang was not so open.

The persistence and unanimity with which the military authorities have protected even the petty Japanese traders and supported them in their evasions and conflicts with the local Chinese regulations is only fully understood when it is realized that the little trader is part of a system having behind it the Japanese Government and the greater industrial interests of the empire. And in selecting an example of discrimination against foreign commercial interests in Manchuria by the Japanese authorities I choose one which directly involves the government, so there can be no question as to responsibility for the relation between certain causes and effects.

The chief tobacco business in Manchuria was before the war controlled by the British-American Tobacco Company. As a war revenue measure, and what has proved to be a precursor of a national industrial ownership policy, the Japanese Government compelled the British-American Tobacco Company to sell to the government its factories in Japan, which then supplied a considerable part of the Far Eastern demand. Thus deprived of a large output, the British-American company began the erection of factories in China, and is now again in a position to meet the requirements of its enormous Asiatic trade. But it has a formidable competitor in the Japanese Government tobacco monopoly, which is pushing an energetic campaign in China, and particularly in Manchuria. The Japanese military occupation of southern Manchuria had not continued for long when it became evident that a systematic campaign of in-

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timidation against the native venders of British-American brands was being carried out. Hawkers of its products were not permitted to be about the railway stations and other places directly under Japanese control, and the movement was even extended to the shopkeepers. Meanwhile the products of the Japanese Government monopoly were being energetically pushed, usually by Japanese traders, but in many cases by Chinese merchants who were induced, by assurance of administrative favor, to accept agencies. The native agents of the British-American company quickly felt the effects of this competition, and soon found themselves partially driven out of the market.

It will be noted that this case is peculiarly significant in several ways. The foreign firm affected is jointly composed of persons of the two nationalities, above all others, which might be presumed to receive favorable treatment from the Japanese, if such treatment was accorded to any; and the competitive concern is not only of Japanese nationality, but is the Japanese Government itself. A detailed account of this competition, which has now continued with varying intensity for more than a year, would be strongly illuminative of the ways and means by which military authority can be used to promote commercial interests on one hand and stifle them on the other; but mere mention of an example or two must serve here. One means to put the products of the British-American company at a disadvantage was the imposition, in May, 1906, of an increased *likin* on tobacco. It was soon discovered that while the native distributors of the British-American products were compelled to pay this new tax, the agents of the Japanese Government monopoly did not pay it; whereupon the British-American company, now fully aroused and backed by diplomatic influence, instructed its agents not to pay, and demanded satisfaction of the Chinese officials, who promptly ceased their collections, except in remote places, and intimated that the imposition of the new tax had been at the suggestion of the Japanese authorities. Another competitive method has been the introduction of imitation and counterfeit "chops" of well-known products of the British-American company, which have long had a sale in the country. That this is extensively done I am able to state positively, having myself purchased such imitations in several towns from shops and street venders. One is of a brand of cigarettes, and while the box is closely imitated, the quality of the cigarettes is so inferior as to leave no room to doubt that the imitation is introduced not so much to compete with, as to ruin the reputation of the genuine product. Although I procured counterfeits and imitations of other stable American, and of some British and German commodities, which are being pushed into the market, I have sufficiently illustrated the point involved, and will pass to other phases.

One of the first administrative acts of the Japanese Government in Manchuria was to create a condition which placed almost entirely in its hands the manipulation of the circulating medium, through the issuing of a currency created and regulated by it, and the elimination of the restraining force of financial competition. The direct means employed is the Yokohama Specie Bank. I think I have made sufficiently clear the relations of such institutions to the Japanese Government, and their mutual affiliation to advance the national interests. Recognizing this, the possible advantage of this condition to Japanese trading firms in Manchuria may be appreciated. For instance, if the Mitsui Bussan Kaisha is buying or selling a certain article in the open market, the transaction will also affect the person or firm it makes the trade with. And if the Mitsui Bussan Kaisha is in a position to have special information, or to influence the rates of exchange on current effectives, it has a decided advantage over the persons or entities it does business with, and also over its competitors in the same field. Under conditions which have prevailed in southern Manchuria during the last two years, and which now exist in a lesser degree, the Yokohama Specie Bank, which in this case means the Japanese Government, can almost absolutely fix the daily rate of exchange.

I cannot well explain here the complicated currency system of China, and the part the matter of "exchange" plays in commerce; but to illustrate, briefly, how money exchange may operate in a business transaction in Manchuria under present conditions, we may suppose that a Chinese firm contracts with the Mitsui Bussan Kaisha to take a hundred thousand bags of flour, to be delivered at a date fixed, at a price in "transfer taels." As the "transfer tael" is

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a purely fictitious monetary unit, usually amounting to a three months' credit, the Chinese merchant will probably sign a bill of exchange for the amount, which may be placed in a bank, by discounting it, pending its falling due. But whether he issues a bill of exchange or not, when the day for payment comes he must go into the financial market and purchase "transfer taels" to meet his obligation. If he finds that "transfer taels" have risen 5 per cent., this means that he must pay 5 per cent. more than he anticipated. Or to reverse the transaction, suppose the Mitsui Bussan Kaisha contracts with a Chinese firm to buy a hundred thousand piculs of bean cake, to be delivered on a stated day, at a fixed price in "transfer taels." The Chinese house will probably purchase largely to fill the order, figuring on turning the stuff over at a small margin of profit. When the day for settlement comes the "transfer tael" may have dropped 10 per cent.; which means that it will receive 10 per cent. less than was expected. These conditions add greatly to business risks everywhere in China, but under ordinary circumstances the merchant is willing to take his chances on being on the right side of the exchange when settlement time comes, and where there is strong banking competition he will, with prudence, come out even on the average. In Manchuria during the Japanese *régime* Chinese and foreign merchants claim that they have not an equal chance to break even on the exchange, but that it is habitually manipulated against them in the interests of Japanese firms; a condition made possible by control of the chief circulating medium, and a practical monopoly of large banking facilities. While the Chinese authorities at Moukden, since the limited restoration of their authority, are making an effort, through the Chinese Government bank at Moukden, to remedy this condition by the introduction of a new currency, it may be some time before any substantial relief is secured.

In reviewing the entire situation in the Far East one can hardly escape an impression that the issues involved in the maintenance of the "open door" in Manchuria present, for the moment at least, the real crux of the Far Eastern question. If there has not by this time penetrated to the United States some fairly accurate comprehension of what may be expected of Japan and Russia, should they be permitted to further pursue their desires in eastern Asia without the limitation of outside pressure, it may be that realization will come too late to prevent permanent injury to American interests in that part of the world. Few persons, even in the United States, seem to know that about half of American trade in China is, or formerly was, in Manchuria. The great decrease in our trade with China during the last year has been noted, and there have been numerous attempts to explain it, among which the now moribund boycott has had a prominent position. The Japanese closure of Manchuria, which caused immense stocks of American products that had been accumulated in anticipation of a great demand when the war ended to remain stagnant in the godowns of Shanghai and Tientsin, and which was the chief cause of the existing depression, seems to have been ignored. The matters to be adjusted in Manchuria affect all nations trading with China, but in regard to this particular locality the United States has the most at stake of the so-called outside powers. When the war between Russia and Japan began, American trade in Manchuria exceeded that of any other three nations, excepting Japan, and there is no reason why this position cannot be maintained or even improved under equitable conditions.

That foreign trade and property rights are now suffering, and will continue to suffer while conditions remain as they are, can hardly be disputed. It seems to me that unless certain points are definitely adjusted by means of, if necessary, international pressure upon the powers in occupation, the "open door" in Manchuria will continue to be the hollow sham it is now, and may lead to the dismemberment of China.

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INTERPRETATIONS

By George Cabot Lodge

I

STRANGELY, inviolably aloof, alone,
Once shall it hardly come to pass that we,
As with His Cross, as up His Calvary,
Burdened and blind, ascend, and share His throne,
And perfectly, as with our lives, atone
For the heart's triumph, for the soul's victory! . . .
Yet, as He was, may we thereafter be,
Lifeless within life's sepulchre of stone!
But he is risen, the Lord is risen! and thus,
Thus may he rise, the Lord may rise in us,
Who sleeps, who is not dead, who lives alway!
And all who come lamenting to the tomb
Shall find, as Mary found, an empty room,
And meet the Lord alive and on his way!

II

"I am the Way, the Life, the Truth!" He said.
Deep in the soul of every man alway
There is a voice that says "I am the Way,
I am the Life, the Truth, the Living Bread!"
And whoso hearkens he is comforted;
Well he discerns the Paraclete is there,
The Soul of Truth, the Christ, the Comforter,
Who, tho' the mortal dies, is never dead!
He is within us all, whom we have sought,
The Way, the Life, the Truth, the Paraclete,
The Soul who ranges with resplendent feet,
Silent and swift, from peak to peak of thought;
He is the Lord for whom the task is wrought,
He is the Lover whom we haste to meet!

III

"Ask what you will, it shall not be denied;
"Knock, and the secret door shall stand ajar;
"Seek, and however much the way is far,
"Yet shall the Bridegroom find, who seeks the Bride!"—
He knows how much the truth is justified
Who is not unambitious as we are;
He finds, beyond the star we seek, a star,
Beyond our dreams, a soul unsatisfied!
He knows, and That within us more than we
Shall learn how much we leave the best undone,
How little there is end or rest or peace;
And how the asker and the alms are one,
How whoso knocks brings welcome and release,
And how the search is the discovery!

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THE POINT OF VIEW

IT appears that there is a growing suspicion that the "elective system," which has had almost unchallenged sway in our colleges which call themselves universities and in some that do not, has been overdone. This suspicion has been authoritatively expressed by the president of Yale, where in truth "election" has never been so free and untrammelled as in some other institutions. For a full generation the theory that an undergraduate would get most good out of what he liked best to do and would get little or no good out of what he did not like at all has had full sway. Whoever doubted this postulate kept his doubts to himself, upon pain of being held to be a fogy. But now it is to be expected that President Hadley's outspokenness will embolden other sceptics who have had special opportunities for observing the workings of the modern system to "speak out loud and bold."

The "Elective" on its Defence

The very postulate of the allowance of unlimited or even wide election in studies may fairly be called in question. Philosophers from Solomon to Goethe have maintained that there is virtue and improvement in the doing by a student of what he does not like to do, and for that very reason. The former of these laid it down as good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth; the latter, in his ideal plan of education, insisted on every pupil's doing something every day which was against his inclination. Here is a modern instance. An undergraduate in an institution which was "not a bigoted one" in the matter of election, but prescribed a curriculum virtually without alternatives for the first two years, had marked aptitude and liking for linguistics, marked disgust, as he knew, and ineptitude, as he assumed, for mathematics, and consistently "flunked" the same. At the end of sophomore year it became imperative for him to work off his accumulated conditions in the science he loathed, and his summer vacation was devoted to that task, under the supervision of a coach who happened to be not only a competent but an enthusiastic mathematician. The result was that not only were the conditions discharged "cum laude," but the patient had a strong desire to "elect" for the following year the studies he had abhorred.

The moral, of course, is that in the undergraduate time of life it is quite possible that a student may not know what he likes, quite probable that he may not know what he wants, and quite certain that there is a certain "body of doctrine," assumed to be the possession of all educated men, for which there are no "equivalents" that are commensurable with its elements. It is only when this is possessed that, according to the old-fashioned theory, he may twitch his mantle and betake himself to fresh woods and pastures new. This expatiation seems to be the work rather of post-graduate than of undergraduate years.

The pretension that our elective system is the German university system has been disposed of by the candid Professor Muensterberg, brought up after the straitest or the loosest sect of Teutonism, and now professing in the home and nursery of our elective system. He points out that the body of doctrine which in Germany is acquired as a preliminary to the freedom of choice is in America, by reason of the premature allowance of that freedom, in most cases not acquired at all. Nor is the comparison with Anglicanism any more favorable than the comparison with Teutonism. In fact, the poor figure cut in scholarship by the Rhodes scholars whom we have sent forth to Oxford as presumably "the best we breed," but who are distanced by the "colonials" who have been trained according to the Anglican tradition, may be conjectured to have furnished occasion for President Hadley's remarks. The colonials have been trained in the Anglican tradition which was ours until the importation of a misunderstanding of the Teutonic tradition. It is quite true that we have redeemed ourselves at Oxford in the competitive athletics,

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which are the favorite electives of our undergraduates. Our Rhodes scholars seem to realize the poet's prophetic vision:

Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall dive and they shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books.

But Tennyson was not professing, as Milton professed, to compose a "Tractate of Education."

IF aught of things that here befall touch a spirit among things divine, Shakespeare must of late have become aware that he died too soon, much too soon. How immensely he would have enjoyed the Shakespeareana and the Shakespeareans. Merely to see the puzzles of posterity over his works, which were so literally his "plays," would have given him a new insight into human absurdity. And to see the preternatural seriousness with which posterity has taken the things which he, as part of his royal endowment, did not take seriously at all! How impossible for us to conceive the author of "Hamlet" not taking the trouble to read the proof! The "Shakespearean literature" would in the first place have puzzled him and then have shamed him. But in the long run it would have rejoiced him. It was meat and drink for his Touchstone to see a clown. It has been forbidden to his creator to see that particular kind of clown which is called a Shakespearean commentator. Shakespeare had his fun with pedants as with all other kinds of fools, but that he should generate a new kind was the one development which not even his imagination could foresee. That, as in the "folded sleeves" of the statues of old minsters "birds," so in the figures of his psychological museum mares should "build their nests," was hidden from him,—mercifully, some man may say, but on the whole, one is inclined to say unmercifully.

Solemn Shakespeareans

Commenting on a Shakespearean commentator, by name Ulrici, "a learned and illegible German," and quoting one of his comments, Bagehot suggest that Shakespeare's own comment on it would have been "Via, Goodman Dull." This upon the able Ulrician suggestion that the "Midsummer Night's Dream" was in essential purport a "lay sermon." The class of German "scholars" capable of suggestions of this amazing kind have, during the generation last past, largely transferred their enormous erudition and their remarkable sagacity as detectives of equine nidification from Shakespeare to the Bible. These qualities may or may not do more mischief in the new field than in the old. In the new field Matthew Arnold has written two books to prove, as he does prove, that a complete knowledge of the facts, a knowledge so complete that everybody has to resort to it, may coexist with a defect which makes the knowledge comparatively and even actually worthless, except in more skilful hands than those of the detectives. This defect in biblical criticism he calls a defect in "literary tact." When it makes itself evident in Shakespearean criticism we may describe it as a defect in the sense of humor. But the more it changes in its application, the more it is the same thing in its essence.

'Twere unjust to call it all German. By the force of the term, Ignatius Donnelly was a non-German, with his cryptogram in which, after three centuries, he undertook to rescue the meaning which Bacon, so consonantly with his custom, had carefully enshrouded in mystery. Neither was Delia Bacon a German, the originatrix, if she was, of the Baconian hypothesis, of which Clarence King remarked that, the hypothesis having been established, the only remaining question was, "Who wrote Bacon?" But the pressure on a German scholiast to produce new and startling theories "marked by vigor and rigor," is very great. It must have been a German whom Johnson had in his prophetic eye when he wrote that "every cold empiric, when his heart is expanded by a successful experiment, swells into a theorist, and the laborious collator, at some unlucky moment, frolics in conjecture." There seems internal as well as external evidence that the latest constructor of Shakespearean hypotheses is a German, that learned Herr who has found a new "available" candidate, and has proved—but proved—that the Earl of Rutland was the author of the plays. How necessary that a Shakespearean commentator should have some sense of the ridiculous, and how odd that the complete privation of that sense should be taken, by those who suffer it, as the complete justification for writing about

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Shakespeare! Still, the Slavonic depression where the bump of humor ought to be seems even deeper than the Teutonic. For it has been reserved for the joyless Count Leo Tolstoy to discover that, whoever wrote the plays, they were not worth writing, and that the man by whom the English-speaking peoples have been speaking for these three centuries was "not even an average author." No commentator, of any nationality, can beat that.

The Sermon

SOMEONE has said that "what is really demanded of a preacher, if he is to minister successfully to the same flock for a decade or two, is that he should be an orator, a literary man, a saint, and a man of the world, all rolled into one." As to that, in my childhood I knew an old pastor who for sixty years had ministered successfully to the same flock. His sermons were never less than an hour long. He was a scholar, but not an orator; a good man, but not what could be called a man of the world. I remember that after his fiftieth anniversary it was thought best to lighten his labors by giving him a "colleague." The selection was difficult, but the minister and his deacons wished to be perfectly fair and would not judge too hastily. The candidate was engaged for a certain term and given a chance to preach not one, but many sermons. Hard was the lot of the first young candidate. He had a flowery style and, to tell the truth, not much else. The congregation, used to solid, scholarly discourses, was critical, and so was the old minister. The latter was somewhat deaf, and instead of remaining in the background of the pulpit, used to draw up a chair and sit at the young man's right hand, the better to hear. At critical moments he would rise and stand close beside him, becoming more severely attentive with each ornate period. And this in the face of fifty school-girls, who sat with demure faces, but with laughter in their eyes! The young man was allowed to carry his flowers of rhetoric to more genial surroundings, and I cannot believe that he was sorry.

As a matter of fact, people are really very tolerant of their ministers' dull sermons. To be sure, they are not obliged to listen to them, but may accept them as a rhythmical background for a personal train of thought. All the same they demand that the sermon shall be duly written and delivered and are not inclined to accept any substitute in the shape of a better preacher's better sermon read to them from the pulpit. There is, rightly or wrongly, a traditional feeling that the word which a man speaks to you is a more living word if it is really his own and not another's; and it seems to take the special gift of the actor to form a magnetic current by means of another man's thoughts.

In the United States alone there are about 150,000 ministers, most of whom undoubtedly write and preach two sermons a week. Although it may be assumed that many of these discourses are above mediocrity, how few, in matter, style, and delivery can be called admirable!

There are those who think that Protestants should take a lesson from their Roman Catholic brethren and should have some division of labor whereby the great preachers could be set apart for preaching, and not be compelled to dissipate their energies in parish work or in the care of church finances. This might do for the very greatest men, the inspired preachers, who can carry their hearers heavenward without themselves touching the earth, but it would never answer for the smaller men, good preachers though they may be, and better ones though they may dream of being if only they could get time to invite their souls. It is essential for them to touch humanity at every point. It would be well if they could be less set apart than they are. The average parson suffers from lack of contradiction just as his sermons suffer from lack of criticism. For whether the sermon be well or ill written, there is no one to say him nay. Preach it he may—indeed, he must. From the time he leaves the divinity school he is his own publisher. Someone may find fault with a particular utterance, but no one is at liberty to give him just the criticism which would do him the most good. True, he ought to be able to get some guidance from the effect he produces on his audience, but that ability presupposes a certain quality of intuition which he is by no means sure of possessing. Many an unfortunate parson must spend his life preaching sermons without receiving any stimulus from his hearers. Would it not be better that the sermon should become an occasional instead of an unavoidable feature of the weekly religious service?

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THE FIELD OF ART

Fig. 1.

MR. VAN INGEN'S LUNETTES IN THE HARRISBURG STATE HOUSE

AFTER one has preached to others and has felt in his own soul the supreme necessity in painting of technical and purely artistic qualities, the time comes when he inquires what the subject in painting may amount to. The true subject of the painter is, of course, *painting*, combined with the interpretation of visible nature, of her colored lights, of her simplicity and her mystery; with that to occupy him, the painter is apt to forget all other considerations. But there is another class of subjects; and there is no doubt that critics of painting are apt to ignore those further subjects; to ignore this requirement, this need, of having something of general interest to offer. And this is especially true of the mural painter. It is true, what Elihu Vedder said concerning a famous painter who excelled in impressions and effects: "You may be sure that a big painter will paint big pictures. The Roman fresco men and the Venetians were not satisfied with small canvases containing their special thoughts of a moment—they painted epics, not epigrams." And these were the words of a painter who despised even too much mere realism and keeping close to the natural facts—the words of the same artist who had said ten years before, *à propos* of a picture of his own: "I want to influence the man who looks at it. I don't care whether it's like nature or not; I want to throw you into *a mood of mind*."

It is in view of many such considerations that one finds one's self asking what a picture is about; and whether it has enough reason for being, apart from the artistic quality of the work. The student remembers that one of the charms of Greek poetry is the surpassing interest of its narrative and dramatic subject. The roll of the hexameters, and even the horror or the pathos of the dramatic situations are not found to be the main theme, apart from the story; and the story is such that fourscore generations have been reading it, and passing on their testimony to its lasting interest for mankind. The story is not spoiled, nor is the poetical character of it seriously marred, even by a prose translation of a faithful and loving workman. We do not get tired of the tale of Troy, nor of the seven warriors who attacked the Seven Gates of Thebes; and we often take the prose version of the "Odyssey" or of Sophocles's "Electra" for our reading aloud, in the intervals of "Comus" and "As You Like It."

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Yet, when in a wholly modern building a series of great walls are to be painted with human subjects, we are led to ask for something closely akin to the thoughts suggested by the place and the surroundings. Paris is almost personified in the figure of S. Geneviève; and her legend must appear in the Hôtel de Ville and in the Panthéon; and where science and art are taught in a stately way, there the record of great teachers and great intellectual achievements in the past has a place ready for it on the walls of the Sorbonne. So, when La Farge, having to paint four lunettes in a court-room, drew

Fig. 2.

from his reading of history the four great general subjects for art which were considered in these pages a few months ago* he did a service to the community by showing us how history could still be used in mural painting and not be a desolation and a bore.

Mr. W. B. Van Ingen, in his work at Harrisburg, has felt the summons to his task in the same general way; and, having the lunettes to paint beneath the vaulted ceilings of the State Capitol, he has found his way to the sympathies of the people by noting in the history of Pennsylvania the most rare, the most noble, of its claims to our respect. Pennsylvania, founded in 1682, was the only great colony to give absolute freedom of conscience to its inhabitants. Rhode Island and the glorious record of Roger Williams differ from it in being a protest, a secession from an older colony; but Penn's choice was deliberate of a system by which "all modes of religious worship compatible with monotheism and religious liberty were to be tolerated." And what that meant in 1682 it is now very hard for us to understand. Accustomed to our own freedom from persecution and seclusion, other than social, and of small and powerless cliques, we are slow to learn what it meant in the seventeenth century to advocate religious toleration. Mrs. Hemans was quite wrong in her assumption that the purpose of the Plymouth Pilgrims was "freedom." Their own worship, almost their own belief, was denied to them, and they fled to the Netherlands and to the Wilderness; but they are not on record as having been liberal toward others. The Massachusetts Puritans were they from whose tyranny Roger Williams had to fly. The great Oliver found his call for such freedom of the mind the worst cry his enemies could set up against him, and yet his toleration did not even propose to itself an equal freedom for all. A Romanist was still an idolater, even to Cromwell; and the mass was not supposed to be performed in England. Such toleration as Penn's was an unheard of thing. What it included within itself—the boldness of it; the modesty of it; the conviction that perhaps the thinker's own thoughts might at any time go astray, and that another point of view might command another horizon—all that, arising in the mind of a seventeenth-century

*See SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for May, 1903.

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Fig. 3

man of the world with family influence and court influence of his own, and carried into practice on a great scale, is one of the most marvellous chapters of the history of man.

This toleration was what Mr. Van Ingen thought of as the proper subject for his fourteen lunettes. Eleven of them are (December, 1906) in place under the vaults of the great corridor which goes off to the right as you enter the building by the main vestibule. Our purpose now is with their subjects only, and their character as paintings shall only be qualified in this way; that they are in grave and rather cool color and with the human figure a little larger than life. I have seen them only in the New York studio; and it will be for the future, when the building is adorned with all its treasures, to study the pictures as mural paintings indeed. They are studies in historical sociology, as yet.

Fig. 1 is a Moravian sister reading and expounding the Scripture to two Indian braves; it is the third lunette, beginning at the vestibule. The incident is historical even to the surprising fact of the warriors listening patiently to a woman's teaching. Fig. 2 shows one of the white-gowned hermits, one of the community of German Protestant recluses who assumed (we are told) the very much discredited name of Rosicrucians, and who lived like the hermits of Egypt, looking day by day for the coming of Christ. They were Protestant devotees, who, under the lead of Kolpius, landed in America in 1694.* The

*See "The German Pietists of Provincial Pennsylvania," by Dr. J. F. Sachse.

Fig. 4.

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Fig. 5.

cave of Kolpius, near the Wissahickon, is shown; and the dress, the ample white woollen gown, not unlike that of a Cistercian monk of priestly rank. This is the fourth lunette, and in lunette No. 9, another one of this brotherhood, belonging to the Ephrata community, is seen engaged in transcribing the Declaration of Independence, a work which was actually done at Ephrata for the Congress. Fig. 3 is a scene in Quaker meeting; and in Fig. 4 is shown that ceremonial of the Mennonites—the Pedalavium, the washing of the feet; these two being the fifth and sixth lunettes of the series. Fig. 5 stands for the Presbyterian propaganda, a theological movement which spread more rapidly elsewhere than in Pennsylvania — over the border, namely, and into New Jersey, where Nassau Hall at Princeton became more completely and more masterfully Presbyterian than any considerable community of Pennsylvania. History has it that this theological study was carried on in a log cabin. The legitimate feeling of the artist for his picture bids him believe that on pleasant days the argument was carried on—the exposition developed—out of doors and in the presence of free nature.

The lunette, Fig. 6, is a record of the trombone choir of the *Unitas Fratrum*. Mr. Van Ingen found in full existence this custom of playing in the open belvedere of the Moravian church in Bethlehem; and persons from other towns were quick to tell him that their own communities had kept up the old traditions. This, like the spinning and weaving of the sisters at Ephrata, like the bonfires on the mountain, is hardly of religious interest in itself; but as indicating the many-sided character of Pennsylvania Christianity it is worth recording.

RUSSELL STURGIS.

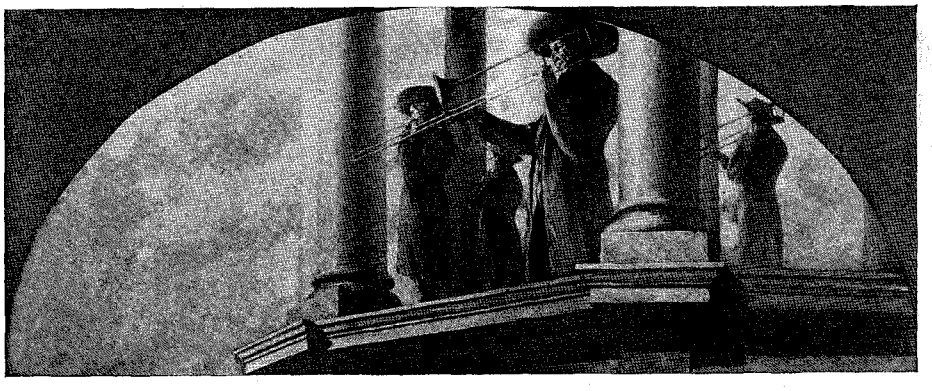

Fig. 6.

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Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG WITH THEM, IT'S JUST AS IF IT HAD GONE WRONG WITH ME."

—"The Fruit of the Tree," page 633.

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Drawn by Philip R. Goodwin.

Nearing the End.

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